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REMINISCENCES

BY

THOMAS CARLYLE

VOL. I.

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JAMES CARLYLE

MARGARET CARLYLE

FROM SILHOUETTES TAKEN AT SCOTSBRIG BY JANE WELSH CARLYLE

REMINISCENCES

BY

THOMAS CARLYLE

EDITED BY

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.

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1881

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PREFACE.

In the summer of 1871 Mr. Carlyle placed in my hands a collection of MSS. of which he desired me to take charge, and to publish, should I think fit to do so, after he was gone. They consisted of letters written by his wife to himself and to other friends during the period of her married life, with the 'rudiments' of a preface of his own, giving an account of her family, her childhood, and their own experience together, from their first acquaintance till her death. They were married in 1826; Mrs. Carlyle died suddenly in 1866. Between these two periods Carlyle's active literary life was comprised; and he thought it unnecessary that more than these letters contained should be made known, or attempted to be made known, about himself or his personal history. The essential part of his life was in his works, which those who chose could read. The

private part of it was a matter in which the world had no concern. Enough would be found, told by one who knew him better than anyone else knew him, to satisfy such curiosity as there might be. His object was rather to leave a monument to a singularly gifted woman, who, had she so pleased, might have made a name for herself, and for his sake had voluntarily sacrificed ambition and fortune.

The letters had been partially prepared for the press by short separate introductions and explanatory notes. But Carlyle warned me that before they were published they would require anxious revision. Written with the unreserve of confidential communications, they contained anecdotes, allusions, reflections, expressions of opinion and feeling, which were intended obviously for no eye save that of the person to whom they were addressed. He believed at the time I speak of, that his own life was near its end, and seeing the difficulty in which I might be placed, he left me at last with discretion to destroy the whole of them, should I find the task of discriminating too intricate a problem.

The expectation of an early end was perhaps suggested by the wish for it. He could no longer write. His right hand was disabled. His tem-

perament did not suit with dictation, and he was impatient of an existence which he could no longer turn to any useful purpose. He lingered on, however, year after year, and it gradually became known to him that his wishes would not protect him from biographers, and that an account of his life would certainly be tried, perhaps by more than one person. A true description of it he did not believe that any one could give, not even his closest friend ; but there might be degrees of falsity ; and since a biography of some kind there was to be, he decided at last to extend his original commission to me, and to make over to me all his private papers, journals, notebooks, letters, and unfinished or neglected writings.

Being a person of most methodical habits, he had preserved every letter which he had ever received of not entirely trifling import. His mother, his wife, his brothers, and many of his friends had kept as carefully every letter from himself. The most remarkable of his contemporaries had been among his correspondents—English, French, Italian, German, and American. Goethe had recognised his genius, and had written to him often, advising and encouraging. His own and Mrs. Carlyle's journals were records of their most secret thoughts. All

these Mr. Carlyle, scarcely remembering what they contained, but with characteristic fearlessness, gave me leave to use as I might please.

Material of such a character makes my duty in one respect an easy one. I have not to relate Mr. Carlyle's history, or describe his character. He is his own biographer, and paints his own portrait. But another difficulty arises from the extent of the resources thrown open to me. His own letters are as full of matter as the richest of his published works. His friends were not common men, and in writing to him they wrote their best. Of the many thousand letters in my possession, there is hardly one which, either on its special merits or through its connection with something which concerned him, does not deserve to be printed. Selection is indispensable; a middle way must be struck between too much and too little. I have been guided largely, however, by Carlyle's personal directions to me, and such a way will, I trust, be discovered.

Meanwhile, on examining the miscellaneous MSS. I found among them various sketches and reminiscences, one written in a notebook fifty years ago on hearing in London of his father's death; another of Edward Irving; another of Lord Jeffrey; others

(these brief and slight), of Southey and Wordsworth. In addition there was a long narrative, or fragments of a narrative, designed as material for the introduction to Mrs. Carlyle's letters. These letters would now have to be rearranged with his own; and an introduction, under the shape which had been intended for it, would be no longer necessary. The 'Reminiscences' appeared to me to be far too valuable to be broken up and employed in any composition of my own, and I told Mr. Carlyle that I thought they ought to be printed with the requisite omissions immediately after his own death. He agreed with me that it should be so, and at one time it was proposed that the type should be set up while he was still alive, and could himself revise what he had written. He found, however, that the effort would be too much for him, and the reader has here before him Mr. Carlyle's own handiwork, but without his last touches, not edited by himself, not corrected by himself, perhaps most of it not intended for publication, and written down merely as an occupation, for his own private satisfaction.

The Introductory Fragments were written immediately after his wife's death; the account of Irving belongs to the autumn and winter which

followed. So singular was his condition at this time, that he was afterwards unconscious what he had done; and when ten years later I found the Irving MS. and asked him about it, he did not know to what I was alluding. The sketch of Jeffrey was written immediately after. Some parts of the introduction I have reserved for the biography, into which they will most conveniently fall; the rest, from the point where they form a consecutive story, I have printed with only a few occasional reservations. 'Southey' and 'Wordsworth,' being merely detached notes of a few personal recollections, I have attached as an appendix.

Nothing more remains to be said about these papers, save to repeat, for clearness' sake, that they are published with Mr. Carlyle's consent but without his supervision. The detailed responsibility is therefore entirely my own. I will add for the convenience of the general public, the few chief points of his outward life. He was the son of a village mason, born at Ecclefechan in Annandale, December 4th, 1795. He was educated first at Ecclefechan school. In 1806 he was sent to the Grammar School at Annan, and in 1809 to Edinburgh University. In 1814 he was appointed mathematical usher

at Annan, and in 1816 schoolmaster at Kirkcaldy. In 1818 he gave up his situation, and supported himself by taking pupils at Edinburgh. In 1822 he became private tutor in the family of Mr. Charles Buller, Charles Buller the younger, who was afterwards so brilliantly distinguished in Parliament, being his pupil. While in this capacity he wrote his 'Life of Schiller,' and translated 'Wilhelm Meister.' In 1826 he married. He lived for eighteen months at Comley Bank, on the north side of Edinburgh. He then removed to Craigenputtoch, a moorland farm in Dumfriesshire belonging to his wife's mother, where he remained for seven years, writing 'Sartor Resartus' there, and nearly all his Miscellanies. In 1834 he left Scotland and settled in London, at 5 Cheyne Row, Chelsea; and there continued without further change till his death.

J. A. F.

CONTENTS

OF

THE FIRST VOLUME.

PAGE

JAMES CARLYLE OF ECCLEFECHAN 1

EDWARD IRVING 67

REMINISCENCES.

JAMES CARLYLE, OF ECCLEFECHAN, MASON.

JAMES CARLYLE.[1]

On Tuesday, Jan. 26, 1832, I received tidings that my dear and worthy father had departed out of this world. He was called away by a death apparently of the mildest, on Sunday morning about six. He had taken what was thought a bad cold on the Monday preceding, but rose every day and was sometimes out of doors. Occasionally he was insensible (as pain usually soon made him of late years), but when spoken to he recollected himself. He was up and at the kitchen fire (at Scotsbrig [2]), on the Saturday evening about six, but was evidently growing fast worse in breathing. 'About ten o'clock he fell into a sort of stupor,' writes my sister Jane, 'still breathing higher and with greater difficulty. He spoke little to any of us, seemingly unconscious of what he did, came over the bedside, and offered up a prayer to Heaven in such accents as it is impossible to forget. 'He departed almost without a struggle,' adds she,

[1] Written in London in January 1832.

[2] A farm near Ecclefechan occupied by James Carlyle during the last six years of his life.

· this morning at half-past six.' My mother adds, in her own hand, 'It is God that has done it. Be still, my dear children. Your affectionate mother. God support us all.' The funeral is to be on Friday, the present date is Wednesday night. This stroke, altogether unexpected at the time, but which I have been long anticipating in general, falls heavy on me, as such needs must, yet not so as to stun me or unman me. Natural tears have come to my relief. I can look at my dear father, and that section of the past which he has made alive for me, in a certain sacred sanctified light, and give way to what thoughts rise in me without feeling that they are weak and useless.

The time till the funeral was past I instantly determined on passing with my wife only, and all others were excluded. I have written to my mother and to John,[1] have walked far and much, chiefly in the Regent's Park, and considered about many things, if so were that I might accomplish this problem, to see clearly what my present calamity means—what I have lost and what lesson my loss was to teach me.

As for the departed we ought to say that he was taken home 'like a shock of corn fully ripe.' He 'had finished the work that was given him to do'

[1] Mr. Carlyle's brother.

and finished it (very greatly more than the most) as became a man. He was summoned too before he had ceased to be interesting—to be loveable. (He was to the last the pleasantest man I had to speak with in Scotland.) For many years too he had the end ever in his eye, and was studying to make all preparation for what in his strong way he called often 'that last, that awful change.' Even at every new parting of late years I have noticed him wring my hand with a tenderer pressure, as if he felt that one other of our few meetings here was over. Mercifully also has he been spared me till I am abler to bear his loss; till by manifold struggles I too, as he did, feel my feet on the Everlasting rock, and through time with its death, can in some degree see into eternity with its life. So that I have repeated, not with unwet eyes, let me hope likewise not with unsoftened heart, those old and for ever true words, 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord; they do rest from their labours, and their works follow them.' Yes, their works follow them. The force that had been lent my father he honourably expended in manful welldoing. A portion of this planet bears beneficent traces of his strong hand and strong head. Nothing that he undertook to do but he did it faithfully and like a true man. I shall look on

the houses he built with a certain proud interest. They stand firm and sound to the heart all over his little district. No one that comes after him will ever say, Here was the finger of a hollow eye-servant.' They are little texts for me of the gospel of man's free will. Nor will his deeds and sayings in any case be found unworthy—not false and barren, but genuine and fit. Nay, am not I also the humble James Carlyle's work? I owe him much more than existence, I owe him a noble inspiring example (now that I can read it in that rustic character). It was he *exclusively* that determined on *educating* me; that from his small hard-earned funds sent me to school and college, and made me whatever I am or may become. Let me not mourn for my father, let me do worthily of him. So shall he still live even here in me, and his worth plant itself honourably forth into new generations.

I purpose now, while the impression is more pure and clear within me, to mark down the main things I can recollect of my father. To myself, if I live to after years, it may be instructive and interesting, as the past grows ever holier the farther we leave it. My mind is calm enough to do it deliberately, and to do it truly. The thought of that pale earnest face which even now lies stiffened into death in that bed

at Scotsbrig, with the Infinite all of worlds looking down on it, will certainly impel me. Neither, should these lines survive myself and be seen by others, can the sight of them do harm to anyone. It is good to know how a true spirit will vindicate itself with truth and freedom through what obstructions soever; how the acorn cast carelessly into the wilderness will make room for itself and grow to be an oak. This is one of the cases belonging to that class, 'the lives of remarkable men,' in which it has been said, 'paper and ink should least of all be spared.' I call a man remarkable who becomes a true workman in this vineyard of the Highest. Be his work that of palace building and kingdom founding, or only of delving and ditching, to me it is no matter, or *next to none*. All human work is transitory, small in itself, contemptible. Only the worker thereof and the spirit that dwelt in him is significant. I proceed without order, or almost any forethought, anxious only to save what I have left and mark it as it lies in me.

In several respects I consider my father as one of the most interesting men I have known. He was a man of perhaps the very largest natural endowment of any it has been my lot to converse with.

None of us will ever forget that bold glowing style of his, flowing free from his untutored soul, full of metaphors (though he knew not what a metaphor was) with all manner of potent words which he appropriated and applied with a surprising accuracy you often would not guess whence—brief, energetic, and which I should say conveyed the most perfect picture, definite, clear, not in ambitious colours but in full white sunlight, of all the dialects I have ever listened to. Nothing did I ever hear him undertake to render visible which did not become almost ocularly so. Never shall we again hear such speech as that was. The whole district knew of it and laughed joyfully over it, not knowing how otherwise to express the feeling it gave them; emphatic I have heard him beyond all men. In anger he had no need of oaths, his words were like sharp arrows that smote into the very heart. The fault was that he exaggerated (which tendency I also inherit) yet only in description and for the sake chiefly of humorous effect. He was a man of rigid, even scrupulous veracity. I have often heard him turn back when he thought his strong words were misleading, and correct them into mensurative accuracy.

I call him a natural man, singularly free from all manner of affectation; he was among the last of the

true men which Scotland on the old system produced or can produce; a man healthy in body and mind, fearing God, and diligently working on God's earth with contentment, hope, and unwearied resolution. He was never visited with doubt. The old theorem of the universe was sufficient for him; and he worked well in it and in all senses successfully and wisely—as few can do. So quick is the motion of transition becoming, the new generation almost to a man must make their belly their God, and alas, find even that an empty one. Thus, curiously enough and blessedly, *he* stood a true man on the verge of the old, while his son stands here lovingly surveying him on the verge of the new, and sees the possibility of also being true there. God make the possibility, blessed possibility, into a reality.

A virtue he had which I should learn to imitate. He *never spoke of what was disagreeable and past.* I have often wondered and admired at this. The thing that he had nothing to do with, he did nothing with. His was a healthy mind. In like manner I have seen him always when we young ones, half roguishly, and provokingly without doubt, were perhaps repeating sayings of his, sit as if he did not hear us at all. Never once did I know him utter a word, only once, that I remember, give a look in such a case.

Another virtue the example of which has passed strongly into me was his settled placid indifference to the clamours or the murmurs of public opinion. For the judgment of those that had no right or power to judge him, he seemed simply to care nothing at all. He very rarely spoke of despising such things. He contented himself with altogether disregarding them. Hollow babble it was for him, a thing, as Fichte said, that did not exist; *das gar nicht existirte.* There was something truly great in this. The very perfection of it hid from you the extent of the attainment.

Or rather let us call it a new phasis of the health which in mind as in body was conspicuous in him. Like a healthy man, he wanted only to get along with his task. Whatsoever could not forward him in this (and how could public opinion and much else of the like sort do it?) was of no moment to him, was not there for him.

This great maxim of philosophy he had gathered by the teaching of nature alone—that man was created to work—not to speculate, or feel, or dream. Accordingly he set his whole heart thitherwards. He did work wisely and unweariedly (*Ohne Hast aber ohne Rast*) and perhaps performed more with the tools he had than any man I now know. It

should have made me sadder than it did to hear the young ones sometimes complaining of his slow punctuality and thoroughness. He would leave nothing till it was done. Alas! the age of substance and solidity is gone for the time; that of show and hollow superficiality—in all senses—is in full course.

And yet he was a man of open sense; wonderfully so. I could have entertained him for days talking of any matter interesting to man. He delighted to hear of all things that were worth talking of: the mode of living men had—the mode of working; their opinions, virtues, whole spiritual and temporal environments.

It is some two years ago (in summer) since I entertained him highly—he was hoeing turnips and perhaps I helped him—with an account of the character and manner of existence of Francis Jeffrey. Another evening he enjoyed—probably it was on this very visit—with the heartiest relish my description of the people, I think, of Turkey. The Chinese had astonished him much. In some magazine he had got a sketch of Macartney's 'Embassy,' the memory of which never left him. Adam Smith's 'Wealth of Nations,' greatly as it lay out of his course, he had also fallen in with, and admired and understood and remembered so far as

he had any business with it. I once wrote him about my being in Smithfield Market seven years ago, of my seeing St. Paul's. Both things interested him heartily and dwelt with him. I had hoped to tell him much of what I saw in this second visit, and that many a long cheerful talk would have given us both some sunny hours, but *es konnte nimmer seyn*. Patience! hope!

At the same time he had the most entire and open contempt for all idle tattle; what he called clatter. Any talk that had meaning in it he could listen to. What had no meaning in it—above all, what seemed false—he absolutely could and would not hear, but abruptly turned aside from it, or if that might not suit, with the besom of destruction swept it far away from him. Long may we remember his 'I don't believe thee;' his tongue-paralysing, cold, indifferent 'Hah!' I should say of him as I did of our sister[1] whom we lost, that he seldom or never spoke except actually to convey an idea. Measured by quantity of words, he was a talker of fully average copiousness; by extent of meaning communicated, he was the most copious I have listened to. How in few sentences he would sketch you off an entire biography, an entire object or transaction,

[1] Margaret, who died in 1831.

keen, clear, rugged, genuine, completely rounded in. His words came direct from the heart by the inspiration of the moment.

'It is no idle tale,' he said to some laughing rustics while stating in his strong way some complaint against them, and their laughter died into silence. Dear, good father! There looked honestly through those clear earnest eyes a sincerity that compelled belief and regard. 'Moffat,' said he one day to an incorrigible reaper, 'thou hast had every feature of a bad shearer—high, rough, and little on't. Thou maun alter thy figure or slant the bog,' pointing to the man's road homewards.

He was irascible, choleric, and we all dreaded his wrath, yet passion never mastered him or maddened him. It rather inspired him with new vehemence of insight and more piercing emphasis of wisdom. It must have been a bold man that did not quail before that face when glowing with indignation, grounded, for so it ever was, on the sense of right and in resistance of wrong. More than once has he lifted up his strong voice in tax courts and the like before 'the gentlemen' (what he knew of highest among men), and rending asunder official sophisms, thundered even into their deaf ears the indignant sentence of natural justice to the conviction of all. Oh, why

did we laugh at these things while we loved them? There is a tragic greatness and sacredness in them now.

I can call my father a brave man (*ein tapferer*). Man's face he did not fear; God he always feared. His reverence I think was considerably mixed with fear; yet not slavish fear, rather awe, as of unutterable depths of silence through which flickered a trembling hope. How he used to speak of death, especially in late years—or rather to be silent, and look at it! There was no feeling in him here that he cared to hide. He trembled at the really terrible; the mock terrible he cared nought for That last act of his life, when in the last agony, with the thick ghastly vapours of death rising round him to choke him, he burst through and called with a man's voice on the Great God to have mercy on him—that was like the epitome and concluding summary of his whole life. God gave him strength to wrestle with the King of Terrors, and as it were even then to prevail. All his strength came from God and ever sought new nourishment there. God be thanked for it.

Let me not mourn that my father's force is all spent, that his valour wars no longer. Has it not gained the victory? Let me imitate him rather.

Let his courageous heart beat anew in me, that when oppression and opposition unjustly threaten, I too may rise with his spirit to front them and subdue them.

On the whole, ought I not to rejoice that God was pleased to give me such a father; that from earliest years I had the example of a real Man of God's own making continually before me? Let me learn of *him*. Let me write my books as he built his houses, and walk as blamelessly through this shadow world; if God so will, to rejoin him at last. Amen.

Alas! such is the mis-education of these days, it is only among those that are called the uneducated classes—those educated by experience—that you can look for a Man. Even among these, such a sight is growing daily rarer. My father, in several respects, has not, that I can think of, left his fellow. *Ultimus Romanorum.* Perhaps among Scottish peasants what Samuel Johnson was among English authors. I have a sacred pride in my peasant father, and would not exchange him, even now, for any king known to me. Gold and the guinea stamp—the Man and the clothes of the man. Let me thank God for that greatest of blessings, and strive to live worthily of it.

Though from the heart, and practically even more than in words, an independent man, he was by no means an insubordinate one. His bearing towards his superiors I consider noteworthy—of a piece with himself. I think in early life, when working in Springhill for a Sir W. Maxwell—the grandfather of the present Baronet—he had got an early respect impressed upon him for the character as well as station of a gentleman. I have heard him often describe the grave wisdom and dignified deportment of that Maxwell as of a true 'ruler of the people.' It used to remind me of the gentlemen in Goethe. Sir William, like those he ruled over, and benignantly or at least gracefully and earnestly governed, has passed away. But even for the mere clothes-screens of rank, my father testified no contempt. He spoke of them in public or private without acerbity; testified for them the outward deference which custom and convenience prescribed, and felt no degradation therein. Their inward claim to regard was a thing which concerned them, not him. I love to figure him addressing these men, with bared head, by the title of 'your honour,' with a manner respectful yet unembarrassed; a certain manful dignity looking through his own fine face, with his noble grey head bent patiently to the,

alas! unworthy. Such conduct is, perhaps, no longer possible.

Withal, he had in general a grave natural politeness. I have seen him, when the women were perhaps all in anxiety about the disorder etc., usher men in with true hospitality into his mean house, without any grimace of apologies, or the smallest seeming embarrassment. Were the house but a cabin, it was his, and they were welcome to him, and what it held. This was again the man. His life was 'no idle tale;' not a lie but a truth, which whoso liked was welcome to come and examine. 'An earnest toilsome life,' which had also a serious issue.

The more I reflect on it, the more I must admire how completely nature had taught him; how completely he was devoted to his work, to the task of his life, and content to let all pass by unheeded that had not relation to this. It is a singular fact, for example, that though a man of such openness and clearness, he had never, I believe, read three pages of Burns' poems. Not even when all about him became noisy and enthusiastic, I the loudest, on that matter, did he feel it worth while to renew his investigation of it, or once turn his face towards it. The poetry he liked (he did not

call it poetry) was truth, and the wisdom of reality. Burns, indeed, could have done nothing for him. As high a greatness hung over his world as over that of Burns—the ever-present greatness of the Infinite itself. Neither was he, like Burns, called to rebel against the world, but to labour patiently at his task there, uniting the possible with the necessary to bring out the real, wherein also lay an ideal. Burns could not have in any way strengthened him in this course; and therefore was for him a phenomenon merely. Nay, rumour had been so busy with Burns, and destiny and his own desert had in very deed so marred his name, that the good rather avoided him. Yet it was not with aversion that my father regarded Burns; at worst with indifference and neglect. I have heard him speak of once seeing him standing in 'Rob Scott's smithy' (at Ecclefechan, no doubt superintending some work). He heard one say, 'There is the poet Burns.' He went out to look, and saw a man with boots on, like a well-dressed farmer, walking down the village on the opposite side of the burn. This was all the relation these two men ever had; they were very nearly coevals.[1] I knew Robert Burns, and I knew my father. Yet were you to ask me

[1] Burns died the year after Thomas Carlyle was born.

which had the greater natural faculty, I might perhaps actually pause before replying. Burns had an infinitely wider education, my father a far wholesomer. Besides, the one was a man of musical utterance; the other wholly a man of action, with speech subservient thereto. Never, of all the men I have seen, has one come personally in my way in whom the endowment from nature and the arena from fortune were so utterly out of all proportion. I have said this often, and partly know it. As a man of speculation—had culture ever unfolded him—he must have gone wild and desperate as Burns; but he was a man of conduct, and work keeps all right. What strange shapeable creatures we are!

My father's education was altogether of the worst and most limited. I believe he was never more than three months at any school. What he learned there showed what he might have learned. A solid knowledge of arithmetic, a fine antique handwriting—these, with other limited practical et-ceteras, were all the things he ever heard mentioned as excellent. He had no room to strive for more. Poetry, fiction in general, he had universally seen treated as not only idle, but false and criminal. This was the spiritual element he had lived in, almost to old age. But greatly his most important

culture he had gathered—and this, too, by his own endeavours—from the better part of the district, the religious men; to whom, as to the most excellent, his own nature gradually attached and attracted him. He was religious with the consent of his whole faculties. Without religion he would have been nothing. Indeed, his habit of intellect was thoroughly free, and even incredulous. And strongly enough did the daily example of this work afterwards on me. 'Putting out the natural eye of his mind to see better with a telescope'—this was no scheme for him. But he was in Annandale, and it was above fifty years ago,[1] and a Gospel was still preached there to the heart of a man in the tones of a man. Religion was the pole-star for my father. Rude and uncultivated as he otherwise was, it made him and kept him 'in all points a man.'

Oh! when I think that all the area in boundless space he had seen was limited to a circle of some fifty miles diameter (he never in his life was farther or elsewhere so far from home as at Craigenputtoch), and all his knowledge of the boundless time was derived from his Bible and what the oral memories of old men could give him, and his own

[1] Written in 1832.

could gather; and yet, that he was such, I could take shame to myself. I feel to my father—so great though so neglected, so generous also towards *me*—a strange tenderness, and mingled pity and reverence peculiar to the case, infinitely soft and near my heart. Was he not a sacrifice to me? Had I stood in his place, could he not have stood in mine, and more? Thou good father! well may I for ever honour thy memory. Surely that act was not without its reward. And was not nature great, out of such materials to make such a man?

Though genuine and coherent, 'living and life-giving,' he was, nevertheless, but half developed. We had all to complain that we durst not freely love him. His heart seemed as if walled in; he had not the free means to unbosom himself. My mother has owned to me that she could never understand him; that her affection and (with all their little strifes) her admiration of him was obstructed. It seemed as if an atmosphere of fear repelled us from him. To me it was especially so. Till late years, when he began to respect me more, and, as it were, to look up to me for instruction, for protection (a relation unspeakably beautiful), I was ever more or less awed and chilled before him. My heart and tongue played freely only with my

mother. He had an air of deepest gravity, even sternness. Yet he could laugh with his whole throat, and his whole heart. I have often seen him weep, too; his voice would thicken and his lips curve while reading the Bible. He had a merciful heart to real distress, though he hated idleness, and for imbecility and fatuity had no tolerance. Once —and I think once only—I saw him in a passion of tears. It was when the remains of my mother's fever hung upon her, in 1817, and seemed to threaten the extinction of her reason. We were all of us nigh desperate, and ourselves mad. He burst at last into quite a torrent of grief, cried piteously, and threw himself on the floor and lay moaning. I wondered, and had no words, no tears. It was as if a rock of granite had melted, and was thawing into water. What unknown seas of feeling lie in man, and will from time to time break through!

He was no niggard, but truly a wisely generous economist. He paid his men handsomely and with overplus. He had known poverty in the shape of actual want (in boyhood) and never had one penny which he knew not well how he had come by, ('picked,' as he said, 'out of the hard stone,') yet he ever parted with money as a man that knew when he was getting money's worth; that could give

also, and with a frank liberality when the fit occasion called. I remember with the peculiar kind of tenderness that attaches to many similar things in his life, one, or rather, I think, two times, when he sent *me* to buy a quarter of a pound of tobacco, to give to some old women, whom he had had gathering potatoes for him. He nipt off for each a handsome leash, and handed it her by way of over and above This was a common principle with him. I must have been twelve or thirteen when I fetched this tobacco. I love to think of it. 'The little that a just man hath.' The old women are now perhaps all dead. He too is dead, but the gift still lives.

He was a man singularly free from affectation. The feeling that he had not he could in no wise pretend to have; however ill the want of it might look, he simply would not and did not put on the show of it.

Singularly free from envy I may reckon him too, the rather if I consider his keen temper and the value he naturally (as a man wholly for action) set upon success in life. Others that (by better fortune; none was more industrious or more prudent) had grown richer than he, did not seem to provoke the smallest grudging in him. They were going their path, he going his; one did not impede the other.

He rather seemed to look at such with a kind of respect, a desire to learn from them—at lowest with indifference.

In like manner, though he above all things (indeed in strictness solely) admired talent, he seemed never to have measured himself anxiously against anyone; was content to be taught by whosoever could teach him. One or two men, immeasurably his inferiors in faculty, he, I do believe, looked up to and thought with perfect composure abler minds than himself.

Complete at the same time was his confidence in his own judgment when it spoke to him decisively. He was one of those few that could believe and know as well as enquire and be of opinion. When I remember how much he admired intellectual force, how much he had of it himself, and yet how unconsciously and contentedly he gave others credit for superiority, I again see the healthy spirit of the genuine man. Nothing could please him better than a well-ordered discourse of reason, the clear solution and exposition of any object, and he knew well in such cases when the nail had been hit, and contemptuously enough recognised when it had been missed. He has said of a bad preacher, 'he was like a fly wading among tar.' Clearness, em-

phatic clearness, was his highest category of man's thinking power. He delighted always to hear good argument. He would often say, 'I would like to hear thee argue with him.' He said this of Jeffrey and me, with an air of such simple earnestness, not two years ago (1830), and it was his true feeling. I have often pleased him much by arguing with men (as many years ago I was prone to do) in his presence. He rejoiced greatly in my success, at all events in my dexterity and manifested force. Others of us he admired for our 'activity,' our practical valour and skill, all of us (generally speaking) for our decent demeanour in the world. It is now one of my greatest blessings (for which I would thank Heaven from the heart) that he lived to see me, through various obstructions, attain some look of doing well. He had 'educated' me against much advice, I believe, and chiefly, if not solely, from his own noble faith. James Bell, one of our wise men, had told him, 'Educate a boy, and he grows up to despise his ignorant parents.' My father once told me this, and added, 'Thou hast not done so; God be thanked for it.' I have reason to think my father was proud of me (not vain, for he never, except when provoked, openly bragged of us); that here too he lived to see the pleasure of the Lord prosper in his

hands. Oh, was it not a happiness for me! The fame of all this planet were not henceforth so precious.

He was thrifty, patient, careless of outward accommodation, had a Spartan indifference to all that. When he quarrelled about such things it was rather because some human *mismanagement* seemed to look through the evil. Food and all else were simply and solely there as the means *for doing work.* We have lived for months of old (and when he was not any longer poor), because by ourselves, on porridge and potatoes, with no other condiment than what our own cow yielded. Thus are we not now all beggars, as the most like us have become. Mother and father were assiduous, abstemious, frugal without stinginess. They shall not want their reward. Both still knew what they were doing in this world, and why they were here. 'Man's chief end,' my father could have answered from the depths of his soul, 'is to glorify God and enjoy *Him* for ever.' By this light he walked, choosing his path, fitting prudence to principle with wonderful skill and manliness; through 'the ruins of a falling era,' not once missing his footing. Go thou, whom by the hard toil of his arms and his mind he has struggled to enlighten better; go thou, and do likewise

His death was unexpected? Not so; every morning and every evening, for perhaps sixty years, he had prayed to the Great Father in words which I shall now no more hear him impressively pronounce, 'Prepare us for those solemn events, death, judgment, and eternity.' He would pray also, 'Forsake us not now when we are old and our heads grown grey.' God did not forsake him.

Ever since I can remember, his honoured head was grey; indeed he must have been about forty when I was born. It was a noble head; very large, the upper part of it strikingly like that of the poet Goethe: the mouth again bearing marks of unrefinement, shut indeed and significant, yet loosely compressed (as I have seen in the firmest men if used to hard manual labour), betokening depth, passionateness, force; all in an element not of languor, yet of toil and patient perennial endurance. A face full of meaning[1] and earnestness, a man of strength and a man of toil. Jane (Mrs. Carlyle) took a profile of him when she was last in Annandale. It is the only memorial we have left, and worth much to us. He was short of stature, yet shorter than usual only in the limbs; of great muscular

[1] Carlyle breaks off for a moment and writes these words: 'About this hour is the funeral. Irving enters. Unsatisfactory.' He then goes on.

strength, far more than even his strong-built frame gave promise of. In all things he was emphatically temperate ; through life guilty (more than can be said of almost any man) of no excess.

He was born (I think) in the year 1757, at a place called Brownknowe, a small farm not far from Burnswark Hill in Annandale. I have heard him describe the anguish of mind he felt when leaving this place, and taking farewell of a 'big stone' whereon he had been wont to sit in early boyhood tending the cattle. Perhaps there was a thorn tree near it. His heart, he said, was like to burst ; they were removing to Sibbaldry Side, another farm in the valley of Dryfe. He was come to full manhood. The family was exposed to great privations while at Brownknowe. The mother, Mary Gillespie (she had relations at Dryfesdale) was left with her children, and had not always meal to make them porridge. My father was the second son and fourth child. My grandfather, Thomas Carlyle, after whom I am named, was an honest, vehement, adventurous, but not an industrious man. He used to collect vigorously and rigorously a sum sufficient for his half year's rent (probably some five or six pounds), lay this by, and, for the rest, leaving the mother with her little ones to manage very much as they could, would meanwhile

amuse himself, perhaps hunting, most probably with the Laird of Bridekirk (a swashbuckler of those days, composer of 'Bridekirk's Hunting'), partly in the character of kinsman, partly of attendant and henchman. I have heard my father describe the shifts they were reduced to at home. Once, he said, meal, which had perhaps been long scarce, and certainly for some time wanting, arrived at last late at night. The mother proceeded on the spot to make cakes of it, and had no fuel but straw that she tore from the beds (straw lies under the chaff sacks we all slept on) to do it with. The children all rose to eat. Potatoes were little in use then; a 'wechtful' was stored up to be eaten perhaps about Halloween. My father often told us how he once, with a providence early manifested, got possession of four potatoes, and thinking that a time of want might come, hid them carefully against the evil day. He found them long after all grown together; they had not been needed. I think he once told us his first short clothes were a hull made mostly or wholly of leather. We all only laughed, for it is now long ago. Thou dear father! Through what stern obstructions was thy way to manhood to be forced, and for us and for our travelling to be made smooth.

My grandfather, whom I can remember as a

slightish, wiry-looking old man, had not possessed the wisdom of his son. Yet perhaps he was more to be pitied than blamed. His mother, whose name I have forgotten, was early left a widow with two of them, in the parish, perhaps in the village, of Middlebie. Thomas, the elder, became a joiner and went to work in Lancashire, perhaps in Lancaster, where he stayed more than one season. He once returned home in winter, partly by ice—skating along the Westmoreland and Cumberland lakes. He was in Dumfriesshire in 1745 : saw the Highlanders come through Ecclefechan over the Border heights as they went down : was at Dumfries among them as they returned back in flight. He had gone, by the Lady of Bridekirk's request, to look after the Laird, whom, as a Whig of some note, they had taken prisoner. His whole adventures there he had minutely described to his children (I too have heard him speak, but briefly and indistinctly, of them): by my uncle Frank I once got a full account of the matter, which shall perhaps be inserted elsewhere. He worked as carpenter, I know not how long, about Middlebie ; then laid aside that craft (except as a side business, for he always had tools which I myself have assisted him in grinding) and went to Brownknowe to farm. In his latter days he was chiefly supported by my

father, to whom I remember once hearing him say, with a half-choked tremulous palsied voice, 'Thou hast been a good son to me.' He died in 1804. I well remember the funeral, which I was at, and that I read (being then a good reader), 'MacEwen on the Types' (which I have not seen since, but then partially understood and even liked for its glib smoothness) to the people sitting at the wake. The funeral was in time of snow. All is still very clear to me. The three brothers, my father, Frank, and Tom, spoke together in the dusk on the street of Ecclefechan, I looking up and listening. Tom proposed that he would bear the whole expense, as he had been 'rather backward during his life,' which offer was immediately rejected.

Old Thomas Carlyle had been proud and poor. No doubt he was discontented enough. Industry was perhaps more difficult in Annandale then (this I do not think very likely). At all events the man in honour (the *man*) of those days in that rude border country was a drinker and hunter; above all, a striker. My grandfather did not drink, but his stroke was ever as ready as his word, and both were sharp enough. He was a fiery man, irascible, indomitable, of the toughness and springiness of steel. An old market brawl, called the 'Ecclefechan Dog-fight,' in

which he was a principal, survives in tradition there to this day. My father, who in youth too had been in quarrels, and formidable enough in them, but from manhood upwards abhorred all such things, never once spoke to us of this. My grandfather had a certain religiousness; but it could not be made dominant and paramount. His life lay in two. I figure him as very miserable, and pardon (as my father did) all his irregularities and unreasons. My father liked in general to speak of him when it came in course. He told us sometimes of his once riding down to Annan (when a boy) behind him, on a sack of barley to be shipped, for which there was then no other mode of conveyance but horseback. On arriving at Annan bridge the people demanded three-halfpence of toll money. This the old man would in no wise pay, for tolls were then reckoned pure imposition, got soon into argument about it, and rather than pay it turned his horse's head aside and swam the river at a dangerous place, to the extreme terror of his boy. Perhaps it was on this same occasion, while the two were on the shore about Whinnyrigg with many others on the same errand, (for a boat had come in, from Liverpool probably and the country must hasten to ship) that a lad of larger size jeered at the little boy for his ragged coat etc.

Whereupon his father, doubtless provoked too, gave him permission to fight the wrongdoer, which he did and with victory. 'Man's inhumanity to man.'

I must not dwell on these things, yet will mention the other brother, my grand-uncle Francis, still remembered by his title, 'the Captain of Middlebie.' He was bred a shoemaker, and like his elder brother went to travel for work and insight. My father once described to me with pity and aversion how Francis had on some occasion taken to drinking and to gaming 'far up in England' (Bristol?), had lost all his money and gone to bed drunk. He awoke next morning in horrors, started up, stung by the serpent of remorse, and flinging himself out of bed, broke his leg against a table standing near, and lay there sprawling, and had to lie for weeks, with nothing to pay the shot. Perhaps this was the crisis of his life. Perhaps it was to pay the bill of this very tavern that he went and enlisted himself on board some small-craft man of war. A mutiny (as I have heard) took place, wherein Francis Carlyle with great daring stood by the Captain and quelled the matter, for which service he was promoted to the command of a revenue ship, and sailed therein chiefly about the Solway Seas, and did feats enough, of which perhaps elsewhere. He had retired with dignity on half-pay

to his native Middlebie before my birth. I never saw him but once, and then rather memorably.

My grandfather and he, owing to some sort of cloud and misunderstanding, had not had any intercourse for long; in which division the two families had joined. But now, when old Thomas was lying on his probable, and as it proved actual, deathbed, the old rugged sea-captain relented, and resolved to see his brother yet once before he died.

He came in a cart to Ecclefechan (a great enterprise then, for the road was all water-cut, and nigh impassable with roughness). I chanced to be standing by when he arrived. He was a grim, broad, to me almost terrible man, unwieldy so that he could not walk. (My brother John is said to resemble him. He was my prototype of Smollett's Trunnion.) They lifted him up the steep straight stairs in a chair to the room of the dying man. The two old brothers saluted each other, hovering over the brink of the grave. They were both above eighty. In some twenty minutes the arm-chair was seen again descending (my father bore one corner of it in front); the old man had parted with his brother for the last time. He went away with few words, but with a face that still dimly haunts me, and I never saw him more. The business at the moment was

quite unknown to me, but I gathered it in a day or two, and its full meaning long afterwards grew clear to me. Its outward phasis, now after some twenty-eight years, is plain as I have written. Old Francis also died not long afterwards.

One vague tradition I will mention, that our humble forefathers dwelt long as farmers at Burrens, the old Roman Station in Middlebie. Once, in times of Border robbery, some Cumberland cattle had been stolen and were chased. The traces of them disappeared at Burrens, and the angry Cumbrians demanded of the poor farmer what had become of them. It was vain for him to answer and aver (truly) that he knew nothing of them, had no concern with them. He was seized by the people, and despite his own desperate protestations, despite his wife's shriekings and his children's cries, he was hanged on the spot. The case even in those days was thought piteous, and a perpetual gift of the little farm was made to the poor widow as some compensation. Her children and children's children continued to possess it till their title was questioned by the Duke (of Queensberry), and they (perhaps in my great-grandfather's time, about 1720) were ousted. Date and circumstances for the tale are all wanting. This is my remotest outlook into the

past, and itself but a cloudy half or whole hallucination; farther on there is not even a hallucination. I now return. These things are secular and unsatisfactory.

Bred up in such circumstances, the boys were accustomed to all manner of hardship, and must trust for upbringing to nature, to the scanty precepts of their poor mother, and to what seeds or influences of culture were hanging as it were in the atmosphere of their environment. Poor boys! they had to scramble, scraffle, for their very clothes and food. They knit, they thatched for hire, above all they hunted. My father had tried all these things almost in boyhood. Every dell and burngate and cleugh of that district he had traversed, seeking hares and the like. He used to tell of these pilgrimages. Once I remember his gun-flint was tied on with a hatband. He was a real hunter, like a wild Indian, from necessity. The hares' flesh was food. Hare-skins (at some sixpence each) would accumulate into the purchase money of a coat. All these things he used to speak of without either boasting or complaining, not as reproaches to us, but as historical merely. On the whole, he never complained either of the past, the present, or the future. He observed and accurately noted all: he made the

most and the best of all. His hunting years were not useless to him. Misery was early training the rugged boy into a stoic, that one day he might be the assurance of a Scottish man.

One Macleod, Sandy Macleod, a wandering pensioner invalided out of some Highland regiment (who had served in America, I must think with General Wolfe), had strayed to Brownknowe with his old wife and taken a cottage of my grandfather. He with his wild foreign legends and strange half-idiotic, half-genial ways, was a great figure with the young ones, and I think acted not a little on their character,—least of any, however, on my father, whose early turn for the practical and real made him more heedless of Macleod and his vagaries. The old pensioner had quaint sayings not without significance. Of a lacrymose complaining man, for example, he said (or perhaps to him), 'he might be thankful he was not in purgatory.'

The quaint fashion of speaking, assumed for humour, and most noticeable in my uncle Frank, least or hardly at all in my father, was no doubt partly derived from this old wanderer, who was much about their house, working for his rent and so forth, and was partly laughed at, partly wondered at, by the young ones. Tinkers also, nestling in outhouses,

making pot metal, and with rude feuds and warfare, often came upon the scene. These, with passing Highland drovers, were perhaps their only visitors. Had there not been a natural goodness and indestructible force in my father, I see not how he could have bodied himself forth from these mean impediments. I suppose good precepts were not wanting. There was the Bible to read. Old John Orr, the schoolmaster, used from time to time to lodge with them; he was religious and enthusiastic (though in practice irregular with drink). In my grandfather also there seems to have been a certain geniality; for instance, he and a neighbour, Thomas Hogg, read 'Anson's Voyages,' also the 'Arabian Nights,' for which latter my father, armed with zealous conviction, scrupled not to censure them openly. By one means or another, at an early age he had acquired principles, lights that not only flickered but shone steadily to guide his way.

It must have been in his teens, perhaps rather early, that he and his elder brother John, with William Bell (afterwards of Wylie Hill, and a noted drover), and his brother, all met in the kiln at Relief to play cards. The corn was dried then at home. There was a fire, therefore, and perhaps it was both heat and light. The boys had played, per-

haps, often enough for trifling stakes, and always parted in good humour. One night they came to some disagreement. My father spoke out what was in him about the folly, the sinfulness, of quarrelling over a perhaps sinful amusement. The earnest mind persuaded other minds. They threw the cards in the fire, and (I think the younger Bell told my brother James), no one of the four ever touched a card again through life. My father certainly never hinted at such a game since I knew him. I cannot remember that I, at that age, had any such force of belief. Which of us can?

[*Friday night.* My father is now in his grave, sleeping by the side of his loved ones, his face to the east, under the hope of meeting the Lord when He shall come to judgment, when the times shall be fulfilled. Mysterious life! Yes, there is a God in man. Silence! since thou hast no voice. To imitate him, I will pause here for the night. God comfort my brother. God guard them all.]

Of old John Orr I must say another word. My father, who often spoke of him, though not so much latterly, gave me copious description of that and other antiquarian matters in one of the pleasantest days I remember, the last time but one (or perhaps two) that we talked together. A tradition of poor

old Orr, as of a man of boundless love and natural worth, still faintly lives in Annandale. If I mistake not, he worked also as a shoemaker. He was heartily devout, yet subject to fits of irregularity. He would vanish for weeks into obscure tippling-houses; then reappear ghastly and haggard in body and mind, shattered in health, torn with gnawing remorse. Perhaps it was in some dark interval of this kind (he was already old) that he bethought him of his father, and how he was still lying without a stone of memorial. John had already ordered a tombstone for him, and it was lying worked, and, I suppose, lettered and ready, at some mason's establishment (up the water of Mein), but never yet carried to the place. Probably Orr had not a shilling of money to hire any carter with, but he hurried off to the spot, and desperately got the stone on his back. It was a load that had nigh killed him. He had to set it down ever and anon and rest, and get it up again. The night fell. I think some one found him desperately struggling with it near Main Hill, and assisted him, and got it set in its place.

Though far above all quackery, Orr was actually employed to exorcise a house; some house or room at Orchard, in the parish of Hoddam. He entered

the haunted place; was closeted in it for some time, speaking and praying. The ghost was really and truly laid, for no one heard more of it. Beautiful reverence, even of the rude and ignorant, for the infinite nature of wisdom in the infinite life of man.

Orr, as already said, used to come much about Brownknowe, being habitually itinerant; and (though schoolmaster of Hoddam) without settled home. He commonly, my father said, slept with some of the boys; in a place where, as usual, there were several beds. He would call out from the bed to my grandfather, also in his, 'Gudeman, I have found it;' found the solution of some problem or other, perhaps arithmetical, which they had been struggling with; or, 'Gudeman, what d'ye think of this?'

I represent him to myself as a squat, pursy kind of figure, grim, dusky; the blandest and most bounteous of cynics. Also a form of the past. He was my father's sole teacher in schooling.

It might be in the year, I think, 1773, that one William Brown, a mason from Peebles, came down into Annandale to do some work; perhaps boarded in my grandfather's house; at all events married his eldest daughter's child, my now old and vehement, then young and spirited, Aunt Fanny. This

worthy man, whose nephew is still minister of Eskdalemuir (and author of a book on the Jews), proved the greatest blessing to that household. My father would, in any case, have saved himself. Of the other brothers, it may be doubted whether William Brown was not the primary preserver. *They all learned to be masons from him*, or from one another; instead of miscellaneous labourers and hunters, became regular tradesmen, the best in all their district, the skilfullest and faithfullest, and the best rewarded every way. Except my father, none of them attained a decisive religiousness. But they all had prudence and earnestness, love of truth, industry, and the blessings it brings. My father, before my time, though not the eldest, had become, in all senses, the head of the house. The eldest was called John. He early got asthma, and for long could not work, though he got his share of the wages still. I can faintly remember him as a pallid, sickly figure; and even one or two insignificant words, and the breathless tone he uttered them in. When seized with extreme fits of sickness he used to gasp out, 'Bring Jamie; do send for Jamie.' He died, I think, in 1802. I remember the funeral, and perhaps a day before it, how an ill-behaving servant wench lifted up the coverlid from off his

pale, ghastly, befilleted head to show it to some crony of hers; unheeding of me, who was alone with them, and to whom the sight gave a new pang of horror. He was the father of two sons and a daughter, beside whom our boyhood was passed, none of whom have come to anything but insignificance. He was a well-doing man, and left them well; but their mother was not wise, nor they decidedly so. The youngest brother—my uncle Tom—died next; a fiery, passionate, self-secluded, warm, loving, genuine soul, without fear and without guile: of whom it is recorded, he never from the first tones of speech, 'told any lies.' A true old-Roman soul, yet so marred and stunted, who well deserves a chapter to himself, especially from me, who so lovingly admired him. He departed in my father's house, in my presence, in the year 1815, the first death I had ever understood and laid with its whole emphasis to heart. Frank followed next, at an interval of some five years; a quaint, social, cheerful man, of less earnestness but more openness, fond of genealogies, old historic poems, queer sayings, and all curious and humane things he could come at.

This made him the greatest favourite. The rest were rather feared; my father, ultimately at

least, universally feared and respected. Frank left two sons, as yet young; one of whom, my namesake, gone to be a lawyer, is rather clever, how clever I have not fully seen. All these brothers were men of evidently rather peculiar endowment. They were (consciously) noted for their brotherly affection and coherence, for their hard sayings and *hard strikings*, which only my father ever grew heartily to detest. All of them became prosperous; got a name and possessions in their degree. It was a kindred warmly liked, I believe, by those *near* it; by those at a distance, viewed at worst and lowest, as something dangerous to meddle with, something not to be meddled with.

What are the rich or the poor? and how do the simple annals of the poor differ from the complex annals of the rich, were they never so rich? What is thy attainment compared with an Alexander's, a Mahomet's, a Napoleon's? And what was theirs? A temporary fraction of this planetkin, the whole round of which is but a sandgrain in the all, its whole duration but a moment in eternity. The poorer life or the rich one are but the larger or smaller (very little smaller) letters in which we write the apophthegms and golden sayings of life. It may be a false saying or it may be a true one.

There lies it all. This is of quite infinite moment; the rest is, verily and indeed, of next to none.

Perhaps my father was William Brown's first apprentice. Somewhere about his sixteenth year, early in the course of the engagement, work grew scarce in Annandale. The two 'slung their tools' (mallets and irons hung in two equipoised masses over the shoulder), and crossed the hills into Nithsdale to Auldgarth, where a bridge was building. This was my father's most foreign adventure. He never again, or before, saw anything so new; or, except when he came to Craigenputtoch on visits, so distant. He loved to speak of it. That talking day we had together I made him tell it me all over again from the beginning, as a whole, for the first time. He was a 'hewer,' and had some few pence a day. He could describe with the lucidest distinctness how the whole work went on, and 'headers' and 'closers,' solidly massed together, made an impregnable pile. He used to hear sermons in Closeburn church; sometimes too in Dunscore. The men had a refreshment of ale, for which he too used to table his twopence, but the grown-up men generally, for the most part, refused them. A superintendent of the work, a mason from Edinburgh, who did nothing but look on, and, rather decidedly,

insist on terms of contract, 'took a great notion' of him; was for having him to Edinburgh along with him. The master builder, pleased with his ingenious diligence, once laid a shilling on his 'banker' (stone bench for hewing on), which he rather ungraciously refused. A flood once carried off all the centres and woodwork. He saw the master anxiously, tremulously, watch through the rain as the waters rose. When they prevailed, and all went headlong, the poor man, wringing his hands together, spread them out with open palms down the river, as if to say, 'There!'

It was a noble moment, which I regret to have missed, when my father going to look at Craigenputtoch saw this work for the first time again after a space of more than fifty years. How changed was all else, this thing yet the same. Then he was a poor boy, now he was a respected old man, increased in worldly goods, honoured in himself and in his household. He grew alert (Jamie said) and eagerly observant, eagerly yet with sadness. Our country was all altered; browsing knowes were become seed-fields; trees, then not so much as seeds, now waved out broad boughs. The houses, the fields, the men were of another fashion. There was little that he could recognise. On reaching the bridge itself he started

up to his knees in the cart, sat wholly silent and seemed on the point of weeping.

Well do I remember the first time I saw this bridge twelve years ago in the dusk of a May day. I had walked from Muirkirk, sickly, forlorn, of saddest mood (for it was then my days of darkness). A rustic answered me, 'Auldgarth.' There it lay, silent, red in the red dusk. It was as if half a century of past time had fatefully for moments turned back.

The master builder of this bridge was one Stewart of Minniyve, who afterwards became my uncle John Aitken's father-in-law. Him I once saw. My Craigenputtoch mason, James Hainning's father, was the smith that 'sharpened the tools.' A noble craft it is, that of a mason; a good building will last longer than most books, than one book of a million. The Auldgarth bridge still spans the water silently, defies its chafing. There hangs it and will hang grim and strong, when of all the cunning hands that piled it together, perhaps the last now is powerless in the sleep of death. O Time! O Time! wondrous and fearful art thou, yet there is in man what is above thee.

Of my father's youth and opening manhood, and with what specialities this period was marked, I have but an imperfect notion. He was now master of his

own actions, possessed of means by his own earning, and had to try the world on various sides, and ascertain wherein his own 'chief end' in it actually lay. The first impulse of man is to seek for enjoyment. He lives with more or less impetuosity, more or less irregularity, to conquer for himself a home and blessedness of a mere earthly kind. Not till later (in how many cases never) does he ascertain that on earth there is no such home: that his true home lies beyond the world of sense, is a celestial home. Of these experimenting and tentative days my father did not speak with much pleasure; not at all with exultation. He considered them days of folly, perhaps sinful days. Yet I well know that his life even then was marked by temperance (in all senses), that he was abstemious, prudent, industrious as very few.

I have a dim picture of him in his little world. In summer season diligently, cheerfully labouring with trowel and hammer, amused by grave talk and grave humour with the doers of the craft. Building, walling, is an operation that beyond most other manual ones requires incessant consideration—even new invention. I have heard good judges say that he excelled in it all persons they had seen. In the depth of winter I figure him with the others gathered

round his father's hearth (now no longer so poor and desolate), hunting, (but now happily for amusement, not necessity), present here and there at some merry meetings and social doings, as poor Annandale, for poor yet God-created men, might then offer. Contentions occur. In these he was no man to be played with: fearless, formidable (I think to all).

In after times he looked back with sorrow on such things—yet to me they were not and are not other than interesting and innocent—scarcely ever, perhaps never, to be considered as *aggressions*, but always as defences, manful assertions of man's rights against men that would infringe them—and victorious ones. I can faintly picture out one scene which I got from him many years ago; perhaps it was at some singing school; a huge rude peasant was rudely insulting and defying the party my father belonged to, and the others quailed and bore it till he could bear it no longer, but clutches his rough adversary (who had been standing, I think, at some distance on some sort of height) by the two *flanks*, swings him with ireful force round in the air, hitting his feet against some open door, and hurled him to a distance, supine, lamed, vanquished, and utterly humbled. The whole business looks to me to have passed physically in a troublous moonlight.

In the same environment and hue does it now stand in my memory, sad and stern. He could say of such things 'I am wae to think on't:' wae from repentance. Happy he who has nothing worse to repent of.

In the vanities and gallantries of life (though such as these would come across him), he seems to have very sparingly mingled. One Robert Henderson, a dashing projector and devotee, with a dashing daughter, came often up in conversation. This was perhaps (as it were) my father's introduction to the 'pride of life:' from which, as his wont was, he appears to have derived little but *instruction*, but expansion and experience. I have good reason to know he never addressed any woman except with views that were pure and manly. But happily he had been enabled very soon in this choice of the false and present against the true and future, to 'choose the better part.' Happily there still existed in Annandale an influence of goodness, pure emblems of a religion. There were yet men living from whom a youth of earnestness might learn by example how to become a man. Old Robert Brand, my father's maternal uncle, was probably of very great influence on him in this respect. Old Robert was a rigorous religionist, thoroughly filled with a celestial philo-

sophy of this earthly life, which showed impressively through his stout decision and somewhat cross-grained deeds and words. Sharp sayings of his are still recollected there, not unworthy of preserving. He was a man of iron firmness, a just man and of wise insight. I think my father, consciously and unconsciously, may have learnt more from him than from any other individual. From the time when he connected himself openly with the religious, became a Burgher (strict, not strictest species of Presbyterian Dissenter) may be dated his spiritual majority; his earthly life was now enlightened and overcanopied by a heavenly. He was henceforth a man.

Annandale had long been a lawless Border country. The people had ceased from foray riding, but not from its effects. The 'gallant man' of those districts was still a wild, natural, almost animal man. A select few had only of late united themselves. They had built a little meeting-house at Ecclefechan, thatched with heath, and chosen them a priest, by name John Johnston, the priestliest man I ever under any ecclesiastical guise was privileged to look upon. He in his last years helped me well with my Latin (as he had done many) and otherwise produced me far higher benefit. This peasant union, this little heath-thatched house, this simple evan-

gelist, together constituted properly the church of that district. They were the blessing and the saving of many. On me too their pious heaven-sent influences still rest and live. Let me employ them well. There was in those days a 'teacher of the people.' He sleeps not far from my father (who built his monument) in the Ecclefechan churchyard; the teacher and the taught. 'Blessed,' I again say, 'are the dead that die in the Lord. They do rest from their labours; their works follow them.'

My father, I think, was of the second race of religious men in Annandale. Old Robert Brand an ancient herdsman, old John Britton, and some others that I have seen, were perhaps among the first. *There is no third rising.* Time sweeps all away with it so fast at this epoch. The Scottish Church has been shortlived, and was late in reaching thither.

Perhaps it was in 1791 that my father married one Janet Carlyle, a very distant kinswoman of his own (her father yet, I believe, lives, a professor of religion, but long time suspected to be none of the most perfect, though not without his worth). She brought him one son, John, at present a well-doing householder at Cockermouth. She left him and this little life in little more than a year. A mass of long fair woman's hair which had belonged to her lay

long in a secret drawer at our house (perhaps still lies); the sight of it used to give me a certain faint horror. It had been cut from her head near death, when she was in the height of fever. She was delirious, and would let none but my father cut it. He thought himself sure of infection, nevertheless consented readily, and escaped. Many ways I have understood he had much to suffer then, yet he never spoke of it, or only transiently, and with a historical stoicism. Let me here mention the reverent custom the old men had in Annandale of treating death even in their loosest thoughts. It is now passing away; with my father it was quite invariable. Had he occasion to speak in the future, he would say I will do so and so, never failing to add (were it only against the morrow) 'if I be spared,' 'if I live.' The dead again he spoke of with perfect freedom, only with serious gravity (perhaps a lowering of the voice) and always, even in the most trivial conversation, adding, 'that's gane;' 'my brother John that's gane' did so and so. *Ernst ist das Leben.*

He married again, in the beginning of 1795, my mother, Margaret Aitken (a woman of to me the fairest descent—that of the pious, the just and wise.) She was a faithful helpmate to him, toiling unweariedly at his side; to us the best of all mothers;

to whom, for body and soul, I owe endless gratitude. By God's great mercy she is still left as a head and centre to us all, and may yet cheer us with her pious heroism through many toils, if God so please. I am the eldest child, born in 1795, December 4, and trace deeply in myself the character of both parents, also the upbringing and example of both; the inheritance of their natural health, had not I and the time beat on it too hard.

It must have been about the period of the first marriage that my father and his brothers, already master masons, established themselves in Ecclefechan. They all henceforth began to take on a civil existence, to 'accumulate' in all senses, to grow. They were among the best and truest men of their craft (perhaps the very best) in that whole district, and recompensed accordingly. Their gains were the honest wages of industry, their savings were slow but constant, and in my father's, continued (from one source or other) to the end. He was born and brought up the poorest; by his own right hand he had become wealthy, as he accounted wealth, and in all ways plentifully supplied. His household goods valued in money may perhaps somewhat exceed 1,000*l*. In real inward worth that value was greater than that of most kingdoms, than all

Napoleon's conquests, which did not endure. He saw his children grow up round him to guard him and to do him honour. He had, ultimately, a hearty respect from all; could look forward from his verge of this earth, rich and increased in goods, into an everlasting country, where through the immeasurable deeps, shone a solemn, sober hope. I must reckon my father one of the most prosperous men I have ever in my life known.

Frugality and assiduity, a certain grave composure, an earnestness (not without its constraint, then felt as oppressive a little, yet which now yields its fruit) were the order of our household. We were all particularly taught that work (temporal or spiritual) was the only thing we had to do, and incited always by precept and example to do it well. An inflexible element of authority surrounded us all. We felt from the first (a useful thing), that our own wish had often nothing to say in the matter.

It was not a joyful life (what life is?), yet a safe, quiet one; above most others (or any other I have witnessed) a wholesome one. We were taciturn rather than talkative. But if little was said, that little had generally a meaning. I cannot be thankful enough for my parents. My early, yet not my earliest recollections of my father have in them a

certain awe which only now or very lately has passed into free reverence. I was parted from him in my tenth year, and never *habitually* lived with him afterwards. Of the very earliest I have saved some, and would not for money's worth lose them. All that belongs to him has become very precious to me.

I can remember his carrying me across Mein Water, over a pool some few yards below where the present Meinfoot bridge stands. Perhaps I was in my fifth year. He was going to Luce, I think, to ask after some joiner. It was the loveliest summer evening I recollect. My memory dawns (or grows light) at the first aspect of the stream; of the pool spanned by a wooden bow without railing, and a single plank broad. He lifted me against his thigh with his right hand, and walked careless along till we were over. My face was turned rather downwards. I looked into the deep clear water and its reflected skies with terror, yet with confidence that he could save me. Directly after, I, light of heart, asked of him what those little black things were that I sometimes seemed to create by rubbing the palms of my hands together; and can at this moment (the mind having been doubtless excited by the past peril) remember that I described them in these words, 'little penny rows' (rolls) 'but far less.' He

explained it wholly to me; 'my hands were not clean.' He was very kind, and I loved him. All around this is dusk or night before and after. It is not my earliest recollection, not even of him. My earliest of all is a mad passion of rage at my elder brother John (on a visit to us likely from his grandfather) in which my father too figures, though dimly, as a kind of cheerful comforter and soother. I had broken my little brown stool, by madly throwing it at my brother, and felt, for perhaps the first time, the united pangs of loss and of remorse. I was perhaps hardly more than two years old, but can get no one to fix the date for me, though all is still quite legible for myself with many of its features. I remember the first 'new half-pence' (brought from Dumfries by my father and mother for Alick and me), and words that my uncle John said about it, in 1799! Backwards beyond all, dim ruddy images of deeper and deeper brown shade into the dark beginnings of being.

I remember, perhaps in my fifth year, his teaching me arithmetical things, especially how to divide (my letters, taught me by my mother, I have no recollection of whatever; of reading scarcely any). He said, This is the *divider* (divisor); this etc.; and gave me a quite clear notion how to do it. My mother said I

would forget it all; to which he answered, 'Not so much as they that have never learnt it.' Five years or so after he said to me once, 'Tom, I do not grudge thy schooling now, when thy uncle Frank owns thee to be a better arithmetician than himself.'

He took me down to Annan Academy on the Whitsunday morning, 1806; I trotting at his side in the way alluded to in Teufelsdröckh. It was a bright morning, and to me full of movement, of fluttering boundless hopes, saddened by parting with mother, with home, and which afterwards were cruelly disappointed. He called once or twice in the grand schoolroom, as he chanced to have business at Annan; once sat down by me (as the master was out) and asked whether I was all well. The boys did not laugh as I feared; perhaps durst not.

He was always generous to me in my school expenses; never by grudging look or word did he give me any pain. With a noble faith he launched me forth into a world which himself had never been permitted to visit. Let me study to act worthily of him there.

He wrote to me duly and affectionately while I was at college. Nothing that was good for me did he fail with his best ability to provide. His simple, true counsel and fatherly admonitions have now first

attained their fit sacredness of meaning. Pity for me if they be thrown away.

His tolerance for me, his trust in me, was great. When I declined going forward into the Church (though his heart was set upon it), he respected my scruples, my volition, and patiently let me have my way. In after years, when I had peremptorily ceased from being a schoolmaster, though he inwardly disapproved of the step as imprudent, and saw me in successive summers lingering beside him in sickliness of body and mind, without outlook towards any good, he had the forbearance to say at worst nothing, never once to whisper discontent with me.

If my dear mother, with the trustfulness of a mother's heart, ministered to all my woes, outward and inward, and even against hope kept prophesying good, he, with whom I communicated far less, who could not approve my schemes, did nothing that was not kind and fatherly. His roof was my shelter, which a word from him (in those sour days of wounded vanity) would have deprived me of. He patiently let me have my way, helping when he could, when he could not help never hindering. When hope again dawned for me, how hearty was his joy, yet how silent. I have been a happy son.

On my first return from college (in the spring,

1810), I met him in the Langlands road, walking out to try whether he would not happen to see me coming. He had a red plaid about him; was recovering from a fit of sickness (his first severe one) and there welcomed me back. It was a bright April day. Where is it now?

The great world-revolutions send in their disturbing billows to the remotest creek, and the overthrow of thrones more slowly overturns also the households of the lowly. Nevertheless in all cases the wise man adjusts himself. Even in these times the hand of the diligent maketh rich. My father had seen the American War, the French Revolution, the rise and fall of Napoleon. The last arrested him strongly. In the Russian Campaign he bought a London newspaper, which I read aloud to a little circle twice weekly. He was struck with Napoleon, and would say and look pregnant things about him. Empires won and empires lost (while his little household held together) and now it was all vanished like a tavern brawl. For the rest he never meddled with politics. He was not there to govern, but to be governed; could still live and therefore did not revolt. I have heard him say in late years with an impressiveness which all his perceptions carried with them, that the lot of a poor man was growing worse

and worse; that the world would not and could not last as it was; that mighty changes of which none saw the end were on the way. To him, as one about to take his departure, the whole was but of secondary moment. He was looking towards 'a city that had foundations.'

In the 'dear years' (1799 and 1800) when the oatmeal was as high as ten shillings a stone, he had noticed the labourers (I have heard him tell) retire each separately to a brook, and there drink instead of dining, without complaint, anxious only to hide it.

At Langholm he once saw a heap of smuggled tobacco publicly burnt Dragoons were ranged round it with drawn swords; some old women stretched through their old withered arms to snatch a little of it, and the dragoons did not hinder them. A natural artist!

The largest sum he ever earned in one year was, *I think*, 100*l.* by the building of Cressfield House. He wisely quitted the mason trade at the time when the character of it had changed, when universal poverty and vanity made show and cheapness (here as everywhere) be preferred to substance; when, as he said emphatically, honest trade 'was done.' He became farmer (of a wet clayey spot called Mainhill)

in 1815, that so 'he might keep all his family about him,' struggled with his old valour, and here too prevailed.

Two ears of corn are now in many places growing where he found only one. Unworthy or little worthy men for the time reap the benefit, but it was a benefit done to God's earth, and God's mankind will year after year get the good of it.

In his contention with an unjust or perhaps only a mistaken landlord, he behaved with prudent resolution, not like a vain braggart but like a practically brave man. It was I that innocently (by my settlement at Hoddam Hill) had involved him in it. I must admire now his silence, while we were all so loud and vituperative. He spoke nothing in that matter except only what had practical meaning in it, and in a practical tone. His answers to unjust proposals meanwhile were resolute as ever, memorable for their emphasis. 'I will not do it,' said he once; 'I will rather go to Jerusalem seeking farms and die without finding one.' 'We can live without Sharpe,' said he once in my hearing (such a thing, only once) 'and the whole Sharpe creation.' On getting to Scotsbrig, the rest of us all triumphed—not he. He let the matter stand on its own feet; was there also not to talk, but to work. He even addressed a

conciliatory letter to General Sharpe (which I saw right to write for him, since he judged prudence better than pride), but it produced no result except indeed the ascertainment that none could be produced which itself was one.

When he first entered our house at Craigenputtoch, he said in his slow emphatic way, with a certain rustic dignity to my wife (I had entered without introducing him), 'I am grown an *old fellow* (never can we forget the pathetic slow earnestness of these two words); 'I am grown an *old fellow*, and wished to see ye all once more while I had opportunity.' Jane[1] was greatly struck with him, and still farther opened my eyes to the treasure I possessed in a father.

The last thing I gave him was a cake of Cavendish tobacco sent down by Alick about this time twelvemonth. Through life I had given him very little, having little to give. He needed little, and from me expected nothing. Thou who wouldst give, give quickly. In the grave thy loved one can receive no kindness. I once bought him a pair of silver spectacles, of the receipt of which and the letter that accompanied them (John told me) he was very glad, and nigh weeping. 'What I gave I

[1] Miss Jane Welsh, whom Carlyle married.

have.' He read with these spectacles till his last days, and no doubt sometimes thought of me in using them.

The last time I saw him was about the first of August last, a few days before departing hither. He was very kind, seemed prouder of me than ever. What he had never done the like of before, he said, on hearing me express something which he admired, 'Man, it's surely a pity that thou shouldst sit yonder with nothing but the eye of Omniscience to see thee, and thou with such a gift to speak.' His eyes were sparkling mildly, with a kind of deliberate joy. Strangely too he offered me on one of those mornings (knowing that I was poor) 'two sovereigns' which he had of his own, and pressed them on my acceptance. They were lying in his desk; none knew of them. He seemed really anxious and desirous that I should take them, should take his little hoard, his *all* that he had to give. I said jokingly afterwards that surely he was FEY. So it has proved.

I shall now no more behold my dear father with these bodily eyes. With him a whole threescore and ten years of the past has doubly died for me. It is as if a new leaf in the great book of time were turned over. Strange time—endless time; or of which I see neither end nor beginning. All rushes

on. Man follows man. His life is as a tale that has been told; yet under Time does there not lie Eternity? Perhaps my father, all that essentially was my father, is even now near me, with me. Both he and I are with God. Perhaps, if it so please God, we shall in some higher state of being meet one another, recognise one another. As it is written, We shall be for ever with God. The possibility, nay (in some way) the certainty of perennial existence daily grows plainer to me. 'The essence of whatever was, is, or shall be, even now is.' God is great. God is good. His will be done, for it will be right.

As it is, I can think peaceably of the departed loved. All that was earthly, harsh, sinful in our relation has fallen away; all that was holy in it remains. I can see my dear father's life in some measure as the sunk pillar on which mine was to rise and be built; the waters of time have now swelled up round his (as they will round mine); I can see it all transfigured, though I *touch* it no longer. I might almost say his spirit seems to have entered into me (so clearly do I discern and love him); I seem to myself only the continuation and second volume of my father. These days that I have spent thinking of him and of his end, are the peaceablest, the only Sabbath that I have had in

London. One other of the universal destinies of man has overtaken me. Thank Heaven, I know and have known what it is to be a son; to love a father, as spirit can love spirit. God give me to live to my father's honour and to His. And now, beloved father, farewell for the last time in this world of shadows! In the world of realities may the Great Father again bring us together in perfect holiness and perfect love! Amen!

Sunday night, Jan. 29, 1832.

EDWARD IRVING.

EDWARD IRVING.

Cheyne Row, Autumn 1866.

EDWARD IRVING died thirty-two years ago (December 1834) in the first months of our adventurous settlement here. The memory of him is still clear and vivid with me in all points: that of his first and only visit to us in this house, in this room, just before leaving for Glasgow (October 1834), which was the last we saw of him, is still as fresh as if it had been yesterday; and he has a solemn, massive, sad and even pitiable though not much blamable, or in heart even blamable, and to me always dear and most friendly aspect, in those vacant kingdoms of the past. He was scornfully forgotten at the time of his death, having, indeed, sunk a good while before out of the notice of the more intelligent classes. There has since been and now is, in the new theological generation, a kind of revival of him, on rather weak and questionable terms, sentimental mainly, and grounded on no really correct knowledge or insight. Which, however, seems to bespeak some continuance

of by-gone remembrances for a good while yet, by that class of people and the many that hang by them. Being very solitary, and, except for converse with the spirits of my vanished ones, very idle in these hours and days, I have bethought me of throwing down (the more rapidly the better) something of my recollections of this, to me, very memorable man, in hopes they may by possibility be worth something by-and-by to some—not worth less than nothing to anybody (viz. not true and candid according to my best thoughts) if I can help it.

The Irvings, Edward's father and uncles, lived all within a few miles of my native place, and were of my father's acquaintance. Two of the uncles, whose little farm establishments lay close upon Ecclefechan, were of his familiars, and became mine more or less, especially one of them (George, of Bogside), who was further a co-religionist of ours (a 'Burgher Seceder,' not a 'Kirkman,' as the other was). They were all cheerfully quiet, rational, and honest people, of good-natured and prudent turn. Something of what might be called a kindly vanity, a very harmless self-esteem, doing pleasure to the proprietor and hurt to nobody else, was traceable in all of them. They were not distinguished by intellect, any of them, except it might be intellect in the unconscious

or instinctive condition (coming out as prudence of conduct, etc.), of which there were good indications; and of Uncle George, who was prudent enough, and successfully diligent in his affairs (no bad proof of 'intellect' in some shape) though otherwise a most taciturn, dull, and almost stupid-looking man, I remember this other fact, that he had one of the *largest heads* in the district, and that my father, he, and a clever and original Dr. Little, their neighbour, never could be fitted in a hat shop in the village, but had always to send their measure to Dumfries to a hat-maker there. Whether George had a round head or a long, I don't recollect. There was a fine little spice of innocent, faint, but genuine and kindly banter in him now and then. Otherwise I recollect him only as heavy, hebetated, elderly or old, and more inclined to quiescence and silence than to talk of or care about anything exterior to his own interests, temporal or spiritual.

Gavin, Edward's father (name pronounced Gayin = Guyon, as Edward once remarked to me), a tallish man of rugged countenance, which broke out oftenest into some innocent fleer of merriment, or readiness to be merry when you addressed him, was a prudent, honest-hearted, rational person, but made no pretension to superior gifts of mind, though he

too, perhaps, may have had such in its undeveloped form. Thus, on ending his apprenticeship, or by some other lucky opportunity, he had formed a determination of seeing a little of England in the first place, and actually got mounted on a stout pony, accoutrements succinctly complete (road money in a belt round his own body), and rode and wandered at his will deliberate southward, I think, for about six weeks, as far as Wiltshire at least, for I have heard him speak of Devizes, 'The Devizes' he called it, as one of his halting places. What his precise amount of profit from this was I know not at all, but it bespeaks something ingenuous and adventurous in the young man. He was by craft a tanner, had settled in Annan, soon began to be prosperous, wedded well, and continued all his life there. He was among the younger of these brothers, but was clearly the head of them, and, indeed, had been the making of the principal two, George and John, whom we knew. Gavin was baillie in Annan when the furious election sung by Burns ('There were five carlins in the south'—five burghs, namely) took place. Gavin voted the right way (Duke of Queensberry's way) and got for his two brothers each the lease of a snug Queensberry farm, which grew even the snugger as dissolute old Queensberry developed

himself more and more into a cynical egoist, sensualist, and hater of his next heir (the Buccleuch, not a Douglas but a Scott, who now holds both dukedoms) a story well known over Scotland, and of altogether lively interest in Annandale (where it meant entail-leases and large sums of money) during several years of my youth.

These people, the Queensberry farmers, seem to me to have been the happiest set of yeomen I ever came to see, not only because they sate easy as to rent, but because they *knew* fully *how* to sit so, and were pious, modest, thrifty men, who neither fell into laggard relaxation of diligence or were stung by any madness of ambition, but faithfully continued to turn all their bits of worldly success into real profit for soul and body. They disappeared (in Chancery lawsuit) fifty years ago. I have seen various kinds of farmers, scientific etc. etc., but as desirable a set not since.

Gavin had married well, perhaps rather above his rank, a tall, black-eyed, handsome woman, sister of certain Lowthers in that neighbourhood, who did most of the inconsiderable corn trade of those parts, and were considered a stiff-necked, faithful kind of people, apter to do than to speak, originally from Cumberland, I believe. For her own share the

mother of Edward Irving had much of fluent speech in her, and of management; thrifty, assiduous, wise, if somewhat fussy; for the rest, an excellent house mother I believe, full of affection and tender anxiety for her children and husband. By degrees she had developed the modest prosperity of her household into something of decidedly 'genteel' (Annan 'gentility'), and having left the rest of the Irving kindred to their rustic solidities, had probably but little practical familiarity with most of them, though never any quarrel or estrangement that I heard of. Her Gavin was never careful of gentility; a roomy simplicity and freedom (as of a man in a dressing-gown) his chief aim. In my time he seemed mostly to lounge about; superintended his tanning only from afar, and at length gave it up altogether. There were four other brothers, three of them small farmers, and a fourth who followed some cattle traffic in Annan, and was well esteemed there for his honest simple ways. No sister of theirs did I ever hear of; nor what their father had been; some honest little farmer, he too, I conclude.

Their mother, Edward Irving's aged grandmother, I well remember to have seen; once, perhaps twice, at her son George's fireside; a good old woman, half in dotage, and the only creature I ever saw

spinning with a *distaff* and no other apparatus but tow or wool. All these Irvings were of blond or even red complexion—red hair a prevailing or sole colour in several of their families. Gavin himself was reddish, or at least sandy blond; but all his children had beautifully coal-black hair, except one girl, the youngest of the set but two, who was carroty like her cousins. The brunette mother with her swift black eyes had prevailed so far. Enough now for the genealogy—superabundantly enough.

One of the circumstances of Irving's boyhood ought not to be neglected by his biographer—the remarkable schoolmaster he had. 'Old Adam Hope,' perhaps not yet fifty in Irving's time, was all along a notability in Annan.

What had been his specific history or employment before this of schoolmastering I do not know, nor was he ever my schoolmaster except incidentally for a few weeks, once or twice, as substitute for some absentee who had the office. But I can remember on one such occasion reading in Sallust with him, and how he read it and drilled us in it; and I have often enough seen him teach, and knew him well enough. A strong-built, bony, but lean kind of man, of brown complexion, and a pair of the sharpest, not the

sweetest, black eyes. Walked in a lounging, stooping figure; in the street broad-brimmed and in clean frugal rustic clothes; in his schoolroom bare-headed, hands usually crossed over back, and with his effective leather strap ('*cat*' as he called it, not *tawse*, for it was not slit at all) hanging ready over his thumb if requisite anywhere. In my time he had a couple of his front teeth quite black, which was very visible, as his mouth usually wore a settled humanly contemptuous grin. 'Nothing good to be expected from you or from those you came of, ye little whelps, but we must get from you the best you have, and not complain of anything.' This was what the grin seemed to say; but the black teeth (*jet-black*, for he chewed tobacco also to a slight extent, never spitting) were always mysterious to me, till at length I found they were of cork, the product of Adam's frugal penknife, and could be removed at pleasure. He was a man humanly contemptuous of the world, and valued 'suffrages' at a most low figure in comparison. I should judge an extremely proud man; for the rest an inexorable logician, a Calvinist at all points, and Burgher Scotch Seceder to the backbone. He had written a tiny *English* grammar latterly (after Irving's time and before mine) which was a very compact, lucid, and complete little piece; and

was regarded by the natives, especially the young natives who had to learn from it, with a certain awe, the feat of authorship in print being then somewhat stupendous and beyond example in those parts. He did not know very much, though still a good something; Geometry (of Euclid), Latin, arithmetic, English Syntax. But what he did profess or imagine himself to know, he knew in every fibre, and to the very bottom. More rigorously solid teacher of the young idea, so far as he could carry it, you might have searched for through the world in vain. Self-delusion, half-knowledge, sham instead of reality, could not get existed in his presence. He had a Socratic way with him; would accept the hopeless pupil's half knowledge, or plausible sham of knowledge, with a kind of welcome. '*Hm! hm! yes*;' and then gently enough begin a chain of enquiries more and more surprising to the poor pupil, till he had reduced him to zero—to mere *non plus ultra*, and the dismal perception that his sham of knowledge had been flat misknowledge, with a spice of dishonesty added. This was what he called 'making a boy fast.' For the poor boy had to sit in his place under arrest all day or day after day, meditating those dismal new-revealed facts, and beating ineffectually his poor brains for some solution of the mystery and feasible

road out. He might apply again at pleasure. 'I have made it out, sir.' But if again found self-deluded, it was only a new padlock to those *fastenings* of his. They were very miserable to the poor penitent, or impenitent, wretch.

I remember my father once describing to us a call he had made on Hope during the mid-day hour of interval, whom he found reading or writing something, not having cared to lock the door and to go home, with three or four bits of boys sitting prisoners, 'made fast' in different parts of the room; all perfectly miserable, each with a rim of black worked out round his eye-sockets (the effect of salt tears wiped by knuckles rather dirty). Adam, though not cat-like of temper or intention, had a kind of cat-pleasure in surveying and playing with these captive mice. He was a praise and glory to well-doing boys, a beneficent terror to the ill-doing or dishonest blockhead sort; and did what was in his power to *educe* (or educate) and make available the net amount of faculty discoverable in each, and separate firmly the known from the unknown or misknown in those young heads. On Irving, who always spoke of him with mirthful affection, he had produced quietly not a little effect; prepared him well for his triumphs in geometry and Latin at

college, and through life you could always notice, overhung by such strange draperies and huge superstructures so foreign to it, something of that primæval basis of rigorous logic and clear articulation laid for him in boyhood by old Adam Hope. Old Adam, indeed, if you know the Annanites and him, will be curiously found visible there to this day; an argumentative, clear-headed, sound-hearted, if rather conceited and contentious set of people, more given to intellectual pursuits than some of their neighbours. I consider Adam an original meritorious kind of man, and regret to think that his sphere was so limited. In my youngest years his brown, quietly severe face was familiar to me in Ecclefechan Meeting-house (my venerable Mr. Johnston's hearers on Sundays, as will be afterwards noted). Younger cousins of his, excellent honest people, I have since met (David Hope, merchant in Glasgow; William Hope, scholar in Edinburgh, etc.); and one tall, straight old uncle of his, very clean always, brown as mahogany and with a head white as snow, I remember very clearly as the picture of gravity and pious seriousness in that poor Ecclefechan place of worship, concerning whom I will report one anecdote and so end. Old David Hope—that was his name—lived on a little farm close by

Solway shore a mile or two east of Annan. A wet country, with late harvests; which (as in this year 1866) are sometimes incredibly difficult to save. Ten days continuously pouring; then a day, perhaps two days, of drought, part of them it may be of roaring wind—during which the moments are golden for you, and perhaps you had better work all night, as presently there will be deluges again. David's stuff, one such morning, was all standing dry again, ready to be saved still, if he stood to it, which was much his intention. Breakfast (wholesome hasty porridge) was soon over, and next in course came family worship, what they call taking the Book (or Books, i.e. taking your Bible, Psalm and chapter always part of the service). David was putting on his spectacles when somebody rushed in. 'Such a raging wind risen as will drive the stooks (shocks) into the sea if let alone.' 'Wind!' answered David, 'wind canna get ae straw that has been appointed mine. Sit down and let us worship God' (that rides in the whirlwind)! There is a kind of citizen which Britain used to have, very different from the millionaire Hebrews, Rothschild money-changers, Demosthenes Disraelis, and inspired young Goschens and their 'unexampled prosperity.' Weep, Britain, if the latter are among the honourable you now have!

One other circumstance that peculiarly deserves notice in Irving's young life, and perhaps the only other one, is also connected with Adam Hope—Irving's young religion. Annandale was not an irreligious country, though Annan itself (owing to a drunken clergyman and the logical habits they cultivated) was more given to sceptical free-thinking than other places. The greatly prevailing fashion was a decent form of devoutness, and pious theoretically anxious regard for things sacred, in all which the Irving household stood fairly on a level with its neighbours, or perhaps above most of them. They went duly to Kirk, strove still to tolerate and almost to respect their unfortunate minister (who had succeeded a father greatly esteemed in that office, and was a man of gifts himself, and of much goodnature, though so far gone astray). Nothing of profane, or of the least tendency that way, was usually seen, or would have been suffered without protest and grave rebuke in Irving's environment, near or remote. At the same time this other fact was visible enough if you examined. A man who awoke to the belief that he actually had a soul to be saved or lost was apt to be found among the Dissenting people, and to have given up attendance on the Kirk. It was ungenteel for him to attend the

meeting-house, but he found it to be altogether salutary. This was the case throughout in Irving's district and mine. As I had remarked for myself, nobody teaching me, at an early period of my investigations into men and things, I concluded it would be generally so over Scotland, but found when I went north to Edinburgh, Glasgow, Fife, etc., that it was not, or by no means so perceptibly was. For the rest, all Dissent in Scotland is merely a stricter adherence to the National Kirk in all points; and the then Dissenterage is definable to moderns simply as a '*Free Kirk, making no noise.*' It had quietly (about 1760), after much haggle and remonstrance, 'seceded,' or walked out of its stipends, officialities, and dignities, greatly to the mute sorrow of religious Scotland, and was still, in a strict manner, on the united voluntary principle, preaching to the people what of best and sacredest it could. Not that there was not something of rigour, of severity, a lean-minded controversial spirit, among certain brethren, mostly of the laity, I think; narrow nebs (narrow of neb, i.e. of nose or bill) as the outsiders called them; of flowerage, or free harmonious beauty, there could not well be much in this system. But really, except on stated occasions (annual fast-day for instance, when you were reminded that 'a testimony had been

lifted up,' of which *you* were now the bearers) there was little, almost no talk, especially no preaching at all, about 'patronage,' or secular controversy, but all turned on the weightier and universal matters of the law, and was considerably entitled to say for itself, 'Hear, all men.' Very venerable are those old Seceder clergy to me now when I look back on them. Most of the chief figures among them in Irving's time and mine were hoary old men; men so like what one might call antique Evangelists in ruder vesture, and '*poor* scholars and gentlemen of Christ,' I have nowhere met with in monasteries or churches, among Protestant or Papal clergy, in any country of the world. All this is altered utterly at present, I grieve to say, and gone to as good as nothing or worse. It began to alter just about that very period, on the death of those old hoary heads, and has gone on with increasing velocity ever since. Irving and I were probably among the last products it delivered before gliding off, and then rushing off into self-consciousness, arrogancy, insincerity, jangle, and vulgarity, which I fear are now very much the definition of it. Irving's concern with the matter had been as follows, brief, but, I believe, ineffaceable through life.

Adam Hope was a rigid Seceder, as all his kin and connections were; and in and about Annan,

equally rigid some of them, less rigid others, were a considerable number of such, who indeed some few years hence combined themselves into an Annan Burgher congregation, and set up a meeting-house and minister of their own. For the present they had none, nor had thought of such a thing. Venerable Mr. Johnston of Ecclefechan, six miles off, was their only minister, and to him duly on Sunday Adam and a select group were in the habit of pilgriming for sermon. Less zealous brethren would perhaps pretermit in bad weather, but I suppose it had to be very bad when Adam and most of his group failed to appear. The distance—six miles twice—was nothing singular in this case; one family, whose streaming plaids, hung up to drip, I remember to have noticed one wet Sunday, pious Scotch weavers settled near Carlisle, I was told, were in the habit of walking fifteen miles twice for their sermon, since it was not to be had nearer. A curious phasis of things, quite vanished now, with whatever of divinity and good was in it, and whatever of merely human and not so good. From reflection of his own, aided or perhaps awakened by study of Adam Hope and his example (for I think there could not be direct speech or persuasion from Adam in such a matter) the boy Edward joined himself to Adam's

pilgriming group, and regularly trotted by their side to Ecclefechan for sermon-listening, and occasionally joining in their pious discourse thither and back. He might be then in his tenth year; distinguished hitherto, both his elder brother John and he, by their wild love of sport as well as readiness in school lessons. John had quite refused this Ecclefechan adventure. And no doubt done what he could to prevent it, for father and mother looked on it likewise with dubious or disapproving eyes; 'Why run into these ultra courses, sirrah?' and Edward had no furtherance in it except from within. How long he persisted I do not know, possibly a year or two, or occasionally, almost till he went to college. I have heard him speak of the thing long afterwards in a genially mirthful way; well recognising what a fantastic, pitifully pedantic, and serio-ridiculous set these road companions of his mostly were. I myself remember two of them who were by no means heroic to me. 'Willie Drummond,' a little man with mournful goggle eyes, a tailor I almost think, and 'Joe Blacklock' (Blai-lock) a rickety stocking-weaver, with protruding chin and one leg too short for the other short one, who seemed to me an abundantly solemn and much too infallible and captious little fellow. Edward threw me off with gusto

outline likenesses of these among the others, and we laughed heartily without malice. Edward's religion in after years, though it ran always in the blood and life of him, was never shrieky or narrow; but even in his last times, with their miserable troubles and confusions, spoke always with a sonorous deep tone, like the voice of a man frank and sincere addressing men. To the last or almost to the last I could occasionally raise a genial old Annandale laugh out of him which is now pathetic to me to remember.

I will say no more of Irving's boyhood. He must have sat often enough in Ecclefechan meeting-house along with me, but I never noticed or knew, and had not indeed heard of him till I went to Annan School (1806; a new 'Academy' forsooth, with Adam Hope for 'English master'), and Irving perhaps two years before had left for college. I must bid adieu also to that poor temple of my childhood, to me more sacred at this moment than perhaps the biggest cathedral then extant could have been; rude, rustic, bare—no temple in the world was more so—but there were sacred lambencies, tongues of authentic flame from heaven which kindled what was best in one, what has not yet gone out. Strangely vivid to me some twelve or twenty

of those old faces whom I used to see every Sunday, whose names, employments, precise dwelling-places I never knew, but whose portraits are yet clear to me as in a mirror—their heavy-laden, patient, ever-attentive faces. Fallen solitary most of them. Children all away, wife away for ever, or it might be wife still there (one such case I well remember) constant like a shadow and grown very like her old man—the thrifty, cleanly poverty of these good people, their well-saved old coarse clothes (tailed waistcoats down to mid-thigh, a fashion quite dead twenty years before); all this I occasionally see as with eyes sixty or sixty-five years off, and hear the very voice of my mother upon it when sometimes I would be questioning about the persons of the drama and endeavouring to describe and identify them to her for that purpose. Oh, ever-miraculous time! O death! O life!

Probably it was in 1808, April or May, after college time, that I first saw Irving. I had got over my worst miseries in that doleful and hateful 'Academy' life of mine (which lasted three years in all); had begun, in spite of precept, to strike about me, to defend myself by hand and voice; had made some comradeship with one or two of my own age, and was reasonably becoming alive in the place and its interests. I remember to have felt some

human curiosity and satisfaction when the noted Edward Irving, English Mr. Hope escorting—introduced himself in our Latin class-room one bright forenoon. Hope was essentially the introducer; this was our rector's class-room. Irving's visit to the school had been specially to Adam Hope, his own old teacher, who now brought him down nothing loth. Perhaps our Mathematics gentleman, one Morley (an excellent Cumberland man, whom I loved much and who taught me well) had also stept in in honour of such a stranger. The road from Adam's room to ours lay through Mr. Morley's. Ours was a big airy room lighted from both sides, desks and benches occupying scarcely the smaller half of the floor, better half belonged to the rector, and to the classes he called up from time to time. It was altogether vacant at that moment, and the interview perhaps of ten to fifteen minutes transacted itself in a standing posture there. We were all of us attentive with eye and ear, or as attentive as we durst be, while by theory 'preparing our lessons.' Irving was scrupulously dressed; black coat, ditto tight pantaloons in the fashion of the day; clerically black his prevailing hue; and looked very neat, self-possessed, and enviable. A flourishing slip of a youth, with coal-black hair, swarthy clear complexion, very straight on his feet,

and except for the glaring squint alone, decidedly handsome. We didn't hear everything; indeed we heard nothing that was of the least moment or worth remembering. Gathered in general that the talk was all about Edinburgh, of this professor and of that, and their merits and method ('wonderful world up yonder, and this fellow has been in it and can talk of it in that easy cool way'). The last professor touched upon, I think, must have been mathematical Leslie (at that time totally non-extant to me), for the one particular I clearly recollect was something from Irving about new doctrines by somebody (doubtless Leslie) 'concerning the circle,' which last word he pronounced 'circul' with a certain preciosity which was noticeable slightly in other parts of his behaviour. Shortly after this of 'circul,' he courteously (had been very courteous all the time, and unassuming in the main,) made his bow, and the interview melted instantly away. For years I don't remember to have seen Irving's face again.

Seven years come and gone. It was now the winter of 1815. I had myself been in Edinburgh College, and above a year ago had duly quitted it. Had got (by competition at Dumfries, summer 1814) to be 'mathematical master' in Annan Academy, with some potential outlook on divinity as ultima-

tum (a rural divinity student visiting Edinburgh for a few days each year, and 'delivering' certain 'discourses'). Six years of that would bring you to the church gate, as four years of continuous 'divinity hall' would; unlucky only that in my case I had never had the least enthusiasm for the business (and there were even grave prohibitive doubts more and more rising ahead): both branches of my situation flatly contradictory to all ideals or wishes of mine, especially the Annan one, as the closely actual and the daily and hourly pressing on me, while the other lay theoretic, still well ahead, and perhaps avoidable. One attraction—one only—there was in my Annan business. I was supporting myself, even saving some few pounds of my poor 60*l.* or 70*l.* annually, against a rainy day, and not a burden to my ever-generous father any more. But in all other points of view I was abundantly lonesome, uncomfortable, and out of place there. Didn't go and visit the people there. (Ought to have pushed myself in a little silently, and sought invitations. Such their form of special politeness, which I was far too shy and proud to be able for.) Had the character of morose dissociableness; in short, thoroughly detested my function and position, though understood to be honestly doing the duties

of it, and held for solacement and company to the few books I could command, and an accidental friend I had in the neighbourhood (Mr. Cherch and his wife, of Hitchill; Rev. Henry Duncan, of Ruthwell, and ditto. These were the two bright and brightest houses for me. My thanks to them, now and always). As to my schoolmaster function it was never said I *misdid* it much; a clear and correct expositor and enforcer. But from the first, especially with such adjuncts, I disliked it, and by swift degrees grew to hate it more and more. Some four years in all I had of it; two in Annan, two in Kirkcaldy under much improved social accompaniments. And at the end my solitary desperate conclusion was fixed: that I, for my own part, would prefer to perish in the ditch, if necessary, rather than continue living by such a trade, and peremptorily gave it up accordingly. This long preface will serve to explain the small passage of collision that occurred between Irving and me on our first meeting in this world.

I had heard much of Irving all along; how distinguished in studies, how splendidly successful as teacher, how two professors had sent him out to Haddington, and how his new Academy and new methods were illuminating and astonishing every-

thing there. (Alas! there was one little pupil he had there, with her prettiest little *penna pennæ* from under the table, and let *me* be a boy too, papa! who was to be of endless moment, and who alone was of any moment to me in all that!) I don't remember any malicious envy whatever towards this great Irving of the distance. For his greatness in study and learning I certainly might have had a tendency, hadn't I struggled against it, and tried to make it emulation: 'Do the like, do thou the like under difficulties!' As to his schoolmaster success, I cared little about that, and easily flung that out when it came across me. But naturally all this betrumpeting of Irving to me (in which I could sometimes trace some touch of malice to myself), had not awakened in me any love towards this victorious man. 'Ich gönnte Ihn,' as the Germans phrase it; but, in all strictness, nothing more.

About Christmas time (1815) I had gone with great pleasure to see Edinburgh again, and read in Divinity Hall a Latin discourse—'exegesis' they call it there—on the question, '*Num detur religio naturalis?*' It was the second, and proved to be the last, of my performances on that treatise. My first, an English sermon on the words, 'Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now' etc. etc., a very

weak, flowery, and sentimental piece, had been achieved in 1814, a few months after my leaving for Annan. Piece second, too, I suppose, was weak enough, but I still remember the kind of innocent satisfaction I had in turning it into Latin in my solitude, and my slight and momentary (by no means deep or sincere) sense of pleasure in the bits of compliments and flimsy approbation from comrades and professors on both these occasions. Before Christmas Day I had got rid of my exegesis, and had still a week of holiday ahead for old acquaintances and Edinburgh things, which was the real charm of my official errand thither.

One night I had gone over to Rose Street to a certain Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Waugh's, there, who was a kind of maternal cousin or half-cousin of my own. Had been my school comrade; several years older; item: my predecessor in the Annan 'mathematical mastership;' immediate successor he of Morley, and a great favourite in Annan society in comparison with some; and who, though not without gifts, proved gradually to be intrinsically a fool, and by his insolvencies and confused futilities as doctor there in his native place, has left a kind of remembrance, ludicrous, partly contemptuous, though not without kindliness too, and even some-

thing of respect. His father, with whom I had been boarded while a scholar at Annan, was one of the most respectable and yet laughable of mankind; a ludicrous caricature of originality, honesty, and faithful discernment and practice—all in the awkward form. Took much care of his money, however, which this, his only son, had now inherited, and did not keep very long. Of Waugh senior, and even of Waugh junior, there might be considerable gossiping and quizzical detailing. They failed not to rise now and then, especially Waugh senior did not, between Irving and me, always with hearty ha-ha's, and the finest recognition on Irving's part when we came to be companions afterwards. But whither am I running with so interminable a preface to one of the smallest incidents conceivable?

I was sitting in Waugh junior's that evening, not too vigorously conversing, when Waugh's door went open, and there stept in Irving, and one Nichol, a mathematical teacher in Edinburgh, an intimate of his, a shrewd, merry, and very social kind of person, whom I did not then know, except by name. Irving was over, doubtless from Kirkcaldy, on his holidays, and had probably been dining with Nichol. The party was to myself not unwelcome, though somewhat alarming. Nichol, I perceived, might be

by some three or four years the eldest of us; a sharp man, with mouth rather quizzically close. I was by some three or four years the youngest; and here was Trismegistus Irving, a victorious bashaw, while poor I was so much the reverse. The conversation in a minute or two became quite special, and my unwilling self the centre of it; Irving directing upon me a whole series of questions about Annan matters, social or domestic mostly; of which I knew little, and had less than no wish to speak, though I strove politely to answer succinctly what I could. In the good Irving all this was very natural, nor was there in him, I am well sure, the slightest notion to hurt me or be tyrannous to me. Far the reverse his mood at all times towards all men. But there was, I conjecture, something of conscious unquestionable superiority, of careless natural *de haut en bas* which fretted on me, and might be rendering my answers more and more and more succinct. Nay, my small knowledge was failing; and I had more than once on certain points, as 'Has Mrs. —— got a baby? is it son or daughter?' and the like, answered candidly, 'I *don't* know.'

I think three or two such answers to such questions had followed in succession, when Irving, feeling uneasy, and in a dim manner that the game

was going wrong, answered in gruffish yet not ill-natured tone, 'You seem to know nothing!' To which I with prompt emphasis, somewhat provoked, replied: 'Sir, by what right do you try my knowledge in this way? Are you grand inquisitor, or have you authority to question people and cross-question at discretion? I have had no interest to inform myself about the births in Annan, and care not if the process of birth and generation there should cease and determine altogether!' 'A bad example that,' cried Nichol, breaking into laughter; 'that would never do for me (a fellow that needs pupils'); and laughed heartily, joined by Waugh, and perhaps Irving, so that the thing passed off more smoothly than might have been expected; though Irving, of course, felt a little hurt, and I think did not altogether hide it from me while the interview still lasted, which was only a short while. This was my first meeting with the man whom I had afterwards, and very soon, such cause to love. We never spoke of this small unpleasant passage of fence, I believe, and there never was another like it between us in the world. Irving did not want some due heat of temper, and there was a kind of joyous swagger traceable in his manner in this prosperous young time; but the basis of him at all times was fine

manly sociality, and the richest, truest good nature. Very different from the new friend he was about picking up. No swagger in this latter, but a want of it which was almost still worse. Not sanguine and diffusive he, but biliary and intense. Far too sarcastic for a young man,' said several in the years now coming.

Within six or eight months of this, probably about the end of July 1816, happened a new meeting with Irving. Adam Hope's wife had died of a sudden. I went up the second or third evening to testify my silent condolence with the poor old man. Can still remember his gloomy look, speechless, and the thankful pressure of his hand. A number of people were there; among the rest, to my surprise, Irving—home on his Kirkcaldy holidays—who seemed to be kindly taking a sort of lead in the little managements. He conducted worship, I remember, 'taking the Book,' which was the only fit thing he could settle to, and he did it in a free, flowing, modest, and altogether appropriate manner, '*precenting*,' or leading off the Psalm too himself, his voice melodiously strong, and his tune, 'St. Paul's,' truly sung, which was a new merit in him to me. Quite beyond my own capacities at that time. If I had been in doubts about his reception of me, after

that of Rose Street, Edinburgh, he quickly and for ever ended them by a friendliness which, in wider scenes, might have been called chivalrous. At first sight he heartily shook my hand, welcomed me as if I had been a valued old acquaintance, almost a brother, and before my leaving, after worship was done, came up to me again, and with the frankest tone said: 'You are coming to Kirkcaldy to look about you in a month or two. You know I am there. My house and all that I can do for you is yours: two Annandale people must not be strangers in Fife!' The 'doubting Thomas' durst not quite believe all this, so chivalrous was it, but felt pleased and relieved by the fine and sincere tone of it, and thought to himself, 'Well, it would be pretty!'

But to understand the full chivalry of Irving, know first what my errand to Kirkcaldy now was.

Several months before this, rumours had come of some break-up in Irving's triumphant Kirkcaldy kingdom. 'A terribly severe master, isn't he? Brings his pupils on amazingly. Yes, truly, but at such an expense of cruelty to them. Very proud, too; no standing of him;' him, the least cruel of men, but obliged and expected to go at high-pressure speed, and no resource left but that of spurring on the laggard. In short, a portion, perhaps be-

tween a third and fourth part, of Irving's Kirkcaldy patrons, feeling these griefs, and finding small comfort or result in complaining to Irving, had gradually determined to be off from him, and had hit upon a resource which they thought would serve. 'Buy off the old parish head schoolmaster,' they said; 'let Hume have his 25*l.* of salary and go, the lazy, effete old creature. We will apply again to Professors Christison and Leslie, the same who sent us Irving, to send us another "classical and mathematical" who can start fair.' And accordingly, by a letter from Christison, who had never noticed me while in his class, nor could distinguish me from another Mr. Irving Carlyle, an older, considerably bigger boy, with red hair, wild buck teeth, and scorched complexion, and the *worst Latinist* of all my acquaintance (so dark was the good professor's class room, physically and otherwise), I learnt, much to my surprise and gratification, 'that Professor Leslie had been with him, that etc. etc., as above, and in brief, that I was the nominee if I would accept.' Several letters passed on the subject, and it had been settled, shortly before this meeting with Irving, that I was in my near vacation time—end of August—to visit Kirkcaldy, take

a personal view of everything, and then say yes if I could, as seemed likely.

Thus stood matters when Irving received me in the way described. Noble, I must say, when you put it altogether! Room for plenty of the vulgarest peddling feelings there was, and there must still have been between us, had either of us, especially had Irving, been of pedlar nature. And I can say there could no two Kaisers, nor Charlemagne and Barbarossa, had they neighboured one another in the empire of Europe, been more completely rid of all that *sordes*, than were we two schoolmasters in the burgh of Kirkcaldy. I made my visit, August coming, which was full of interest to me. Saw St. Andrews, etc.; saw a fine, frank, wholesome-looking people of the burgher grandees; liked Irving more and more, and settled to return in a couple of months 'for good,' which I may well say it was, thanks to Irving principally.

George Irving, Edward's youngest brother (who died in London as M.D., beginning practice about 1833), had met me as he returned from his lessons, when I *first* came along the street of Kirkcaldy on that sunny afternoon (August 1816), and with blithe looks and words had pointed out where his brother lived—a biggish, simple house on the sands. The

when of my first call there I do not now remember, but have still brightly in mind how exuberantly good Irving was; how he took me into his library, a rough, littery, but considerable collection —far beyond what I had—and said, cheerily flinging out his arms, 'Upon all these you have will and waygate,' an expressive Annandale phrase of the completest welcome, which I failed not of using by-and-by. I also recollect lodging with him for a night or two nights about that time. Bright moonshine; waves all dancing and glancing out of window, and beautifully humming and lullabying on that fine long sandy beach, where he and I so often walked and communed afterwards. From the first we honestly liked one another and grew intimate, nor was there ever, while we both lived, any cloud or grudge between us, or an interruption of our feelings for a day or hour. Blessed conquest of a friend in this world! That was mainly all the wealth I had for five or six years coming, and it made my life in Kirkcaldy (i.e. till near 1819, I think), a happy season in comparison, and a genially useful. Youth itself—healthy, well-intending youth —is so full of opulences. I always rather like Kirkcaldy to this day. *Annan* the reverse rather still when its *gueuseries* come into my head, and

my solitary quasi-enchanted position among them—unpermitted to kick them into the sea.

Irving's library was of great use to me; Gibbon, Hume, etc. I think I must have read it almost through. Inconceivable to me now with what ardour, with what greedy velocity, literally above ten times the speed I can now make with any book. Gibbon, in particular, I recollect to have read at the rate of a volume a day (twelve volumes in all); and I have still a fair recollection of it, though seldom looking into it since. It was, of all the books, perhaps the most impressive on me in my then stage of investigation and state of mind. I by no means completely admired Gibbon, perhaps not more than I now do; but his winged sarcasms, so quiet and yet so conclusively transpiercing and killing dead, were often admirable potent and illuminative to me. Nor did I fail to recognise his great power of investigating, ascertaining, grouping, and narrating; though the latter had always, then as now, something of a Drury Lane character, the colours strong but coarse, and set off by lights from the side scenes. We had books from Edinburgh College Library, too. (I remember Bailly's 'Histoire de l'Astronomie,' ancient and also modern, which considerably disappointed me.) On Irving's shelves

were the small Didot French classics in quantity. With my appetite sharp, I must have read of French and English (for I don't recollect much classicality, only something of mathematics in intermittent spasms), a great deal during those years.

Irving himself, I found, was not, nor had been, much of a reader; but he had, with solid ingenuity and judgment, by some briefer process of his own, fished out correctly from many books the substance of what they handled, and of what conclusions they came to. This he possessed, and could produce in an 'honest' manner, always when occasion came. He delighted to hear me give accounts of my reading, which were often enough a theme between us, and to me as well a profitable and pleasant one. He had gathered by natural sagacity and insight, from conversation and enquiry, a great deal of practical knowledge and information on things extant round him, which was quite defective in me the recluse. We never wanted for instructive and pleasant talk while together. He had a most hearty, if not very refined, sense of the ludicrous; a broad genial laugh in him always ready. His wide just sympathies, his native sagacities, honest-heartedness, and good humour, made him the most delightful of companions. Such colloquies and such rovings

about in bright scenes, in talk or in silence, I have never had since.

The beach of Kirkcaldy in summer twilights, a mile of the smoothest sand, with one long wave coming on gently, steadily, and breaking in gradual explosion into harmless melodious white, at your hand all the way; the break of it rushing along like a mane of foam, beautifully sounding and advancing, ran from south to north, from the West Burn to Kirkcaldy harbour, through the whole mile's distance. This was a favourite scene, beautiful to me still, in the far away. We roved in the woods too, sometimes till all was dark. I remember very pleasant strolls to Dysart, and once or twice to the caves and queer old saltworks of Wemyss. Once, on a memorable Saturday, we made a pilgrimage to hear Dr. Chalmers at Dunfermline the morrow. It was on the inducting young *Mr.* Chalmers as minister there; Chalmers minimus, as he soon got named. The great Chalmers was still in the first flush of his long and always high popularity. 'Let us go and hear him once more,' said Irving. The summer afternoon was beautiful; beautiful exceedingly our solitary walk by Burntisland and the sands and rocks to Inverkeithing, where we lodged, still in a touchingly beautiful manner (host the

schoolmaster, one Douglas from Haddington, a clever old acquaintance of Irving's ,in after years a Radical editor of mark; whose wife, for thrifty order, admiration of her husband, etc. etc., was a model and exemplar). Four miles next morning to Dunfermline and its crowded day, Chalmers maximus not disappointing; and the fourteen miles to Kirkcaldy ending in late darkness, in rain, and thirsty fatigue, which were cheerfully borne.

Another time, military tents were noticed on the Lomond Hills (on the eastern of the two). 'Trigonometrical survey,' said we; 'Ramsden's theodolite, and what not;' let us go. And on Saturday we went. Beautiful the airy prospect from that eastern Lomond far and wide. Five or six tents stood on the top; one a black-stained cooking one, with a heap of coals close by, the rest all closed and occupants gone, except one other, partly open at the eaves, through which you could look in and see a big circular mahogany box (which we took to be the theodolite), and a saucy-looking, cold official gentleman diligently walking for exercise, no observation being possible though the day was so bright. No admittance, however. Plenty of fine country people had come up, to whom the official had been coldly monosyllabic, as to us also he was. Polite, with a shade

of contempt, and unwilling to let himself into speech. Irving had great skill in these cases. He remarked—and led us into remarking—courteously this and that about the famous Ramsden and his instrument, about the famous Trigonometrical Survey, and so forth, till the official, in a few minutes, had to melt; invited us exceptionally in for an actual inspection of his theodolite, which we reverently enjoyed, and saw through it the signal column, a great broad plank he told us, on the top of Ben Lomond, sixty miles off, wavering and shivering like a bit of loose tape, so that no observation could be had.

We descended the hill *re factâ*. Were to lodge in Leslie with the minister there; where, possibly enough, Irving had engaged to preach for him next day. I remember a sight of Falkland ruined palace, black, sternly impressive on me, as we came down; like a black old bit of coffin or 'protrusive shin bone,' sticking through from the soil of the dead past. The kirk, too, of next day I remember, and a certain tragical Countess of Rothes. She had been at school in London; fatherless. In morning walk in the Regent's Park she had noticed a young gardener, had transiently glanced into him, he into her; and had ended by marrying him, to

the horror of society, and ultimately of herself, I suppose; for he seemed to be a poor little commonplace creature, as he stood there beside her. She was now an elderly, a stately woman, of resolute look though slightly sad, and didn't seem to solicit pity. Her I clearly remember, but not who preached, or what; and, indeed, both ends of this journey are abolished to me as if they had never been.

Our voyage to Inchkeith one afternoon was again a wholly pleasant adventure, though one of the rashest. There were three of us; Irving's assistant the third, a hardy, clever kind of man named Donaldson, of Aberdeen origin—Professor Christison's nephew—whom I always rather liked, but who before long, as he could never burst the shell of expert schoolmastering and gerund grinding, got parted from me nearly altogether. Our vessel was a rowboat belonging to some neighbours; in fact, a trim yawl with two oars in it and a bit of helm, reputed to be somewhat crazy and cranky hadn't the weather been so fine. Nor was Inchkeith our original aim. Our aim had been as follows. A certain Mr. Glen, Burgher minister at Annan, with whom I had lately boarded there, and been domestically very happy in comparison, had since, after very painful and most undeserved treatment from

his congregation, seen himself obliged to quit the barren wasp's nest of a thing altogether, and with his wife and young family embark on a missionary career, which had been his earliest thought, as conscience now reminded him, among other considerations. He was a most pure and excellent man, of correct superior intellect, and of much modest piety and amiability. Things were at last all ready, and he and his were come to Edinburgh to embark for Astrachan; where, or whereabouts, he continued diligent and zealous for many years; and was widely esteemed, not by the missionary classes alone. Irving, as well as I, had an affectionate regard for Glen, and on Saturday eve of Glen's last Sunday in Edinburgh, had come across with me to bid his brave wife and him farewell; Edinburgh from Saturday afternoon till the last boat on Sunday evening. This was every now and then a cheery little adventure of ours, always possible again after due pause. We found the Glens in an inn in the Grass Market, only the mistress, who was a handsome, brave, and cheery-hearted woman, altogether keeping up her spirits. I heard Glen preach for the last time, in 'Peddie's Meeting-house,' a large, fine place behind Bristo Street—night just sinking as he ended, and the tone of his voice betokening how

full the heart was. At the door of Peddie's house I stopped to take leave. Mrs. Glen alone was there for me (Glen not to be seen farther). She wore her old bright saucily-affectionate smile, fearless, superior to trouble; but, in a moment, as I took her hand and said, 'Farewell, then, good be ever with you,' she shot all pale as paper, and we parted mournfully without a word more. This sudden paleness of the spirited woman stuck in my heart like an arrow. All that night and for some three days more I had such a bitterness of sorrow as I hardly recollect otherwise. 'Parting sadder than by death,' thought I, in my foolish inexperience; 'these good people are to live, and we are never to behold each other more.' Strangely, too, after about four days it went quite off, and I felt it no more. This was, perhaps, still the third day; at all events, it was the day of Glen's sailing for St. Petersburg, while Irving and I went watching from Kirkcaldy sands the Leith ships outward bound, afternoon sunny, tide ebbing, and settled with ourselves which of the big ships was Glen's. 'That one surely,' we said at last; 'and it bends so much this way one might, by smart rowing, cut into it, and have still a word with the poor Glens.' Of nautical conclusions none could be falser, more ignorant, but we

instantly set about executing it; hailed Donaldson, who was somewhere within reach, shoved 'Robie Greg's' poor green-painted, rickety yawl into the waves (Robie, a good creature who would rejoice to have obliged us), and pushed out with our best speed to intercept that outward-bound big ship. Irving, I think, though the strongest of us, rather preferred the helm part then and afterwards, and did not much take the oar when he could honourably help it. His steering, I doubt not, was perfect, but in the course of half-an-hour it became ludicrously apparent that we were the tortoise chasing the hare, and that we should or could in no wise ever intercept that big ship. Short counsel thereupon, and determination, probably on my hint, to make for Inchkeith at least, and treat ourselves to a visit there.

We prosperously reached Inchkeith, ran ourselves into a wild stony little bay (west end of the island towards the lighthouse), and stept ashore. Bay in miniature was prettily savage, every stone in it, big or little, lying just as the deluges had left them in ages long gone. Whole island was prettily savage. Grass on it mostly wild and scraggy, but equal to the keep of seven cows. Some patches (little bed-quilts as it were) of weak dishevelled barley

trying to grow under difficulties; these, except perhaps a square yard or two of potatoes equally ill off, were the only attempt at crop. Inhabitants none except these seven cows, and the lighthouse-keeper and his family. Conies probably abounded, but these were *ferœ naturæ*, and didn't show face. In a slight hollow about the centre of the island (which island I think is traversed by a kind of hollow of which our little bay was the western end) were still traceable some ghastly remnants of 'Russian graves,' graves from a Russian squadron which had wintered thereabouts in 1799 and had there buried its dead. Squadron we had often heard talked of, what foul creatures these Russian sailors were, how (for one thing) returning from their sprees in Edinburgh at late hours, they used to climb the lamp-posts in Leith Walk and drink out the train oil irresistible by vigilance of the police, so that Leith Walk fell ever and anon into a more or less eclipsed condition during their stay! Some rude wooden crosses, rank wild grass, and poor sad grave hillocks almost abolished, were all of memorial they had left. The lighthouse was curious to us; the only one I ever saw before or since. The 'revolving light' not produced by a single lamp on its axis, but by ten or a dozen of them all set in a wide glass cylinder, each

with its hollow mirror behind it, cylinder alone slowly turning, was quite a discovery to us. Lighthouse-keeper too in another sphere of enquiry was to me quite new; by far the most life-weary looking mortal I ever saw. Surely no lover of the picturesque, for in nature there was nowhere a more glorious view. He had seven cows too, was well fed, I saw, well clad, had wife and children fairly eligible looking. A shrewd healthy Aberdeen native; his lighthouse, especially his cylinder and lamps, all kept shining like a new shilling—a kindly man withal—yet in every feature of face and voice telling you, 'Behold the victim of unspeakable ennui.' We got from him down below refection of the best, biscuits and new milk I think almost better in both kinds than I have tasted since. A man not greedy of money either. We left him almost sorrowfully, and never heard of him more.

The scene in our little bay, as we were about proceeding to launch our boat, seemed to me the beautifullest I had ever beheld. Sun about setting just in face of us, behind Ben Lomond far away. Edinburgh with its towers; the great silver mirror of the Frith girt by such a framework of mountains; cities, rocks and fields and wavy landscapes on all hands of us; and reaching right under foot, as I

remember, came a broad pillar as of gold from the just sinking sun; burning axle as it were going down to the centre of the world! But we had to bear a hand and get our boat launched, daylight evidently going to end by and by. Kirkcaldy was some five miles off, and probably the tide not in our favour. Gradually the stars came out, and Kirkcaldy crept under its coverlid, showing not itself but its lights. We could still see one another in the fine clear grey, and pulled along what we could. We had no accident; not the least ill-luck. Donaldson, and perhaps Irving too I now think, wore some air of anxiety. I myself by my folly felt nothing, though I now almost shudder on looking back. We leapt out on Kirkcaldy beach about eleven P.M., and then heard sufficiently what a misery and tremor for us various friends had been in.

This was the small adventure to Inchkeith. Glen and family returned to Scotland some fifteen years ago; he had great approval from his public, but died in a year or two, and I had never seen him again. His widow, backed by various Edinburgh testimonials, applied to Lord Aberdeen (Prime Minister) for a small pension on the 'Literary list.' Husband had translated the Bible (or New Testament) into Persic, among other public merits non-

literary: and through her son solicited and urged me to help, which I did zealously, and by continual dunning of the Duke of Argyll (whom I did not then personally know and who was very good and patient with me), an annual 50*l.* was at last got; upon which Mrs. Glen, adding to it some other small resources, could frugally but comfortably live. This must have been in 1853. I remember the young Glen's continual importunity in the midst of my *Friedrich* incipiencies was not always pleasant, and my chief comfort in it was the pleasure which success would give my mother. Alas, my good mother did hear of it, but pleasure even in this was beyond her in the dark valley she was now travelling! When she died (Christmas 1853), one of my reflections was: 'Too late for *her* that little bit of kindness; my last poor effort, and it came too late.' Young Glen with his too profuse thanks etc. was again rather importunate. Poor young soul, he is since dead. His mother appeared in person one morning at my door in Edinburgh (last spring (1866), in those Rector hurries and hurlyburlies now so sad to me); T. Erskine just leading me off somewhither. An aged decent widow, looking kindly on me and modestly thankful; so changed I could not have recognised a feature of her. How *tragic* to one is the sight of 'old friends';

a thing I always really shrink from. Such my lot has been!

Irving's visits and mine to Edinburgh were mostly together, and had always their attraction for us in the meeting with old acquaintances and objects of interest, but except from the books procured could not be accounted of importance. Our friends were mere ex-students, cleverish people mostly, but of no culture or information; no aspiration beyond (on the best possible terms) bread and cheese. Their talk in good part was little else than gossip and more or less ingenious giggle. We lived habitually by their means in a kind of Edinburgh element, not in the still baser Kirkcaldy one, and that was all. Irving now and then perhaps called on some city clergyman, but seemed to have little esteem of them by his reports to me afterwards. I myself by this time was indifferent on that head. On one of those visits my last feeble tatter of connection with Divinity Hall affairs or clerical outlooks was allowed to snap itself and fall definitely to the ground. Old Dr. Ritchie 'not at home' when I called to enter myself. 'Good!' answered I; 'let the omen be fulfilled.' Irving on the contrary was being licensed—probably through Annan Presbytery; but I forget the when and where, and indeed conjecture it may

have been before my coming to Kirkcaldy. What alone I well remember is his often and ever notable preaching in those Kirkcaldy years of mine. This gave him an interest in conspicuous clergymen—even if stupid—which I had not. Stupid those Edinburgh clergy were not all by any means; but narrow, ignorant, and barren to us two, they without exception were.

In Kirkcaldy circles (for poor Kirkcaldy had its circles and even its West-end, much more genial to me than Annan used to be) Irving and I seldom or never met; he little frequented them, I hardly at all. The one house where I often met him, besides his own, was the Manse, Rev. Mr. Martin's, which was a haunt of his, and where, for his sake partly, I was always welcome. There was a feeble intellectuality current here; the minister was a precise, innocent, didactic kind of man, and I now and then was willing enough to step in, though various boys and girls went cackling about, and Martin himself was pretty much the only item I really liked. The girls were some of them grown up, not quite ill-looking, and all thought to be or thinking themselves 'clever and learned;' yet even these, strange to say, in the great rarity of the article and my ardent devotion to it, were without charm to me. They were not the best

kind of children; none of them I used to think quite worthy of such a father. Martin himself had a kind of cheery grace and sociality of way (though much afflicted by dyspepsia) a clear-minded, brotherly, well-intentioned man, and bating a certain glimmer of vanity which always looked through, altogether honest, wholesome as Scotch oatmeal. His wife, who had been a beauty, perhaps a wit, and was now grown a notable manager of house and children, seemed to me always of much inferior type, visibly proud as well as vain, of a snappish rather uncomfortable manner, betokening, even in her kindness, steady egoism and various splenetic qualities. A big burly brother of hers, a clergyman whom I have seen, a logical enough, sarcastic, swashing kind of man in his sphere, struck me as kneaded out of precisely the same clay. All Martin's children, I used to fancy, had this bad cross in the birth; it is certain that none of them came to much good. The eldest Miss Martin, perhaps near twenty by this time, was of bouncing, frank, gay manners and talk, studious to be amiable, but never quite satisfactory on the side of *genuineness*. Something of affected you feared always in these fine spirits and smiling discourses, to which however you answered with smiles. She was very ill-looking withal; a skin always under blotches

and discolourment; muddy grey eyes, which for their part never laughed with the other features; pock-marked, ill-shapen triangular kind of face, with hollow cheeks and long chin; decidedly unbeautiful as a young woman. In spite of all which (having perhaps the arena much to herself) she had managed to charm poor Irving for the time being, and it was understood they were engaged, which unfortunately proved to be the fact. Her maternal ill-qualities came out in her afterwards as a bride (an engaged young lady), and still more strongly as a wife. Poor woman, it was never with her will; you could perceive she had always her father's strong and true wish to be good, had not her difficulties been quite too strong. But it was and is very visible to me, she (unconsciously for much the greater part) did a good deal aggravate all that was bad in Irving's 'London position,' and impeded his wise profiting by what was really good in it. Let this be *enough said* on that subject for the present.

Irving's preachings as a licentiate (or probationer waiting for fixed appointment) were always interesting to whoever had acquaintance with him, especially to me who was his intimate. Mixed with but little of self-comparison or other dangerous ingredient, indeed with loyal recognition on the part of most of

us, and without any grudging or hidden envy, we enjoyed the broad potency of his delineations, exhortations, and free flowing eloquences, which had all a manly and original turn; and then afterwards there was sure to be on the part of the public a great deal of criticising pro and contra, which also had its entertainment for us. From the first Irving read his discourses, but not in a servile manner; of attitude, gesture, elocution there was no neglect. His voice was very fine; melodious depth, strength, clearness, its chief characteristics. I have heard more pathetic voices, going more direct to the heart both in the way of indignation and of pity, but recollect none that better filled the ear. He affected the Miltonic or old English Puritan style, and strove visibly to imitate it more and more till almost the end of his career, when indeed it had become his own, and was the language he used in utmost heat of business for expressing his meaning. At this time and for years afterwards there was something of preconceived intention visible in it, in fact of real affectation, as there could not well help being. To his example also I suppose I owe something of my own poor affectations in that matter, which are now more or less visible to me, much repented of or not. We were all taught at that time by Coleridge etc. that

the old English dramatists, divines, philosophers, judicious Hooker, Milton, Sir Thomas Browne, were the genuine exemplars, which I also tried to believe, but never rightly could *as a whole.* The young must learn to speak by imitation of the older who already do it, or have done it. The ultimate rule is: learn so far as possible to be intelligible and transparent—no notice taken of your style, but solely of what you express by it. This is your clear rule, and if you have anything which is not quite trivial to express to your contemporaries, you will find such rule a great deal more difficult to follow than many people think.

On the whole, poor Irving's style was sufficiently surprising to his hidebound public, and this was but a slight circumstance to the novelty of the matter he set forth upon them. Actual practice. 'If this thing is true, why not do it? You had better do it. There will be nothing but misery and ruin in not doing it.' That was the gist and continual purport of all his discoursing, to the astonishment and deep offence of hidebound mankind. There was doubtless something of rashness in the young Irving's way of preaching; not perhaps quite enough of pure, complete, and serious conviction (which ought to have lain silent a good while before it took to

speaking). In general I own to have felt that there was present a certain inflation or spiritual bombast in much of this, a trifle of unconscious playactorism (highly unconscious but not quite absent) which had been unavoidable to the brave young prophet and reformer. But brave he was, and bearing full upon the truth if not yet quite attaining it. And as to the offence he gave, our withers were unwrung. I for one was perhaps rather entertained by it, and grinned in secret to think of the hides it was piercing! Both in Fife and over in Edinburgh, I have known the offence very rampant. Once in Kirkcaldy Kirk, which was well filled and all dead silent under Irving's grand voice, the door of a pew a good way in front of me (ground floor—right-hand as you fronted the preacher), banged suddenly open, and there bolted out of it a middle-aged or elderly little man (an insignificant baker by position), who with long swift strides, and face and big eyes all in wrath, came tramping and sounding along the flags close past my right hand, and vanished out of doors with a slam; Irving quite victoriously disregarding. I remember the violently angry face well enough, but not the least what the offence could have been. A kind of 'Who are you, sir, that dare to tutor *us* in that manner, and harrow up our orthodox quiet skin

with your novelties?' Probably that was all. In Irving's preaching there was present or prefigured generous opulence of ability in all kinds (except perhaps the very highest kind not even prefigured), but much of it was still crude; and this was the reception it had for a good few years to come; indeed to the very end he never carried all the world along with him, as some have done with far fewer qualities.

In vacation time, twice over, I made a walking tour with him. First time I think was to the Trosachs, and home by Loch Lomond, Greenock, Glasgow, etc., many parts of which are still visible to me. The party generally was to be of four; one Piers, who was Irving's housemate or even landlord, schoolmaster of Abbotshall, i.e., of 'The Links,' at the southern extra-burghal part of Kirkcaldy, a cheerful scatterbrained creature who went ultimately as preacher or professor of something to the Cape of Good Hope, and one Brown (James Brown), who had succeeded Irving in Haddington, and was now tutor somewhere. The full rally was not to be till Stirling; even Piers was gone ahead; and Irving and I after an official dinner with the burghal dignitaries of Kirkcaldy, who strove to be pleasant, set out together one grey August evening by Forth sands towards Torry-

burn. Piers was to have beds ready for us there, and we cheerily walked along our mostly dark and intricate twenty-two miles. But Piers had nothing serviceably ready; we could not even discover Piers at that dead hour (2 A.M.), and had a good deal of groping and adventuring before a poor inn opened to us with two coarse clean beds in it, in which we instantly fell asleep. Piers did in person rouse us next morning about six, but we concordantly met him with mere ha-ha's! and inarticulate hootings of satirical rebuke, to such extent that Piers, convicted of nothing but heroic punctuality, flung himself out into the rain again in momentary indignant puff, and strode away for Stirling, where we next saw him after four or five hours. I remember the squalor of our bedroom in the dim rainy light, and how little we cared for it in our opulence of youth. The sight of giant Irving in a shortish shirt on the sanded floor, drinking patiently a large tankard of 'penny whaup' (the smallest beer in creation) before beginning to dress, is still present to me as comic. Of sublime or tragic, the night before a mysterious great red glow is much more memorable, which had long hung before us in the murky sky, growing gradually brighter and bigger, till at last we found it must be Carron Ironworks, on the other side of Forth, one

of the most impressive sights. Our march to Stirling was under pouring rain for most part, but I recollect enjoying the romance of it; Kincardine, Culross (Cu'ros), Clackmannan, here they are then; what a wonder to be here! The Links of Forth, the Ochills, Grampians, Forth itself, Stirling, lion-shaped, ahead, like a lion couchant with the castle for his crown; all this was beautiful in spite of rain. Welcome too was the inside of Stirling, with its fine warm inn and the excellent refection and thorough drying and refitting we got there, Piers and Brown looking pleasantly on. Strolling and sight-seeing, (day now very fine—Stirling all washed) till we marched for Doune in the evening (Brig of Teith, 'blue and arrowy Teith,' Irving and I took that byway in the dusk); breakfast in Callander next morning, and get to Loch Katrine in an hour or two more. I have not been in that region again till August last year, four days of magnificently perfect hospitality with Stirling of Keir. Almost surprising how mournful it was to 'look on this picture and on that' at interval of fifty years.

Irving was in a sort the captain of our expedition: had been there before, could recommend everything; was made, unjustly by us, responsible for everything. The Trosachs I found really grand and impressive,

Loch Katrine exquisitely so (my first taste of the beautiful in scenery). Not so, any of us, the dirty smoky farm hut at the entrance, with no provision in it but bad oatcakes and unacceptable whisky, or the 'Mrs. Stewart' who somewhat royally presided over it, and dispensed these dainties, expecting to be flattered like an independency as well as paid like an innkeeper. Poor Irving could not help it; but in fine, the rains, the hardships, the ill diet was beginning to act on us all, and I could perceive we were in danger of splitting into two parties. Brown, leader of the Opposition—myself considerably flattered by him, though not seduced by him into factious courses, only led to see how strong poor Piers was for the Government interest. This went to no length, never bigger than a summer cloud or the incipiency of one. But Brown in secret would never quite let it die out (a jealous kind of man, I gradually found; had been much commended to us by Irving, as of superior intellect and honesty; which qualities I likewise found in him, though with the above abatement), and there were divisions of vote in the walking parliament, two against two; and had there not been at this point, by a kind of outward and legitimate reason, which proved very sanatory in the case, an actual division of routes, the folly might have lasted

longer and become audible and visible—which it never did. Sailing up Loch Katrine in top or unpicturesque part, Irving and Piers settled with us that only we two should go across Loch Lomond, round by Tarbert, Roseneath, Greenock, they meanwhile making direct for Paisley country, where they had business. And so on stepping out and paying our boatmen they said adieu, and at once struck leftwards, we going straight ahead; rendezvous to be at Glasgow again on such and such a day. (What feeble trash is all this. . . . Ah me! no better than Irving's penny whaup with the gas *gone out* of it. Stop to-day, October 4, 1866.)

The heath was bare, trackless, sun going almost down. Brown and I (our friends soon disappearing) had an interesting march, good part of it dark, and flavoured just to the right pitch with something of anxiety and something of danger. The sinking sun threw his reflexes on a tame-looking house with many windows some way to our right, the '*Kharrison* of Infersnaidt,' an ancient anti-Rob Roy establishment, as two rough Highland wayfarers had lately informed us. Other house or persons we did not see, but made for the shoulder of Benlomond and the boatman's hut, partly, I think, by the stars. Boatman and huthold were in bed, but

he, with a ragged little sister or wife, cheerfully roused themselves; cheerfully and for most part in silence, rowed us across (under the spangled vault of midnight; which, with the lake waters silent as if in deep dream, several miles broad here, had their due impression on us) correctly to Tarbert, a most hospitable, clean, and welcome little country inn (now a huge 'hotel' I hear, worse luck to it, with its nasty 'Hotel Company limited'). On awakening next morning, I heard from below the sound of a churn; prophecy of new genuine butter, and even of ditto rustic buttermilk.

Brown and I did very well on our separate branch of pilgrimage; pleasant walk and talk down to the west margin of the loch (incomparable among lakes or lochs yet known to me); past Smollett's pillar; emerge on the view of Greenock, on Helensburgh, and across to Roseneath Manse, where with a Rev. Mr. Story, not yet quite inducted, whose 'Life' has since been published, who was an acquaintance of Brown's, we were warmly welcomed and well entertained for a couple of days. Story I never saw again, but he, acquainted in Haddington neighbourhood, saw some time after incidentally a certain bright figure, to whom I am obliged to him at this moment for speaking favourably of me. 'Talent plenty; fine vein of

satire in him!' something like this. I suppose they had been talking of Irving, whom both of them knew and liked well. Her, probably at that time I had still never seen, but she told me long afterwards.

At Greenock I first saw *steamers* on the water; queer little dumpy things with a red sail to each, and legible name, 'Defiance' and such like, bobbing about there, and making continual passages to Glasgow as their business. Not till about two years later (1819 if I mistake not), did Forth see a steamer; Forth's first was far bigger than the Greenock ones, and called itself 'The Tug,' being intended for towing ships in those narrow waters, as I have often seen it doing; *it* still, and no rival or congener, till (in 1825) Leith, spurred on by one Bain, a kind of scientific half-pay Master R.N., got up a large finely appointed steamer, or pair of steamers, for London; which, so successful were they, all ports then set to imitating. London alone still held back for a good few years; London was notably shy of the steam ship, great as are its doings now in that line. An old friend of mine, the late Mr. Strachey,[1] has told me that in his school days he at

[1] Late Charles Buller's uncle. Somersetshire gentleman, ex-Indian, died in 1831, an examiner in the India House; colleague of John S. Mill and his father there.

one time—early in the Nineties I should guess, say 1793—used to see, in crossing Westminster Bridge, a little model steamship paddling to and fro between him and Blackfriars Bridge, with steam funnel, paddle-wheels, and the other outfit, exhibiting and recommending itself to London and whatever scientific or other spirit of marine adventure London might have. London entirely dead to the phenomenon, which had to duck under and dive across the Atlantic before London saw it again, when a new generation had risen. The real inventor of steamships, I have learned credibly elsewhere, the maker and proprietor of that fruitless model on the Thames, was Mr. Miller, Laird of Dalswinton in Dumfriesshire (Poet Burns' landlord), who spent his life and his estate in that adventure, and is not now to be heard of in those parts; having had to sell Dalswinton and die quasi-bankrupt (and I should think broken-hearted) after that completing of his painful invention and finding London and mankind dead to it. Miller's assistant and work-hand for many years was John Bell, a joiner in the neighbouring village of Thornhill. Miller being ruined, Bell was out of work and connection, emigrated to New York, and there speaking much of his old master, and glorious unheeded invention well known to Bell in all its outlines or details, at

length found one Fulton to listen to him; and by 'Fulton and Bell' (about 1809), an actual packet steamer was got launched, and, lucratively plying on the Hudson River, became the miracle of Yankee-land, and gradually of all lands. These I believe are essentially the facts. Old Robert M'Queen of Thornhill, Strachey of the India House, and many other bits of good testimony and indication, once far apart, curiously coalescing and corresponding for me. And as, possibly enough, the story is not now known in whole to anybody but myself, it may go in here as a digression—*à propos* of those brisk little Greenock steamers which I first saw, and still so vividly remember; little 'Defiance' etc., saucily bounding about with their red sails in the sun, on this my tour with Irving.

Those old three days at Roseneath are all very vivid to me, and marked in white. The quiet blue mountain masses, giant Cobler overhanging, bright seas, bright skies, Roseneath new mansion (still unfinished and standing as it did), the grand old oaks, and a certain handfast, middle-aged, practical and most polite 'Mr. Campbell' (the Argyll factor there) and his two sisters, excellent lean old ladies, with their wild Highland accent, wiredrawn but genuine good manners and good principles, and not least their as-

tonishment, and shrill interjections at once of love and fear, over the talk they contrived to get out of me one evening and perhaps another when we went across to tea; all this is still pretty to me to remember. They are all dead, the good souls—Campbell himself, the Duke told me, died only lately, very old—but they were to my rustic eyes of a superior, richly furnished stratum of society; and the thought that I too might perhaps be 'one and somewhat' (*Ein und Etwas*) among my fellow creatures by and by, was secretly very welcome at their hands. We rejoined Irving and Piers at Glasgow; I remember our glad embarkation towards Paisley by canal track-boat; visit preappointed for us by Irving, in a good old lady's house, whose son was Irving's boarder; the dusty, sunny Glasgow evening; and my friend's joy to see Brown and me. Irving was very good and jocund-hearted: most blithe his good old lady, whom I had seen at Kirkcaldy before. We had a pleasant day or two in those neighbourhoods; the picturesque, the comic, and the genially common all prettily combining; particulars now much forgotten. Piers went to eastward, Dunse, his native country; 'born i' Dunse,' equal in sound to born a dunce, as Irving's laugh would sometimes remind him; 'opposition party' (except it were in the secret

of Brown's jealous heart) there was now none; Irving in truth was the natural king among us, and his qualities of captaincy in such a matter were indisputable.

Brown, he, and I went by the Falls of Clyde; I do not recollect the rest of our route, except that at New Lanark, a green silent valley, with cotton works turned by Clyde waters, we called to see Robert Owen, the then incipient arch-gomeril, 'model school,' and thought it (and him, whom after all we did not see, and knew only by his pamphlets and it) a thing of wind not worth considering farther; and that after sight of the Falls, which probably was next day, Irving came out as captain in a fine new phase. The Falls were very grand and stormful—nothing to say against the Falls; but at the last of them, or possibly at Bothwell Banks farther on, a woman who officiated as guide and cicerone, most superfluous, unwilling too, but firmly persistent in her purpose, happened to be in her worst humour; did nothing but snap and snarl, and being answered by bits of quiz, towered at length into foam. She intimated she would bring somebody who would ask us how we could so treat an unprotected female, and vanished to seek the champion or champions. As our business was done, and the woman paid too, I own (with shame

if needed) my thought would have been to march with decent activity on our way, not looking back unless summoned to do it, and prudently evading discrepant circles of that sort. Not so Irving, who drew himself up to his full height and breadth, cudgel in hand, and stood there, flanked by Brown and me, waiting the issue.

Issue was, a thickish kind of man, seemingly the woman's husband, a little older than any of us, stept out with her, calmly enough surveying, and at a respectful distance; asked if we would buy apples? Upon which with negatory grin we did march. I recollect too that we visited lead-hills and descended into the mines; that Irving prior to Annan must have struck away from us at some point. Brown and I, on arriving at Mainhill, found my dear good mother in the saddest state; dregs of a bad fever hanging on her; my profound sorrow at which seemed to be a surprise to Brown, according to his letters afterwards. With Brown, for a year or two ensuing, I continued to have some not unpleasant correspondence; a conscientious, accurate, clear-sighted, but rather narrow and unfruitful man, at present tutor to some Lockhart of Lee, and wintering in Edinburgh. Went afterwards to India as Presbyterian clergyman somewhere, and shrank gradually, we heard, into complete

aridity, phrenology, etc. etc., and before long died there. He had, after Irving, been my dear little Jeannie's teacher and tutor; she never had but these two, and the name of her, like a bright object far above me like a star, occasionally came up between them on that journey; I dare say at other times. She retained a child's regard for James Brown, and in this house he was always a memorable object.

My second tour with Irving had nothing of circuit in it: a mere walk homeward through the Peebles-Moffat moor country, and is not worth going into in any detail. The region was without roads, often without foot-tracks, had no vestige of an inn, so that there was a kind of knight-errantry in threading your way through it; not to mention the romance that naturally lay in its Ettrick and Yarrow, and old melodious songs and traditions. We walked up Meggat Water to beyond the sources, emerged into Yarrow not far above St. Mary's Loch; a charming secluded shepherd country, with excellent shepherd population—nowhere setting up to be picturesque, but everywhere honest, comely, well done-to, peaceable and useful. Nor anywhere without its solidly characteristic features, hills, mountains, clear rushing streams, cosy nooks and homesteads, all of fine rustic type; and presented to you *in naturâ*, not as in a

Drury Lane with stage-lights and for a purpose; the vast and yet not savage solitude as an impressive item, long miles from farm to farm, or even from one shepherd's cottage to another. No company to you but the rustle of the grass underfoot, the tinkling of the brook, or the voices of innocent primæval things. I repeatedly walked through that country up to Edinburgh and down by myself in subsequent years, and nowhere remember such affectionate, sad, and thoughtful, and in fact, interesting and salutary journeys. I have had days clear as Italy (as in this Irving case), days moist and dripping, overhung with the infinite of silent grey—and perhaps the latter were the preferable in certain moods. You had the world and its waste imbroglios of joy and woe, of light and darkness, to yourself alone. You could strip barefoot if it suited better, carry shoes and socks over shoulder, hung on your stick; clean shirt and comb were in your pocket; *omnia mea mecum porto.* You lodged with shepherds who had clean solid cottages; wholesome eggs, milk, oatbread, porridge, clean blankets to their beds, and a great deal of human sense and unadulterated natural politeness. Canty, shrewd and witty fellows, when you set them talking; knew from their hill tops every bit of country between Forth and Solway, and all

the shepherd inhabitants within fifty miles, being a kind of confraternity of shepherds from father to son. No sort of peasant labourers I have ever come across seemed to me so happily situated, morally and physically well-developed, and deserving to be happy, as those shepherds of the Cheviots. *O fortunatos nimium!* But perhaps it is all altered not a little now, as I sure enough am who speak of it!

Irving's course and mine was from bonny Yarrow onwards by Loch Skene and the 'Grey Mare's Tail' (finest of all cataracts, lonesome, simple, grand, that are now in my memory) down into Moffat dale where we lodged in a shepherd's cottage. Caplegill, old Walter Welsh's farm, must have been near, though I knew not of it then. From the shepherd people came good talk; Irving skilful to elicit topography; Poet Hogg (who was then a celebrity), 'Shirra Scott' (Sir Walter, Sheriff of Selkirkshire, whose borders we had just emerged from); then gradually stores of local anecdote, personal history, etc. These good people never once asked us whence, whither, or what are you? but waited till perhaps it voluntarily came, as generally chanced. Moffat dale with its green holms and hill ranges, 'Correyran Saddle-yoke,' (actual quasi-saddle, you can sit astride anywhere, and a stone dropped from either hand will roll and bound

a mile), with its pleasant groves and farmsteads, voiceful limpid waters rushing fast *for Annan*, all was very beautiful to us; but what I most remember is Irving's arrival at Mainhill with me to tea, and how between my father and him there was such a mutual recognition. My father had seen Loch Skene, the Grey Mare's Tail, etc. in his youth, and now gave in few words such a picture of it, forty years after sight, as charmed and astonished Irving; who on his side was equally unlike a common man, definitely true, intelligent, frankly courteous, faithful in whatever he spoke about. My father and he saw one another (on similar occasions) twice or thrice again, always with increasing esteem; and I rather think it was from Irving on this particular occasion that I was first led to compare my father with other men, and see how immensely superior he, altogether unconsciously, was. No intellect equal to his, in certain important respects, have I ever met with in the world. Of my mother, Irving never made any reading for himself, or could well have made, but only through me, and that too he believed in and loved well; generally all recognising Irving.

The Kirkcaldy population were a pleasant honest kind of fellow mortals; something of quietly fruitful, of good *old Scotch* in their works and ways;

more *vernacular*, peaceable, fixed, and almost genial in their mode of life than I had been used to in the Border home-land. Fife generally we liked, those ancient little burghs and sea villages, with their poor little havens, salt pans, and weatherbeaten bits of Cyclopean breakwaters and rude innocent machineries, are still kindly to me to think of. Kirkcaldy itself had many looms, had Baltic trade, had whale-fishery etc. and was a solidly diligent, yet by no means a panting, puffing, or in any way gambling 'Lang Town.' The flaxmill-machinery, I remember, was turned mainly by *wind*; and curious blue painted wheels, with oblique vans (how working I never saw) rose from many roofs for that end. We all, I in particular, always rather liked the people, though from the distance chiefly, chagrined and discouraged by the sad *trade* one had! Some hospitable human firesides I found, and these were at intervals a fine little element, but in general we were but onlookers (the one real society our books and our few selves). Not even with the bright 'young ladies' (which was a sad feature) were we on speaking terms. By far the cleverest and brightest, however, an ex-pupil of Irving's and genealogically and otherwise (being poorish, proud, and well-bred) a kind of alien in the place, I did at last make some acquaintance with

(at Irving's first, I think, though she rarely came thither); some acquaintance, and it might easily have been more, had she and her aunt and our economics and other circumstances liked. She was of the fair-complexioned, softly elegant, softly grave, witty and comely type, and had a good deal of gracefulness, intelligence, and other talent. Irving too, it was sometimes thought, found her very interesting, could the Miss Martin bonds have allowed, which they never would. To me who had only known her for a few months, and who within twelve or fifteen months saw the last of her, she continued for perhaps some three years a figure hanging more or less in my fancy on the usual romantic, or latterly quite elegiac and silent terms, and to this day there is in me a goodwill to her, a candid and gentle pity for her, if needed at all. She was of the Aberdeenshire Gordons, a far-off Huntly I doubt not; 'Margaret Gordon,' born I think in New Brunswick, where her father, probably in some official post, had died young and poor. Her accent was prettily English and her voice very fine. An aunt (widow in Fife, childless, with limited resources, but of frugal cultivated turn, a lean, proud elderly dame, once a 'Miss Gordon' herself, sang Scotch songs beautifully, and talked shrewd *Aberdeenish* in accent and

otherwise), had adopted her and brought her hither over seas; and here as Irving's ex-pupil she now, cheery though with dim outlooks, was. Irving saw her again in Glasgow one summer, touring etc., he himself accompanying joyfully, not joining (so I understood it) the retinue of suitors or potential suitors, rather perhaps indicating gently 'No, I must not' for the last time. A year or so after we heard the fair Margaret had married some rich insignificant Aberdeen Mr. Something, who afterwards got into Parliament, thence out to 'Nova Scotia' (or so) as 'Governor,' and I heard of her no more, except that lately she was still living about Aberdeen, childless, as the Dowager Lady, her Mr. Something having got knighted before dying. Poor Margaret! Speak to her since the 'good-bye then' at Kirkcaldy in 1819 I never did or could. I saw her, recognisably to me, here in her London time, twice (1840 or so), once with her maid in Piccadilly, promenading, little altered; a second time, that same year or next, on horseback both of us, and meeting in the gate of Hyde Park, when her eyes (but that was all) said to me almost touchingly, 'Yes, yes, that is you.' Enough of that old matter, which but half concerns Irving and is now quite extinct.

In the space of two years we had all got tired of

schoolmastering and its mean contradictions and poor results: Irving and I quite resolute to give it up for good; the headlong Piers disinclined for it on the then terms longer, and in the end of 1818 we all three went away; Irving and I to Edinburgh, Piers to his own east country, whom I never saw again with eyes, poor good rattling soul. Irving's outlooks in Edinburgh were not of the best, considerably checkered with dubiety, opposition, and even flat disfavour in some quarters; but at least they were far superior to mine, and indeed, I was beginning my four or five most miserable dark, sick, and heavy-laden years; Irving, after some staggerings aback, his seven or eight healthiest and brightest. He had as one item several good hundreds of money to wait upon. My *peculium* I don't recollect, but it could not have exceeded 100*l.* I was without friends, experience, or connection in the sphere of human business, was of shy humour, proud enough and to spare, and had begun my long curriculum of dyspepsia which has never ended since!

Irving lived in Bristo Street, more expensive rooms than mine, used to give breakfasts to intellectualities he fell in with, I often a guest with them. They were but stupid intellectualities, and the talk

I got into there did not please me even then; though it was well enough received. A visible gloom occasionally hung over Irving, his old strong sunshine only getting out from time to time. He gave lessons in mathematics, once for a while to Captain Basil Hall, who had a kind of thin celebrity then, and did not seem to love too well that small lion or his ways with him. Small lion came to propose for me at one stage; wished me to go out with him 'to Dunglas' and there do 'lunars' in his name, he looking on and learning of me what would come of its own will. 'Lunars' meanwhile were to go to the Admiralty, testifying there what a careful studious Captain he was, and help to get him promotion, so the little wretch smilingly told me.

I remember the figure of him in my dim lodging as a gay, crackling, sniggering spectre, one dusk, and endeavouring to seduce my affability in lieu of liberal wages into this adventure. Wages, I think, were to be smallish ('so poor are we'), but then the great Playfair is coming on visit. 'You will see Professor Playfair.' I had not the least notion of such an enterprise on these shining terms, and Captain Basil with his great Playfair in posse vanished for me into the shades of dusk for good. I don't think Irving ever had any other pupil but this

Basil for perhaps a three months. I had not even Basil, though private teaching, to me the poorer, was much the more desirable if it would please to come; which it generally would not in the least. I was timorously aiming towards 'literature' too; thought in audacious moments I might perhaps earn some trifle that way by honest labour to help my finance; but in that too I was painfully sceptical (talent and opportunity alike doubtful, alike incredible, to me poor downtrodden soul) and in fact there came little enough of produce or finance to me from that source, and for the first years absolutely none in spite of my diligent and desperate efforts which are sad to me to think of even now. *Acti labores*; yes, but of such a futile, dismal lonely, dim and chaotic kind, in a scene all ghastly-chaos to one, sad dim and ugly as the shores of Styx and Phlegethon, as a nightmare-dream, become real! No more of that; it did not conquer me, or quite kill me, thank God. Irving thought of nothing as ultimate, but a clerical career, obstacles once overcome; in the meanwhile we heard of robust temporary projects. 'Tour to Switzerland,' glaciers, Geneva, 'Lake of Thun,' very grand to think of, was one of them; none of which took effect.

I forget how long it was till the then famed Dr.

Chalmers, fallen in want of an assistant, cast his eye on Irving. I think it was in the summer following our advent to Edinburgh. I heard duly about it, how Rev. Andrew Thomson, famous *malleus* of theology in that time, had mentioned Irving's name, had engaged to get Chalmers a hearing of him in his (Andrew's) church; how Chalmers heard *incognito*, and there ensued negotiation. Once I recollect transiently seeing the famed Andrew on occasion of it (something Irving had forgotten with him, and wished me to call for) and what a lean-minded, iracund, ignorant kind of man Andrew seemed to me; also much more vividly, in autumn following, one fine airy October day in Annandale, Irving on foot on his way to Glasgow for a month of actual trial. Had come by Mainhill, and picked me up to walk with him seven or eight miles farther into Dryfe Water (i.e. valley watered by clear swift Dryfe, quasi Drive, so impetuous and swift is it), where was a certain witty comrade of ours, one Frank Dickson, preacher at once and farmer (only son and heir of his father who had died in that latter capacity). We found Frank I conclude, though the whole is now dim to me, till we arrived all three (Frank and I to set Irving on his road and bid him good speed) on the top of a hill commanding all upper Annandale, and

the grand mass of Moffat hills, where we paused thoughtful a few moments. The blue sky was beautifully spotted with white clouds, which and their shadows on the wide landscape, the wind was beautifully chasing. *Like life*, I said with a kind of emotion, on which Irving silently pressed my arm with the hand near it or perhaps on it, and a moment after, with no word but his 'farewell' and ours, strode swiftly away. A mail coach would find him at Moffat that same evening (after his walk of about thirty miles), and carry him to Glasgow to sleep. And the curtains sink again on Frank and me at this time.

Frank was a notable kind of man, and one of the memorabilities, to Irving as well as me; a most quizzing, merry, entertaining, guileless, and unmalicious man; with very considerable logic, reading, contemptuous observation and intelligence, much real tenderness too, when not obstructed, and a mournful true affection especially for the friends he had lost by death! No mean impediment *there* any more (that was it), for Frank was very sensitive, easily moved to something of envy, and as if surprised when contempt was not possible; easy banter was what he habitually dwelt in; for the rest an honourable, bright, amiable man; alas, and his end

was very tragic! I have hardly seen a man with more opulence of conversation, wit, fantastic bantering, ingenuity, and genial human sense of the ridiculous in men and things. Charles Buller, perhaps, but he was of far more refined, delicately managed, and less copious tone; finer by nature, I should say, as well as by culture, and had nothing of the fine *Annandale Rabelais* turn which had grown up, partly of will and at length by industry as well, in poor Frank Dickson in the valley of Dryfe amid his little stock of books and rustic phenomena. A slightly built man, nimble-looking and yet lazy-looking, our Annandale Rabelais; thin, neatly expressive aquiline face, grey genially laughing eyes, something sternly serious and resolute in the squarish fine brow, nose specially aquiline, thin and rather small. I well remember the play of point and nostrils there, while his wild home-grown *Gargantuisms* went on. He rocked rather, and negligently wriggled in walking or standing, something slightly twisted in the spine, I think; but he made so much small involuntary tossing and gesticulation while he spoke or listened, you never noticed the twist. What a childlike and yet half imp-like volume of laughter lay in Frank; how he would fling back his fine head, left cheek up, not himself laughing much

or loud even, but showing you such continents of inward gleesome mirth and victorious mockery of the dear stupid ones who had crossed his sphere of observation. A wild roll of sombre eloquence lay in him too, and I have seen in his sermons sometimes that brow and aquiline face grow dark, sad, and thunderous like the eagle of Jove. I always liked poor Frank, and he me heartily. After having tried to banter me down and recognised the mistake, which he loyally did for himself and never repeated, we had much pleasant talk together first and last.

His end was very tragic, like that of a sensitive gifted man too much based on laughter. Having no good prospect of kirk promotion in Scotland (I think his Edinburgh resource had been mainly that of teaching under Mathematical Nichol for certain hours daily), he perhaps about a year after Irving went to Glasgow had accepted some offer to be Presbyterian chaplain and preacher to the Scotch in Bermuda, and lifted anchor thither with many regrets and good wishes from us all. I did not correspond with him there, my own mood and posture being so dreary and empty. But before Irving left Glasgow, news came to me (from Irving I believe) that Frank, struck quite miserable and lame of heart and nerves by dyspepsia and dispiritment, was home

again, or on his way home to Dryfesdale, there to lie useless, Irving recommending me to do for him what kindness I could, and not remember that he used to disbelieve and be ignorantly cruel in my own dyspeptic tribulations. This I did not fail of, nor was it burdensome, but otherwise, while near him in Annandale.

Frank was far more wretched than I had been; sunk in spiritual dubieties too, which I by that time was getting rid of. He had brought three young Bermuda gentlemen home with him as pupils (had been much a favourite in society there). With these in his rough farm-house, Belkat hill,[1] he settled himself to live. Farm was *his*, but in the hands of a rough-spun sister and her ploughing husband, who perhaps was not over glad to see Frank return, with new potentiality of ownership if he liked, which truly I suppose he never did. They had done some joinering, plank-flooring in the farm-house, which was weather-tight, newish though strait and dim, and there on rough rustic terms, perhaps with a little disappointment to the young gentlemen, Frank and his Bermudians lived, Frank himself for several years. He had a nimble

[1] Bell Top Hill, near Hook, head part of the pleasant vale of Dryfe.

quick pony, rode latterly (for the Bermudians did not stay above a year or two) much about among his cousinry of friends, always halting and baiting with me when it could be managed. I had at once gone to visit him, found Bell Top Hill on the new terms as interesting as ever. A comfort to me to administer some comfort, interesting even to compare dyspeptic notes. Besides, Frank by degrees would kindle into the old coruscations, and talk as well as ever. I remember some of those visits to him, still more the lonely silent rides thither, as humanly impressive, wholesome, not unpleasant; especially after my return from Buller tutorship, and my first London visit (in 1824), when I was at Hoddam Hill, idly high and dry like Frank (or only translating German romance etc.) and had a horse of my own. Frank took considerably to my mother; talked a great deal of his bitter Byronic scepticism to her, and seemed to feel like oil poured into his wounds her beautifully pious contradictions of him and it. 'Really likes to be contradicted, poor Frank!' she would tell me afterwards. He might be called a genuine bit of rustic dignity—modestly, frugally, in its simplest expression, gliding about among us there. This lasted till perhaps the beginning of 1826. I do not remember him at Scotsbrig ever. I

suppose the lease of his farm may have run out that year, not renewed, and that he was now farther away. After my marriage, perhaps two years after it, from Craigenputtoch I wrote to him, but never got the least answer, never saw him or *distinctly* heard of him more. Indistinctly I did, with a shock, hear of him once, and then a second, a final time, thus. My brother Jamie,[1] riding to Moffat in 1828 or so, saw near some poor cottage (not a farm at all, a bare place for a couple of cows, perhaps it was a turnpike-keeper's cottage), not far from Moffat, a forlornly miserable-looking figure, walking languidly to and fro, parted from him by the hedge, whom in spite of this sunk condition he recognised clearly for Frank Dickson, who, however, took no notice of him. 'Perhaps refuses to know me,' thought Jamie; 'they have lost their farm—sister and husband seem to have taken shelter here, and there is the poor gentleman and scholar Frank sauntering miserably with an old plaid over his head, slipshod in a pair of old clogs.' That was Jamie's guess, which he reported to me; and a few months after, grim whisper came, low but certain—no inquest of coroner there—that Frank was dead, and had gone in the Roman fashion. What other could he do now—the

[1] Youngest brother, ten years my junior.

silent, valiant, though vanquished man? He was hardly yet thirty-five, a man richer in gifts than nine-tenths of the vocal and notable are. I remember him with sorrow and affection, native-countryman Frank, and his little life. What a strange little island fifty years off; sunny, homelike, pretty in the memory, yet with tragic thunders waiting it!

Irving's Glasgow news from the first were good. Approved of, accepted by the great Doctor and his congregation, preaching heartily, labouring with the 'visiting deacons' (Chalmers's grand parochial anti-pauperism apparatus much an object with the Doctor at this time), seeing and experiencing new things on all hands of him in his new wide element. He came occasionally to Edinburgh on visit. I remember him as of prosperous aspect; a little more carefully, more clerically dressed than formerly (ample black frock, a little longer skirted than the secular sort, hat of gravish breadth of brim, all very simple and correct). He would talk about the Glasgow Radical weavers, and their notable receptions of him and utterances to him while visiting their lanes; was not copious upon his great Chalmers, though friendly in what he did say. All this of his first year must have been in 1820 or late in 1819; year 1819 comes back into my mind as the

year of the Radical 'rising' in Glasgow; and the kind of altogether imaginary 'fight' they attempted on Bonny Muir against the Yeomanry which had assembled from far and wide. A time of great rages and absurd terrors and expectations, a very fierce Radical and anti-Radical time. Edinburgh endlessly agitated by it all round me, not to mention Glasgow in the distance—gentry people full of zeal and foolish terror and fury, and looking disgustingly busy and important. Courier hussars would come in from the Glasgow region covered with mud, breathless, for head-quarters, as you took your walk in Princes Street; and you would hear old powdered gentlemen in silver spectacles talking with low-toned but exultant voice about 'cordon of troops, sir' as you went along. The mass of the people, not the populace alone, had a quite different feeling, as if the danger from those West-country Radicals was small or imaginary and their grievances dreadfully real; which was with emphasis my own private notion of it. One bleared Sunday morning, perhaps seven or eight A.M. I had gone out for my walk. At the riding-house in Nicholson Street was a kind of straggly group, or small crowd, with redcoats interspersed. Coming up I perceived it was the 'Lothian Yeomanry,' Mid or East I know not, just

getting under way for Glasgow to be part of 'the cordon.' I halted a moment. They took their way, very ill ranked, not numerous or very dangerous-looking men of war; but there rose from the little crowd by way of farewell cheer to them the strangest shout I have heard human throats utter, not very loud, or loud even for the small numbers; but it said as plain as words, and with infinitely more emphasis of sincerity, 'May the devil go with *you*, ye peculiarly contemptible and dead to the distresses of your fellow-creatures.' Another morning, months after, spring and sun now come, and the 'cordon' etc. all over, I met an advocate slightly of my acquaintance hurrying along musket in hand towards the Links, there to be drilled as item of the 'gentlemen' volunteers now afoot. 'You should have the like of this' said he, cheerily patting his musket. 'Hm, yes; but I haven't yet quite settled on which side'—which probably he hoped was quiz, though it really expressed my feeling. Irving too, and all of us juniors, had the same feeling in different intensities, and spoken of only to one another; a sense that revolt against such a load of unveracities, impostures, and quietly inane formalities would one day become indispensable; sense which had a kind of rash, false, and quasi-insolent joy

in it; mutiny, revolt, being a light matter to the young.

Irving appeared to take great interest in his Glasgow visitings about among these poor weavers and free communings with them as man with man. He was altogether human we heard and could well believe; he broke at once into sociality and frankness, would pick a potato from their pot and in eating it get at once into free and kindly terms. 'Peace be with you here' was his entering salutation one time in some weaving shop which had politely paused and silenced itself on sight of him; 'peace be with you.' 'Ay, sir, if there's plenty wi't!' said an angry little weaver who happened to be on the floor, and who began indignant response and remonstrance to the minister and his fine words. 'Quite angry and fiery,' as Irving described him to us; a fine thoughtful brow, with the veins on it swollen and black, and the eyes under it sparkling and glistening, whom however he succeeded in pacifying, and parting with on soft terms. This was one of his anecdotes to us. I remember that fiery little weaver and his broad brow and swollen veins, a vanished figure of those days, as if I had myself seen him.

By and by, after repeated invitations, which to me were permissions rather, the time came for my

paying a return visit. I well remember the first visit and pieces of the others; probably there were three or even four in all, each of them a real holiday to me. By steamer to Bo'ness and then by canal. Skipper of canal boat and two Glasgow scamps of the period, these are figures of the first voyage; very vivid these, the rest utterly out. I think I always went by Bo'ness and steam *so far*, coach the remainder of the road in all subsequent journeys. Irving lived in Kent Street, eastern end of Glasgow, ground floor, tolerably spacious room. I think he sometimes gave me up his bedroom (me the bad sleeper) and went out himself to some friend's house. David Hope (cousin of old Adam's, but much younger, an excellent guileless man and merchant) was warmly intimate and attached; the like William Graham, of Burnswark, Annandale, a still more interesting character; with both of whom I made or renewed acquaintance which turned out to be agreeable and lasting. These two were perhaps Irving's most domestic and practically trusted friends, but he had already many in the better Glasgow circles; and in generous liking and appreciation tended to excess, never to defect, with one and all of them. 'Philosophers' called at Kent Street whom one did not find so extremely philoso-

phical, though all were amiable and of polite and partly religious turn; and in fact these reviews of Glasgow in its streets, in its jolly Christmas dining-rooms and drawing-rooms, were cordial and instructive to me; the solid style of comfort, freedom, and plenty was new to me in that degree. The Tontine (my first evening in Glasgow) was quite a treat to my rustic eyes; several hundreds of such fine, clean opulent, and enviable or amiable-looking good Scotch gentlemen sauntering about in trustful gossip or solidly reading their newspapers. I remember the shining bald crowns and serene white heads of several, and the feeling, *O fortunatos nimium*, which they generally gave me. Irving was not with me on this occasion; had probably left me there for some half-hour, and would come to pick me up again when ready. We made morning calls together too, not very many, and found once, I recollect, an exuberant bevy of young ladies which I (silently) took as sample of great and singular privilege in my friend's way of life. Oftenest it was crotchety, speculative, semi-theological elderly gentlemen whom we met, with curiosity and as yet without weariness on my part, though of course their laughing chatting daughters would have been better. The Glasgow women of the young lady stamp seemed to me well-looking, clever enough, good-humoured: but I noticed (for

my own behoof and without prompting of any kind) that they were not so *well dressed* as their Edinburgh sisters; something flary, glary, colours too flagrant and ill-assorted, want of the harmonious transitions, neatnesses, and soft Attic art which I now recognised or remembered for the first time.

Of Dr. Chalmers I heard a great deal; naturally the continual topic, or one of them; admiration universal, and as it seemed to me slightly wearisome, and a good deal indiscriminate and overdone, which probably (though we were dead silent on that head) was on occasions Irving's feeling too. But the great man was himself truly lovable, truly loved; and nothing personally could be more modest, intent on his good industries, not on himself or his fame. Twice that I recollect I specially saw him; once at his own house, to breakfast; company Irving, one Crosby, a young licentiate, with glaring eyes and no speculation in them, who went afterwards to Birmingham, and thirdly myself. It was a cold vile smoky morning; house and breakfast-room looked their worst in the dismal light. Doctor himself was hospitably kind, but spoke little and engaged none of us in talk. Oftenest, I could see, he was absent, wandering in distant fields of abstruse character, to judge by the sorrowful glaze which came over his

honest eyes and face. I was not ill-pleased to get away, *ignotus*, from one of whom I had gained no new knowledge. The second time was in a fine drawing-room (a Mr. Parker's) in a rather solemn evening party, where the Doctor, perhaps bored by the secularities and trivialities elsewhere, put his chair beside mine in some clear space of floor, and talked earnestly for a good while on some scheme he had for proving Christianity by its visible fitness for human nature. 'All written in us already,' he said, 'in *sympathetic ink*. Bible awakens it; and you can read.' I listened respectfully, not with any real conviction, only with a clear sense of the geniality and goodness of the man. I never saw him again till within a few months of his death, when he called here, and sate with us an hour, very agreeable to *her* and to me after the long abeyance. She had been with him once on a short tour in the Highlands; me too he had got an esteem of—liked the 'Cromwell' especially, and Cromwell's self ditto, which I heartily reckoned creditable of him. He did not speak of that, nor of the Free Kirk war, though I gave him a chance of that which he soon softly let drop. The now memorablest point to me was of Painter Wilkie, who had been his familiar in youth, and whom he seemed to me to understand

well. 'Painter's language,' he said, 'was stinted and difficult.' Wilkie had told him how in painting his *Rent Day* he thought long, and to no purpose, by what means he should signify that the sorrowful woman with the children there, had left no husband at home, but was a widow under tragical self-management; till one morning, pushing along the Strand, he met a small artisan family going evidently on excursion, and in one of their hands or pockets somewhere was visible the *house-key*. 'That will do,' thought Wilkie, and prettily introduced the house-key as *coral* in the poor baby's mouth, just drawn from poor mammy's pocket, to keep her unconscious little orphan peaceable. He warmly agreed with me in thinking Wilkie a man of real genius, real vivacity and simplicity. Chalmers was himself very beautiful to us during that hour, grave —not too grave—earnest, cordial face and figure very little altered, only the head had grown white, and in the eyes and features you could read something of a serene sadness, as if evening and star-crowned night were coming on, and the hot noises of the day growing unexpectedly insignificant to one. We had little thought this would be the last of Chalmers; but in a few weeks after he suddenly died . . . He was a man of much natural dignity,

ingenuity, honesty, and kind affection, as well as sound intellect and imagination. A very eminent vivacity lay in him, which could rise to complete impetuosity (growing conviction, passionate eloquence, fiery play of heart and head) all in a kind of *rustic* type, one might say, though wonderfully true and tender. He had a burst of genuine fun too, I have heard, of the same honest but most plebeian broadly natural character; his laugh was a hearty low guffaw; and his tones in preaching would rise to the piercingly pathetic—no preacher ever went so into one's heart. He was a man essentially of little culture, of narrow sphere, all his life; such an intellect professing to be educated, and yet so ill *read*, so ignorant in all that lay beyond the horizon in place or in time, I have almost nowhere met with. A man capable of much soaking indolence, lazy brooding and do-nothingism, as the first stage of his life well indicated; a man thought to be timid almost to the verge of cowardice, yet capable of impetuous activity and blazing audacity, as his latter years showed.

I suppose there will never again be such a preacher in any Christian church.

[A slip from a newspaper is appended here, with a note to it in Carlyle's hand.

'It is a favourite speculation of mine that if spared to sixty we then enter on the seventh decade of human life, and that this if possible should be turned into the Sabbath of our earthly pilgrimage and spent sabbatically, as if on the shores of an eternal world, or in the outer courts as it were of the temple that is above, the tabernacle in Heaven. What enamours me all the more of this idea is the retrospect of my mother's widowhood. I long, if God should spare me, for such an old age as she enjoyed, spent as if at the gate of heaven, and with such a fund of inward peace and hope as made her nine years' widowhood a perfect feast and foretaste of the blessedness that awaits the righteous.'—*Dr. Chalmers.*

Carlyle writes:

'Had heard it before from Thomas Erskine (of Linlathen), with pathetic comment as to what Chalmers's own sabbath-decade had been.']

Irving's discourses were far more opulent in ingenious thought than Chalmers's, which indeed were usually the triumphant on-rush of *one* idea with its satellites and supporters. But Irving's wanted in definite *head* and *backbone*, so that on arriving you might see clearly where and how. That was mostly a defect one felt in traversing those

grand forest-avenues of his with their multifarious outlooks to right and left. He had many thoughts pregnantly expressed, but they did not tend all one way. The reason was there were in him infinitely more thoughts than in Chalmers, and he took far less pains in setting them forth. The uniform custom was, he shut himself up all Saturday, became invisible all that day; and had his sermon ready before going to bed. Sermon an hour long or more; it could not be done in one day, except as a kind of *extempore* thing. It flowed along, not as a swift flowing river, but as a broad, deep, and bending or meandering one. Sometimes it left on you the impression almost of a fine noteworthy *lake*. Noteworthy always; nobody could mistake it for the discourse of other than an uncommon man. Originality and truth of purpose were undeniable in it, but there was withal, both in the matter and the manner, a something which might be suspected of affectation, a noticeable preference and search for striking quaint and ancient locutions; a style modelled on the Miltonic old Puritan; something too in the delivering which seemed elaborate and of forethought, or might be suspected of being so. He (still) always read, but not in the least slavishly; and made abundant rather strong gesticulations in the

right places ; voice one of the finest and powerfullest, but not a power quite on the heart as Chalmers's was, which you felt to be coming direct *from* the heart. Irving's preaching was accordingly a thing not above criticism to the Glasgowites, and it got a good deal on friendly terms, as well as admiration plenty, in that tempered form ; not often admiration pure and simple, as was now always Chalmers's lot there. Irving no doubt secretly felt the difference, and could have wished it otherwise; but the generous heart of him was incapable of envying any human excellence, and instinctively would either bow to it and to the rewards of it withal, or rise to loyal emulation of it and them. He seemed to be much liked by many good people; a fine friendly and wholesome element I thought it for him; and the criticisms going, in connection with the genuine admiration going, might be taken as handsomely *near* the mark.

To me, for his sake, his Glasgow friends were very good, and I liked their ways (as I might easily do) much better than some I had been used to. A romance of novelty lay in them too. It was the *first* time I had looked into opulent burgher life in any such completeness and composed solidity as here. We went to Paisley several times, to certain

'Carliles' (so they spelt their name; Annan people of a century back), rich enough old men of religious moral turn, who received me as 'a cousin;' their daughters good if not pretty, and one of the sons (Warrand Carlile, who afterwards became a clergyman) not quite uninteresting to me for some years coming. He married the youngest sister of Edward Irving, and I think is still preaching somewhere in the West Indies. Wife long since died, but one of their sons, 'Gavin Carlile' (or now Carlyle), a Free Kirk minister here in London, editing his uncle's select works just now (1866). David Hope, of Glasgow, always a little stuck to me afterwards, an innocent cheerful Nathaniel, ever ready to oblige. The like much more emphatically did William Graham of Burnswark, whom I first met in the above city under Irving's auspices, and who might in his way be called a friend both to Irving and me so long as his life lasted, which was thirty odd years longer. Other conquests of mine in Glasgow I don't recollect. Graham of Burnswark perhaps deserves a paragraph.

Graham was turned of fifty when I first saw him, a lumpish, heavy, but stirring figure; had got something lamish about one of the knees or ankles which gave a certain rocking motion to his gait; firm

jocund affectionate face, rather reddish with good cheer, eyes big, blue and laughing, nose defaced with snuff, fine bald broad-browed head, ditto almost always with an ugly brown scratch wig. He was free of hand and of heart, laughed with sincerity at not very much of fun, liked widely yet with some selection, and was widely liked. The history of him was curious. His father, first some small farmer in 'Corrie Water' perhaps, was latterly for many years (I forget whether as farmer or as shepherd, but guess the former) stationary at Burnswark, a notable tabular hill, of no great height, but detached a good way on every side, far seen almost to the shores of Liverpool, indeed commanding all round the whole of that large *saucer*, fifty to thirty miles in radius, the brother point of which is now called Gretna ('Gretan How,' Big Hollow, at the head of Solway Frith); a Burnswark beautiful to look on and much noted from of old. Has a glorious Roman camp on the south flank of it, 'the best preserved in Britain except one' (says General Roy); velvet sward covering the whole, but trenches, prætorium (three conic mounds) etc. not altered otherwise; one of the finest limpid *wells* within it; and a view to Liverpool as was said, and into Tynedale, to the Cumberland and even Yorkshire mountains on the one side,

and on the other into the Moffat ditto and the Selkirkshire and Eskdale.

The name 'Burnswark' is probably Birrenswark (or fortification work). Three Roman stations, with Carlisle (Caer Lewel, as old as King Solomon) for mother: Netherbie, Middlebie, and Owerbie (or Upperby) in Eskdale. The specific Roman town of Middlebie is about half a mile below the Kirk (i.e. eastward of it) and is called by the country people 'the Birrens' (i.e. the Scrags or Haggles, I should think), a place lying all in dimples and wrinkles, with ruined houses if you dig at all, grassy but inarable part of which is still kept sacred *in lea* by 'the Duke' (of Queensberry, now of Buccleuch and Queensberry) while the rest has been all dug to powder in the last sixty or seventy years by the adjoining little lairds. Many altars, stone figures, tools, axes, etc. were got out of the dug part, and it used to be one of the tasks of my boyhood to try what I could do at reading the *inscriptions* found there; which was not much, nor almost ever *wholly* enough, though the country folk were thankful for my little Latin faithfully applied, like the light of a damp windlestraw to them in what was total darkness. The fable went that from Birrens to Birrenswark, two and a half miles, there ran a

'subterranean passage,' complete *tunnel*, equal to *carts* perhaps, but nobody pretended even to have seen a trace of it, or indeed did believe it.

In my boyhood, passing Birrens for the first time, I noticed a small conduit (cloaca, I suppose) abruptly ending or issuing in the then recent precipice which had been left by those diggers, and recollect nothing more, except my own poor awe and wonder at the strange scene, strange face to face vestige of the vanished æons. The Caledonian Railway now screams and shudders over this dug part of Birrens; William Graham, whom I am (too idly) writing of, was born at the north-east end of Burnswark, and passed in labour, but in health, frugality, and joy, the first twenty-five years of his life.

Graham's father and mother seem to have been of the best kind of Scottish peasant; he had brothers two or perhaps three, of whom William was the youngest, who were all respected in their state, and who all successively emigrated to America on the following slight first-cause. John Graham, namely the eldest of the brothers, had been balloted for the Militia (Dumfriesshire Militia), and on private consideration with himself preferred expatriation to soldiering, and quietly took ship to push his fortune in the New World instead. John's adventures, which

probably were rugged enough, are not on record for me; only that in no great length of time he found something of success, a solid merchant's clerkship or the like, with outlooks towards merchant's business of his own one day; and invited thither one by one all his brothers to share with him or push like him there. Philadelphia was the place, at least the ultimate place, and the firm of 'Graham Brothers' gradually rose to be a considerable and well-reputed house in that city. William, probably some fifteen years junior of John, was the last brother that went; after him their only sister, parents having now died at Burnswark, was sent for also, and kept house for William or for another of the bachelor brothers—one at least of them had wedded and has left Pennsylvanian Grahams. William continued bachelor for life; and this only sister returned ultimately to Annandale, and was William's house manager there. I remember her well, one of the amiablest of old maids; kind, true, modestly polite to the very heart; and in such a curious style of polite culture; Pennsylvanian Yankee grafted on Annandale Scotch. Used to 'expect' instead of 'suppose,' would 'guess' now and then, and commonly said Pastor (which she pronounced 'Paustor') to signify clergyman or minister.

The Graham Brothers house growing more and more prosperous and opulent in Philadelphia, resolved at last to have a branch in Glasgow (year 1814 or so) and despatched William thither, whose coming I dimly remember was heard of in Annandale by his triumphant purchase for himself in fee simple of the farm and hill of Burnswark, which happened to come into the market then. His tradings and observations in Glasgow were extensive, not unskilful that I heard of, and were well looked on, as he himself still more warmly was, but at length (perhaps a year or more before my first sight of him) some grand cargo from or to Philadelphia, some whole fleet of cargoes, all mostly of the same commodity, had by sudden change of price during the voyage ruinously misgone, and the fine house of Graham Brothers came to the ground. William was still in the throes of settlement, just about quitting his fine well-appointed mansion in Vincent Street, in a cheerfully stoical humour, and only clinging with invincible tenacity to native Burnswark, which of course was no longer his except on bond with securities, with interest, etc. all of excessive extent, his friends said, but could not persuade him, so dear to his heart was that native bit

of earth, with the fond improvements, planting and the like, which he had begun upon it.

Poor Graham kept iron hold of Burnswark, ultimately as plain tenant; good sheep farm at a fair rent; all attempts otherwise, and they were many and strenuous, having issued in non-success, and the hope of ever recovering himself, or it, being plainly futile. Graham never merchanted more; was once in America on exploratory visit, where his brothers were in some degree set up again, but had no 8,000*l.* to spare for his Burnswark. He still hung a little to Glasgow, tried various things, rather of a 'projector' sort, all of which miscarried, till happily he at length ceased visiting Glasgow, and grew altogether rustic, a successful sheep-farmer at any rate, fat, cheery, happy, and so for his last twenty years rode visiting about among the little lairds of an intelligent turn, who liked him well, but not with entire acquiescence in all the copious quasi-intelligent talk he had. Irving had a real love for him, with silent deductions in the unimportant respects; he an entire loyalty and heart-devotedness to Irving. Me also he took up in a very warm manner, and for the first few years was really pleasant and of use to me, especially in my then Annandale summers. Through him I made

acquaintance with a really intellectual modest circle, or rather pair of people, a Mr. and Mrs. Johnston, at their place called Grange, on the edge of the hill country, seven or eight miles from my father's. Mrs. Johnston was a Glasgow lady, of fine culture, manners, and intellect; one of the smallest voices, and most delicate, gently smiling figure; had been in London etc. Her husband was by birth laird of this pretty Grange, and had modestly withdrawn to it, finding merchanthood in Glasgow ruinous to weak health. The elegance, the perfect courtesy, the simple purity and beauty I found in both these good people, was an authentic attraction and profit to me in those years, and I still remember them and the bright little environment of them, with a kind of pathetic affection. I as good as lost them on my leaving Annandale. Mr. Johnston soon after died; and with Mrs. Johnston there could only be at rare intervals a flying call, sometimes only the attempt at such, which amounted to little.

Graham also I practically more and more lost from that epoch (1826), ever memorable to me otherwise. He hung about me studiously, and with unabating good-will, on my Annandale visits to my mother, to whom he was ever attentive

and respectful for my sake and her own. Dear good mother! best of mothers! He pointed out the light of her 'end window,' *gable* window, one dark night to me, as I convoyed him from Scotsbrig. 'Will there ever be in the world for you a prettier light than that?' He was once or more with us at Craigenputtoch, ditto at London, and wrote long letters, not unpleasant to read and *burn*. But his sphere was shrinking more and more into dark safety and monstrous rusticity, mine the reverse in respect of safety and otherwise—nay, at length his faculties were getting bebetated, wrapt in lazy eupeptic fat. The last time I ever, strictly speaking, saw him (for he was grown more completely stupid and oblivious every subsequent time), was at the ending of my mother's funeral (December 1853), day bitterly cold, heart bitterly sad, at the gate of Ecclefechan kirkyard. He was sitting in his gig just about to go, I ready to mount for Scotsbrig, and in a day more for London; he gazed on me with his big innocent face, big heavy eyes, as if half conscious, half-frozen in the cold, and we shook hands nearly in silence.

In the Irving Glasgow time, and for a while afterwards, there went on at Edinburgh too a kind of cheery visiting and messaging from these good

Graham-Hope people. I do not recollect the visits as peculiarly successful, none of them except *one*, which was on occasion of George IV.'s famed 'visit to Edinburgh,' when Graham and Hope (I think both of them together), occupied my rooms with grateful satisfaction. I myself *not there*. I had grown disgusted with the fulsome 'loyalty' of all classes in Edinburgh towards this approaching George Fourth visit; whom though called and reckoned a 'king,' I in my private radicalism of mind could consider only as a—what shall I call him? and loyalty was not the feeling I had towards any part of the phenomenon. At length reading one day in a public placard from the magistrates (of which there had been several), that on His Majesty's advent it was expected that everybody would be carefully well-dressed, 'black coat and white duck trousers,' if at all convenient, I grumbled to myself, 'scandalous flunkeys! I, if I were changing my dress at all, should incline rather to be in white coat and black trousers;' but resolved rather to quit the city altogether, and be absent and silent in such efflorescence of the flunkeyisms, which I was—for a week or more in Annandale, at Kirkchrist with the Churches in Galloway; ride to Lochinbrack Well by Kenmore Lake etc. how vivid

still! and found all comfortably rolled away at my return to Edinburgh.

It was in one of those visits by Irving himself,[1] without any company, that he took me out to Haddington (as recorded elsewhere), to what has since been so momentous through all my subsequent life. We walked and talked a good sixteen miles in the sunny summer afternoon. He took me round by Athelstanford ('Elshinford') parish, where John Home wrote his 'Douglas,' in case of any enthusiasm for Home or it, which I secretly had not. We leapt the solitary kirkyard wall, and found close by us the tombstone of 'old Skirring,' a more remarkable person, author of the strangely vigorous doggrel ballad on 'Preston Pans Battle' (and the ditto answer to a military *challenge* which ensued thereupon), 'one of the most athletic and best natured of men,' said his epitaph. This is nearly all I recollect of the journey; the end of it, and what I saw there, will be memorable to me while life or thought endures. Ah me! ah me!—I think there had been before this on Irving's own part some movements of negotiation over to Kirkcaldy for *release* there, and of hinted hope towards Haddington, which was so infinitely miserable! and something (as I used to

[1] June 1821.

gather long afterwards) might have come of it had not Kirkcaldy been so peremptory and stood by its bond (as spoken or as written), 'bond or utter ruin, sir!' upon which Irving had honourably submitted and resigned himself. He seemed to be quite composed upon the matter by this time.[1] I remember in an inn at Haddington that first night a little passage. We had just seen in the minister's house (whom Irving was to preach for), a certain shining Miss Augusta, tall, shapely, airy, giggly, but a consummate fool, whom I have heard called 'Miss Disgusta' by the satirical. We were now in our double-bedded room, George Inn, Haddington, stripping, or perhaps each already in his bed, when Irving jocosely said to me, 'What would you take to marry Miss Augusta now?' 'Not for an entire and perfect chrysolite the size of this terraqueous globe,' answered I at once; with hearty laughter from Irving. 'And what would you take to marry Miss Jeannie, think you?' 'Hah, I should not be so hard to deal with there I should imagine!' upon which another bit of laugh from Irving, and we composedly went to sleep. I was supremely dyspeptic and out of health during those

[1] Carlyle was mistaken here. Irving's hopes at this time were at their brightest.

three or four days, and they were the beginning of a new life to me.

The notablest passage in my Glasgow visits was probably the year before this Edinburgh-Haddington one on Irving's part. I was about quitting Edinburgh for Annandale, and had come round by Glasgow on the road home. I was utterly out of health as usual, but had otherwise had my enjoyments. We had come to Paisley as finale, and were lodging pleasantly with the Carliles. Warrand Carlile, hearing I had to go by Muirkirk in Ayrshire, and Irving to return to Glasgow, suggested a convoy of me by Irving and himself, furthered by a fine riding horse of Warrand's, on the ride-and-tie principle. Irving had cheerfully consented. 'You and your horse as far as you can; I will go on to Drumclog Moss with Carlyle; then turn home for Glasgow in good time, he on to Muirkirk which will be about a like distance for him.' 'Done, done!' To me of course nothing could be welcomer than this improvised convoy, upon which we entered accordingly; early A.M., a dry brisk April day, and one still full of strange dim interest to me. I never rode and tied (especially with three) before or since, but recollect we had no difficulty with it.

Warrand had settled that we should breakfast

with a Rev. Mr. French some fifteen miles off, after which he and horse would return. I recollect the Mr. French, a fat apoplectic-looking old gentleman, in a room of very low ceiling, but plentifully furnished with breakfast materials; who was very kind to us, and seemed glad and ready to be invaded in this sudden manner by articulate speaking young men. Good old soul! I never saw him or heard mention of him again.

Drumclog Moss (after several hours fallen vacant and wholly dim) is the next object that survives, and Irving and I sitting by ourselves under the silent bright skies among the 'peat-hags' of Drumclog with a world all silent round us. These peat-hags are still pictured in me; brown bog, all pitted and broken into heathy remnants and bare abrupt wide holes, four or five feet deep, mostly dry at present; a flat wilderness of broken bog, of quagmire not to be trusted (probably wetter in old days there, and wet still in rainy seasons). Clearly a good place for Cameronian preaching, and dangerously difficult for Claverse and horse soldiery if the suffering remnant had a few old muskets among them! Scott's novels had given the Claverse skirmish here, which all Scotland knew of already, a double interest in those days. I know not that we

talked much of this; but we did of many things, perhaps more confidentially than ever before. A colloquy the sum of which is still mournfully beautiful to me, though the details are gone. I remember us sitting on the brow of a peat hag, the sun shining, our own voices the one sound. Far, far away to the westward over our brown horizon, towered up white and visible at the many miles of distance a high irregular pyramid. 'Ailsa Craig,' we at once guessed, and thought of the seas and oceans over yonder. But we did not long dwell on that. We seem to have seen no human creature after French (though of course our very road would have to be enquired after); to have had no bother and no need of human assistance or society, not even of refection, French's breakfast perfectly sufficing us. The talk had grown ever friendlier, more interesting. At length the declining sun said plainly, you must part. We sauntered slowly into the Glasgow-Muirkirk highway. Masons were building at a wayside cottage near by, or were packing up on ceasing for the day. We leant our backs to a dry stone fence ('stone dike,' dry stone wall, very common in that country), and looking into the western radiance, continued in talk yet a while, loth both of us to go. It was just here, as the sun

was sinking, Irving actually drew from me by degrees, in the softest manner, the confession that I did not think as he of the Christian religion, and that it was vain for me to expect I ever could or should. This, if this was so, he had pre-engaged to take well of me, like an elder brother, if I would be frank with him. And right loyally he did so, and to the end of his life we needed no concealments on that head, which was really a step gained.

The sun was about setting when we turned away each on his own path. Irving would have had a good space further to go than I (as now occurs to me), perhaps fifteen or seventeen miles, and would not be in Kent Street till towards midnight. But he feared no amount of walking, enjoyed it rather, as did I in those young years. I felt sad, but affectionate and good, in my clean, utterly quiet little inn at Muirkirk, which, and my feelings in it, I still well remember. An innocent little Glasgow youth (young bagman on his first journey, I supposed) had talked awhile with me in the otherwise solitary little sitting-room. At parting he shook hands, and with something of sorrow in his tone said, 'Good night, I shall not see *you* again.' A unique experience of mine in inns.

I was off next morning by four o'clock, Muir-

kirk, except possibly its pillar of furnace smoke, all sleeping round me, concerning which, I remembered in the silence something I had heard from my father in regard to this famed Iron village (famed long before, but still rural, natural, not all in a roaring state, which as I imagine, it is now). This is my father's picture of an incident he had got to know and never could forget. On the platform of one of the furnaces a solitary man (stoker if they call him so) was industriously minding his business, now throwing in new fuel and ore, now poking the white-hot molten mass that was already in. A poor old maniac woman silently joined him and looked, whom also he was used to and did not mind. But after a little, his back being towards the furnace mouth, he heard a strange thump or cracking puff; and turning suddenly, the poor old maniac woman was not there, and on advancing to the furnace-edge he saw the figure of her red-hot, semi-transparent, floating as ashes on the fearful element for some moments! This had printed itself on my father's brain; twice perhaps I had heard it from him, which was rare, nor will it ever leave my brain either.

That day was full of mournful interest to me in the waste moors, there in bonny Nithsdale (my first sight of it) in the bright but palish, almost pathetic

sunshine and utter loneliness. At eight P.M. I got well to Dumfries, the longest walk I ever made, fifty-four miles in one day.

Irving's visits to Annandale, one or two every summer, while I spent summers (for cheapness sake and health's sake) in solitude at my father's there, were the sabbath times of the season to me; by far the beautifullest days, or rather the only beautiful I had! Unwearied kindness, all that tenderest anxious affection could do, was always mine from my incomparable mother, from my dear brothers, little clever active sisters, and from everyone, brave father in his tacit grim way not at all excepted. There was good talk also; with mother at evening tea, often on theology (where I did at length contrive, by judicious endeavour, to speak piously and *agreeably* to one so pious, *without* unveracity on my part). Nay it was a kind of interesting exercise to wind softly out of those anxious affectionate cavils of her dear heart on such occasions, and get real sympathy, real assent under borrowed forms. Oh, her patience with me! oh, her never-tiring love! Blessed be 'poverty' which was never indigence in any form, and which has made all that tenfold more dear and sacred to me! With my two eldest brothers also, Alick and John, who were full of ingenuous curiosity, and had (espe-

cially John) abundant intellect, there was nice talking as we roamed about the fields in *gloaming* time after their work was done; and I recollect noticing (though probably it happened various times) that little Jean ('Craw' as we called her, she alone of us not being blond but blackhaired) one of the cleverest children I ever saw (then possibly about six or seven) had joined us for her private behoof, and was assiduously trotting at my knee, cheek, eyes, and ear assiduously turned up to me! Good little soul! I thought it and think it very pretty of her. She alone of them had nothing to do with milking; I suppose her charge would probably be ducks or poultry, all safe to bed now, and was turning her bit of leisure to this account instead of another. She was hardly longer than my leg by the whole head and neck. There was a younger sister (Jenny) who is now in Canada, of far inferior speculative intellect to Jean, but who has proved to have (we used to think), superior *housekeeping* faculties to hers. The same may be said of Mary the next elder to Jean. Both these, especially Jenny, got husbands, and have dexterously and loyally made the most of them and their families and households. Henning, of Hamilton, Canada West; Austin, of the Gill, Annan, are now the names of these two. Jean is Mrs. Aitken, of Dumfries, still a clever, speculative,

ardent, affectionate and discerning woman, but much *zersplittert* by the cares of life; *zersplittert*; steadily denied acumination or definite consistency and direction to a point; a 'tragedy' often repeated in this poor world, the more the pity for the world too!

All this was something, but in all this I gave more than I got, and it left a sense of isolation, of sadness; as the rest of my imprisoned life all with emphasis did. I kept daily studious, reading diligently what few books I could get, learning what was possible, German etc. Sometimes Dr. Brewster turned me to account (on most frugal terms always) in wretched little translations, compilations, which were very welcome too, though never other than dreary. Life was all dreary, 'eerie' (Scotticè), tinted with the hues of imprisonment and impossibility; hope practically not there, only obstinacy, and a grim steadfastness to strive without hope as with. To all which Irving's advent was the pleasant (temporary) contradiction and *reversal*, like sunrising to night, or impenetrable fog, and its spectralities! The time of his coming, the how and when of his movements and possibilities, were always known to me beforehand. On the set day I started forth better dressed than usual, strode along for Annan which lay pleasantly in sight all the way (seven miles or more from Mainhill). In the woods of Mount Annan I

would probably meet Irving strolling towards me; and then what a talk for the three miles down that bonny river's bank, no sound but our own voices amid the lullaby of waters and the twittering of birds! We were sure to have several such walks, whether the first day or not, and I remember none so well as some (chiefly *one* which is not otherwise of moment) in that fine locality.

I generally stayed at least one night, on several occasions two or even more, and I remember no visits with as pure and calm a pleasure. Annan was then at its culminating point, a fine, bright, self-confident little town (gone now to dimness, to decay, and almost grass on its streets by railway transit) Bits of travelling notabilities were sometimes to be found alighted there. Edinburgh people, Liverpool people, with whom it was interesting for the recluse party to 'measure minds' for a little, and be on your best behaviour, both as to matter and to manner. Musical Thomson (memorable, more so than venerable, as the publisher of Burns's songs) him I saw one evening, sitting in the reading-room, a clean-brushed, commonplace old gentleman in scratch wig, whom we spoke a few words to and took a good look of. Two young Liverpool brothers, Nelson their name, scholars just out of Oxford, were

on visit one time in the Irving circle, specially at Provost Dixon's, Irving's brother-in-law's. These were very interesting to me night after night; handsome, intelligent, polite young men, and the first of their species I had seen. Dixon's on other occasions was usually my lodging, and Irving's along with me, but would not be on this (had I the least remembrance on that head), except that I seem to have been always beautifully well lodged, and that Mrs. Dixon, Irving's eldest sister, and very like him *minus* the bad eye, and *plus* a fine *dimple* on the bright cheek, was always beneficent and fine to me. Those Nelsons I never saw again, but have heard once in late years that they never *did* anything, but continued ornamentally lounging with Liverpool as headquarters; which seemed to be something like the prophecy one might have gathered from those young aspects in the Annandale visit, had one been intent to scan them. A faded Irish dandy once picked up by us is also present; one fine clear morning Irving and I found this figure lounging about languidly on the streets. Irving made up to him, invited him home to breakfast, and home he politely and languidly went with us; 'bound for some cattle fair,' he told us, Norwich perhaps, and waiting for some coach; a parboiled, insipid 'agri-

cultural dandy' or old fogie, of Hibernian type; wore a superfine light green frock, snow-white corduroys; age above fifty, face colourless, crow-footed, feebly conceited; proved to have nothing in him, but especially nothing *bad*, and we had been human to him. Breakfast this morning, I remember, was at Mrs. Ferguson's (Irving's third sister; there were four in all, and there had been three brothers, but were now only two, the youngest and the eldest of the set). Mrs. F.'s breakfast—tea—was praised by the Hibernian pilgrim and well deserved it.

Irving was generally happy in those little Annandale 'sunny islets' of his year; happier perhaps than ever elsewhere All was quietly flourishing in this his natal element; father's house neat and contented; ditto ditto, or perhaps blooming out a little farther, those of his daughters, all nestled close to it in place withal; a very prettily thriving group of things and objects in their limited, in their safe seclusion; and Irving was silently but visibly in the hearts of all the flower and crowning jewel of it. He was quiet, cheerful, genial. Soul unruffled and clear as a mirror, honestly loving and loved all round. His time too was so *short*, every moment valuable. Alas, and in so few years after,

ruin's ploughshare had run through it all, and it was prophesying to you, 'Behold, in a little while the last trace of me will not be here, and I shall have vanished tragically and fled into oblivion and darkness like a bright dream.' As is long since mournfully the fact, when one passes, pilgrim-like, those old houses still standing there, which I have once or twice done.

Our dialogues did not turn very much or long on personal topics, but wandered wide over the world and its ways—new men of the travelling conspicuous sort whom he had seen in Glasgow, new books sometimes, my scope being short in that respect; all manner of interesting objects and discoursings; but to me the personal, when they did come in course, as they were sure to do now and then in fit proportion, were naturally the gratefullest of all. Irving's voice was to me one of blessedness and new hope. He would not hear of my gloomy prognostications; all nonsense that I never should get out of these obstructions and impossibilities; the real impossibility was that such a talent etc. should not cut itself clear one day. He was very generous to everybody's 'talent,' especially to mine; which to myself was balefully dubious, nothing but bare scaffold poles, weatherbeaten corner-pieces of per-

haps a 'potential talent,' even visible to me. His predictions about what I was to be flew into the completely incredible; and however welcome, I could only rank them as devout imaginations and quiz them away. 'You will see now,' he would say, 'one day we two will shake hands across the brook, you as first in literature, I as first in divinity, and people will say, 'Both these fellows are from Annandale. Where is Annandale?' This I have heard him say more than once, always in a laughing way, and with self-mockery enough to save it from being barrenly vain. He was very sanguine, I much the reverse; and had his consciousness of power, and his generous ambitions and forecastings. Never ungenerous, never ignoble; only an enemy could have called him vain, but perhaps an enemy could or at least would, and occasionally did. His pleasure in being *loved* by others was very great, and this if you looked well was manifest in him when the case offered; never more or worse than this in any case, and this too he had well in check at all times. If this was vanity, then he might by some be called a little vain, if not not. To trample on the smallest mortal or be tyrannous even towards the basest of caitiffs was never at any moment Irving's turn. No man that I have known had a sunnier type of

character, or so little of hatred towards any man or thing. On the whole, *less* of rage in him than I ever saw combined with such a fund of courage and conviction. Noble Irving! he was the faithful elder brother of my life in those years; generous, wise, beneficent, all his dealings and discoursings with me were. Well may I recollect as blessed things in my existence those Annan and other visits, and feel that beyond all other men he was helpful to me when I most needed help.

Irving's position at Glasgow, I could dimly perceive, was not without its embarrassments, its discouragements; and evidently enough it was nothing like the ultimatum he was aiming at, in the road to which I suppose he saw the obstructions rather multiplying than decreasing or diminishing. Theological Scotland above all things is dubious and jealous of originality, and Irving's tendency to take a road of his own was becoming daily more indisputable. He must have been severely *tried in the sieve* had he continued in Scotland. Whether that might not have brought him out clearer, more pure and victorious in the end, must remain for ever a question. Much suffering and contradiction it would have cost him, mean enough for most part, and *possibly* with loss of patience, with mutiny etc., for

ultimate result, but one may now regret that the experiment was never to be made.

Of course the invitation to London was infinitely welcome to him, summing up, as it were, all of good that had been in Glasgow (for it was the rumours and reports from Glasgow people that had awakened Hatton Garden to his worth), and promising to shoot him aloft over all that had been obstructive there into wider new elements. The negotiations and correspondings had all passed at a distance from me, but I recollect well our final practical parting on that occasion. A dim night, November or December, between nine and ten, in the coffee-room of the Black Bull Hotel. He was to start by early coach to-morrow. Glad I was bound to be, and in a sense was, but very sad I could not help being. He himself looked hopeful, but was agitated with anxieties too, doubtless with regrets as well; more clouded with agitation than I had ever seen the fine habitual solar light of him before. I was the last friend he had to take farewell of. He showed me old Sir Harry Moncrieff's testimonial; a Reverend Presbyterian Scotch Baronet of venerable quality (the last of his kind), whom I knew well by sight, and by his universal character for integrity, honest orthodoxy, shrewdness, and

veracity. Sir Harry testified with brevity, in stiff, firm, ancient hand, several important things on Irving's behalf; and ended by saying, 'All this is my true opinion, and meant to be understood as it is written.' At which we had our bit of approving laugh, and thanks to Sir Harry. Irving did not laugh that night; laughter was not the mood of either of us. I gave him as road companion a bundle of the best cigars (gift of Graham to me) I almost ever had. He had no practice of smoking, but a little by a time, and agreed that on the coach roof, where he was to ride night and day, a cigar now and then might be tried with advantage. Months afterwards I learnt he had begun by losing every cigar of them; left the whole bundle lying on the seat in the stall of the coffee-room; this cigar gift being probably our last transaction there. We said farewell; and I had in some sense, according to my worst anticipations, lost my friend's society (not my friend himself ever), from that time.

For a long while I saw nothing of Irving after this. Heard in the way of public rumours or more specific report, chiefly from Graham and Hope of Glasgow, how grandly acceptable he had been at Hatton Garden, and what negotiating, deliberating, and contriving had ensued in respect of the impedi-

ments there ('preacher ignorant of Gaelic; our fundamental law requires him to preach half the Sunday in that language,' etc.), and how at length all these were got over or tumbled aside, and the matter settled into adjustment. 'Irving, our preacher, *talis qualis*,' to the huge contentment of his congregation and all onlookers, of which latter were already in London a select class; the chief religious people getting to be aware that an altogether uncommon man had arrived here to speak to them.

On all these points, and generally on all his experiences in London, glad enough should I have been to hear from him abundantly, but he wrote nothing on such points, nor in fact had I expected anything; and the truth was, which did a little disappoint me at the time, our regular correspondence had here suddenly come to *finis*! I was not angry, how could I be? I made no solicitation or remonstrance, nor was any poor pride kindled (I think), except strictly, and this in silence, so far as was proper for self-defence; but I was always sorry more or less, and regretted it as a great loss I had by ill-luck undergone. Taken from me by ill-luck! but then had it not been given me by good ditto? Peace, and be silent! In the first month Irving, I

doubt not, had intended much correspondence with me, were the hurlyburly done; but no sooner was it so in some measure, than his flaming popularity had begun, spreading, mounting without limit, and instead of business hurlyburly, there was whirlwind of conflagration.

Noble, good soul! In his last weeks of life, looking back from that grim shore upon the safe sunny isles and smiling possibilities now for ever far behind, he said to Henry Drummond, 'I should have kept Thomas Carlyle closer to me; his counsel, blame, or praise, was always faithful, and few have such eyes.' These words, the first part of them *ipsissima verba*, I know to have been verily his. Must not the most blazing indignation (had the least vestige of such been ever in me for one moment) have died almost into tears at the sound of them? Perfect absolution there had long been without enquiring after penitence. My ever-generous, loving, and noble Irving! . . .

If in a gloomy moment I had fancied that my friend was lost to me because no letters came from him, I had shining proof to the contrary very soon. It was in these first months of Hatton Garden and its imbroglio of affairs, that he did a most signal benefit to me; got me appointed tutor

and intellectual guide and guardian to the young Charles Buller, and his boy brother, now Sir Arthur, and an elderly ex-Indian of mark. The case had its comic points too, seriously important as it was to me for one. Its pleasant real history is briefly this. Irving's preaching had attracted Mrs. Strachey, wife of a well-known Indian official of Somersetshire kindred, then an 'examiner' in the India House, and a man of real worth, far diverse as his worth and ways were from those of his beautiful, enthusiastic, and still youngish wife. A bright creature she, given wholly (though there lay silent in her a great deal of fine childlike mirth and of innocent grace and gift) to things sacred and serious, emphatically what the Germans call a *schöne Seele*. She had brought Irving into her circle, found him good and glorious there, almost more than in the pulpit itself; had been speaking of him to her elder sister, Mrs. Buller (a Calcutta fine lady and princess of the kind worshipped there, a once very beautiful, still very witty, graceful, airy, and ingenuously intelligent woman of the gossamer kind), and had naturally winded up with 'Come and dine with us; come and see this uncommon man.' Mrs. Buller came, saw (I dare say with much suppressed quizzing and wonder) the uncommon man; took to him. She also in her way recognised, as did her husband too, the

robust practical common-sense that was in him; and after a few meetings began speaking of a domestic intricacy there was with a clever but too mercurial and unmanageable eldest son of hers, whom they knew not what to do with.

Irving took sight and survey of this dangerous eldest lad, Charles Buller junior, namely—age then about fifteen, honourably done with Harrow some weeks or months ago, still too young for college on his own footing, and very difficult to dispose of. Irving perceived that though perfectly accomplished in what Harrow could give him, this hungry and highly ingenious youth had fed hitherto on Latin and Greek husks, totally unsatisfying to his huge appetite; that being a young fellow of the keenest sense for everything, from the sublime to the ridiculous, and full of airy ingenuity and fun, he was in the habit in quiet evenings at home of starting *theses* with his mother in favour of Pierce Egan and 'Boxiana,' as if the annals of English boxing were more nutritive to an existing man than those of the Peloponnesian war etc. Against all which etc., as his mother vehemently argued, Charles would stand on the defensive, with such swiftness and ingenuity of fence, that frequently the matter kindled between them; and both being of hot though most placable temper, one or both

grew loud; and the old gentleman, Charles Buller senior, who was very deaf, striking blindly in at this point would embroil the whole matter into a very bad condition! Irving's recipe after some consideration was, 'Send this gifted, unguided youth to Edinburgh College. I know a young man there who could lead him into richer spiritual pastures and take effective charge of him.' Buller thereupon was sent, and his brother Arthur with him; boarded with a good old Dr. Fleming (in George Square) then a clergyman of mark: and I (on a salary of 200*l.* a year) duly took charge. This was a most important thing to me in the economies and practical departments of my life, and I owe it wholly to Irving. On this point I always should remember he did 'write' copiously enough to Dr. Fleming and other parties, and stood up in a gallant and grandiloquent way for every claim and right of his 'young literary friend,' who had nothing to do but wait silent while everything was being adjusted completely to his wish or beyond it.

From the first I found my Charles a most manageable, intelligent, cheery, and altogether welcome and intelligent phenomenon; quite a bit of sunshine in my dreary Edinburgh element. I was in waiting for his brother and him when they landed at Flem-

ing's. We set instantly out on a walk, round by the foot of Salisbury Crags, up from Holyrood, by the Castle and Law Courts, home again to George Square; and really I recollect few more pleasant walks in my life! So all-intelligent, seizing everything you said to him with such a recognition; so loyal-hearted, chivalrous, guileless, so delighted (evidently) with me, as I was with him. Arthur, two years younger, kept mainly silent, being slightly deaf too; but I could perceive that he also was a fine little fellow, honest, intelligent, and kind, and that apparently I had been much in luck in this didactic adventure, which proved abundantly the fact. The two youths took to me with unhesitating liking, and I to them; and we never had anything of quarrel or even of weariness and dreariness between us; such 'teaching' as I never did in any sphere before or since! Charles, by his qualities, his ingenuous curiosities, his brilliancy of faculty and character, was actually an entertainment to me rather than a labour. If we walked together, which I remember sometimes happening, he was the best company I could find in Edinburgh. I had entered him of Dunbar's, in third Greek class at college. In Greek and Latin, in the former in every respect, he was far my superior; and I had to prepare my lessons by

way of keeping him to his work at Dunbar's. Keeping him to work was my one difficulty, if there was one, and my essential function. I tried to guide him into reading, into solid enquiry and reflection. He got some mathematics from me, and might have had more. He got in brief what expansion into such wider fields of intellect and more manful modes of thinking and working, as my poor possibilities could yield him; and was always generously grateful to me afterwards. Friends of mine in a fine frank way, beyond what I could be thought to merit, he, Arthur, and all the family continued till death parted us.

This of the Bullers was the product for me of Irving's first months in London, begun and got under way in the spring and summer of 1822, which followed our winter parting in the Black Bull Inn. I was already getting my head a little up; translating 'Legendre's Geometry' for Brewster; my outlook somewhat cheerfuller. I still remember a happy forenoon (Sunday, I fear) in which I did a *Fifth Book* (or complete 'doctrine of proportion') for that work, complete really and lucid, and yet one of the briefest ever known. It was begun and done that forenoon, and I have (except correcting the press next week) never seen it since; but still feel as if it

were right enough and felicitous in its kind! I got only 50*l.* for my entire trouble in that 'Legendre,' and had already ceased to be in the least proud of *mathematical* prowess; but it was an honest job of work honestly done, though perhaps for bread and water wages, such an improvement upon wages producing (in Jean Paul's phrase) only water without the bread! Towards autumn the Buller family followed to Edinburgh, Mr. and Mrs. B. with a third very small son, Reginald, who was a curious, gesticulating, pen-drawing, etc. little creature, *not* to be under my charge, but who generally *dined* with me at luncheon time, and who afterwards turned out a lazy, hebetated fellow, and is now parson of Troston, a fat living in Suffolk. These English or Anglo-Indian gentlefolks were all a new species to me, sufficiently exotic in aspect; but we recognised each other's quality more and more, and did very well together. They had a house in India Street, saw a great deal of company (of the ex-Indian accidental English gentleman, and native or touring *lion* genus for which Mrs. B. had a lively appetite). I still lodged in my old half-rural rooms, 3 Moray Place, Pilrig Street; attended my two pupils during the day hours (lunching with 'Regie' by way of dinner), and rather seldom, yet to my own taste amply often

enough, was of the 'state dinners;' but walked home to my books and to my brother John, who was now lodging with me and attending college. Except for dyspepsia I could have been extremely content, but that did dismally forbid me now and afterwards! Irving and other friends always treated the 'ill-health' item as a light matter which would soon vanish from the account; but I had a presentiment that it would stay there, and be the Old Man of the Sea to me through life, as it has too tragically done, and will do to the end. Woe on it, and not for my own poor sake alone; and yet perhaps a benefit has been in it, priceless though hideously painful!

Of Irving in these two years I recollect almost nothing personal, though all round I heard a great deal of him; and he must have been in my company at least once prior to the advent of the elder Bullers, and been giving me counsel and light on the matter; for I recollect his telling me of Mrs. Buller (having no doubt portrayed Mr. Buller to me in acceptable and clearly intelligible lineaments) that she—she too, was a worthy, honourable, and quick-sighted lady, but not without fine-ladyisms, crotchets, caprices, —'somewhat like Mrs. Welsh,[1] you can fancy, but

[1] Mrs. Welsh of Haddington, mother of Jane Welsh, afterwards Mrs. Carlyle.

good too, like her.' Ah me! this I perfectly remember, this and nothing more, of those Irving intercourses; and it is a memento to me of a most important province in my poor world at that time! I was in constant correspondence (weekly or oftener sending books etc. etc.) with Haddington, and heard often of Irving, and of things far more interesting to me from that quarter. Gone silent, closed for ever—so sad, so strange it all is now! Irving, I think, had paid a visit there, and had certainly sent letters; by the above token I too must have seen him at least once. All this was in his first London year, or half-year, some months before his 'popularity' had yet taken *fire*, and made him for a time the property of all the world rather than of his friends.

The news of this latter event, which came in vague, vast, fitful, and decidedly *fuliginous* forms, was not quite welcome to any of us, perhaps in secret not welcome at all. People have their envies, their pitiful self-comparisons, and feel obliged sometimes to profess from the teeth outwards more 'joy' than they really have; not an agreeable duty or quasi-duty laid on one. For myself I can say that there was first something of real joy; ('success to the worthy of success'); second, something, probably not yet much, of honest question for his sake, 'Can he guide

it in that huge element, as *e.g.* Chalmers has done in this smaller one?' and third, a noticeable quantity of *Quid tui interest?* What business hast thou with it, poor, suffering, handcuffed wretch? To me these great doings in Hatton Garden came only on wings of rumour, the exact nature of them uncertain. To me for many months back Irving had fallen totally silent, and this seemed a seal to its being a permanent silence. I had been growing steadily worse in health too, and was in habitual wretchedness, ready to say, 'Well, whoever is happy and gaining victory, thou art and art like to be very miserable, and to gain none at all.' These were, so far as I can now read, honestly my feelings on the matter. My love to Irving, now that I look at it across those temporary vapours, had not abated, never did abate: but he seemed for the present flown (or mounted if that was it) far away from me, and I could only say to myself, 'Well, well then, so it must be.'

One heard too, often enough, that in Irving there was visible a certain joyancy and frankness of triumph; that he took things on the high key and nothing doubting; and foolish stories circulated about his lofty sayings, sublimities of manner, and the like: something of which I could believe (and yet kindly interpret too); all which might have been, though it scarcely was, some consolation for our present silence

towards one another. For what could I have said in the circumstances that would have been on both sides agreeable and profitable?

It was not till late in autumn 1823, nearly two years after our parting in the Black Bull Inn, that I fairly, and to a still memorable measure, saw Irving again. He was on his marriage jaunt, Miss Martin of Kirkcaldy now become his life-partner; off on a tour to the Highlands; and the generous soul had determined to pass near Kinnaird (right bank of Tay, a mile below the junction of Tummel and Tay) where I then was with the Bullers, and pick me up to accompany as far as I would. I forget where or how our meeting was (at Dunkeld probably). I seem to have lodged with them two nights in successive inns, and certainly parted from them at Taymouth, Sunday afternoon, where my horse by some means must have been waiting for me. I remember baiting him[1] at Aberfeldy, and to have sate in a kindly and polite yet very huggermugger cottage, among good peasant kirk-people, refreshing themselves, returning home from sermon; sate for perhaps some two hours, till poor Dolph got rested and refected like his fellow-creatures there. I even remember some-

[1] Excellent cob or pony Dolph, i.e. Bardolph, bought for me at Lilliesleaf fair by my dear brother Alick, and which I had ridden into the Highlands for health.

thing like a fraction of scrag of mutton and potatoes eaten by myself—in strange contrast, had I thought of that, to Irving's nearly simultaneous dinner which would be with my Lord at Taymouth Castle. After Aberfeldy cottage the curtain falls.

Irving, on this his wedding jaunt, seemed superlatively happy, as was natural to the occasion, or more than natural, as if at the top of Fortune's wheel, and in a sense (a generous sense it must be owned, and not a *tyrannous* in any measure) striking the stars with his sublime head. Mrs. I. was demure and quiet, though doubtless not less happy at heart, really comely in her behaviour. In the least beautiful she never could be; but Irving had loyally taken her as the consummate flower of all his victory in the world—poor good tragic woman—better probably than the fortune she had after all.

My friend was kind to me as possible, and bore with my gloomy humours (for I was ill and miserable to a degree), nay perhaps as foil to the radiancy of his own sunshine he almost enjoyed them. I remember jovial bursts of laughter from him at my surly sarcastic and dyspeptic utterances. 'Doesn't this subdue you, Carlyle?' said he somewhat solemnly: we were all three standing at the Falls of Aberfeldy (amid the 'Birks' of ditto, and memories of song)

silent in the October dusk, perhaps with moon rising —our ten miles to Taymouth still ahead—'Doesn't this subdue you?' 'Subdue me? I should hope not. I have quite other things to front with defiance in this world than a gush of bog-water tumbling over crags as here!' which produced a joyous and really kind laugh from him as sole answer. He had much to tell me of London, of its fine literary possibilities for a man, of its literary stars, whom he had seen or knew of, Coleridge in particular, who was in the former category, a marvellous sage and man; Hazlitt, who was in the latter, a fine talent too, but tending towards scamphood; was at the *Fonthill Abbey sale* the other week, 'hired to attend as a *white bonnet* there,' said he with a laugh. *White bonnet* intensely vernacular, is the Annandale name for a false bidder merely appointed to raise prices, works so for his five shillings at some poor little Annandale roup[1] of standing crop or hypothecate cottage furniture, and the contrast and yet kinship between these little things and the Fonthill great one was ludicrous enough. He would not hear of ill-health being any hindrance to me; he had himself no experience in that sad province. All seemed possible to him, all was joyful and running upon wheels. He had suffered much angry criticism

[1] Ruf, or vocal sale.

in his late triumphs (on his 'Orations' quite lately), but seemed to accept it all with jocund mockery, as something harmless and beneath him.

Wilson in 'Blackwood' had been very scornful and done his bitterly enough disobliging best. Nevertheless Irving now advising with me about some detail of our motions, or of my own, and finding I still demurred to it, said with true radiancy of look, 'Come now, you know I am the *judicious Hooker*,' which was considered one of Wilson's cruellest hits in that Blackwood article. To myself I remember his answering, in return evidently for some criticism of my own on the orations which was not so laudatory as required, but of which I recollect nothing farther, 'Well, Carlyle, I am glad to hear you say all that; it gives me the opinion of another mind on the thing;' which at least beyond any doubt it did. He was in high sunny humour, good Irving. There was no trace of anger left in him, he was jovial, riant, jocose rather than serious, throughout, which was a new phasis to me. And furthermore in the serious vein itself there was oftenest something of *falsetto* noticeable (as in that of the waterfall 'subduing' one), generally speaking a new height of self-consciousness not yet sure of the manner and carriage that was suitablest for it. He affected to feel his popularity

too great and burdensome; spoke much about a Mrs. Basil Montague; elderly, sage, lofty, whom we got to know afterwards, and to call by his name for her, 'the noble lady;' who had saved him greatly from the dashing floods of that tumultuous and unstable element, hidden him away from it once and again; done kind ministrations, spread sofas for him, and taught him 'to rest.' The last thing I recollect of him was on our coming out from Taymouth Kirk (kirk, congregation, minister, utterly erased from me), how in coming down the broadish little street, he pulled off his big broad hat, and walked, looking mostly to the sky, with his fleece of copious coal-black hair flowing in the wind, and in some spittings of rain that were beginning; how thereupon in a minute or two a livery servant ran up, 'Please sir, aren't you the Rev. Edward Irving?' 'Yes.' 'Then my Lord Breadalbane begs you to stop for him one moment.' Whereupon exit *flunkey*. Irving turning to us with what look of sorrow he could, and 'Again found out!' upon which the old Lord came up,[1] and civilly invited him to dinner. Him and party, I suppose; but to me there was no temptation, or on those terms less than none. So I had Bardolph saddled and rode

[1] Father of the last, or later, Free Kirk one, whom I have sometimes seen.

for Aberfeldy as above said; home, sunk in manifold murky reflections now lost to me; and of which only the fewest and friendliest were comfortably fit for uttering to the Bullers next day. I saw no more of Irving for this time. But he had been at Haddington too, was perhaps again corresponding a little there, and I heard occasionally of him in the beautiful bright and kindly quizzing style that was natural there.

I was myself writing 'Schiller' in those months; a task Irving had encouraged me in and prepared the way for, in the 'London Magazine' Three successive parts there were, I know not how far advanced, at this period; know only that I was nightly working at the thing in a serious sad and *totally solitary* way. My two rooms were in the old 'Mansion' of Kinnaird, some three or four hundred yards from the new, and on a lower level, over-shadowed with wood. Thither I always retired directly after tea, and for most part had the edifice all to myself; good candles, good wood fire, place dry enough, tolerably clean, and such silence and total absence of company, good or bad, as I never experienced before or since. I remember still the grand *sough* of those woods; or, perhaps, in the stillest times, the distant ripple of Tay. Nothing

else to converse with but this and my own thoughts, which never for a moment pretended to be joyful, and were sometimes pathetically sad. I was in the miserablest dyspeptic health, uncertain whether I ought not to *quit* on that account, and at times almost resolving to do it; driven far away from all my loved ones. My poor 'Schiller,' nothing considerable of a work even to my own judgment, had to be steadily persisted in as the only protection and resource in this inarticulate huge 'wilderness,' actual and symbolical. My editor, I think, was complimentary; but I knew better. The 'Times' newspaper once brought me, without commentary at all, an 'eloquent' passage reprinted (about the tragedy of noble literary life), which I remember to have read with more pleasure in this utter isolation, and as the 'first' public nod of approval I had ever had, than any criticism or laudation that has ever come to me since. For about two hours it had lighted in the desolation of my inner man a strange little glow of illumination; but here too, on reflection, I 'knew better,' and the winter afternoon was not over when I saw clearly how very small this conquest was, and things were in their *statu quo* again.

'Schiller' done, I began 'Wilhelm Meister,' a task I liked perhaps rather better, too scanty as my

knowledge of the element, and even of the language, still was. Two years before I had at length, after some repulsions, got into the heart of 'Wilhelm Meister,' and eagerly read it through; my sally out, after finishing, along the vacant streets of Edinburgh, a windless, Scotch-misty Saturday night, is still vivid to me. 'Grand, surely, harmoniously built together, far seeing, wise and true. When, for many years, or almost in my whole life before, have I read such a book?' Which I was now, really in part as a kind of duty, conscientiously translating for my countrymen, if they would read it—as a select few of them have ever since kept doing.

I finished it the next spring, not at Kinnaird but at Mainhill. A month or two there with my best of nurses and of hostesses—my mother; blessed voiceless or low-voiced time, still sweet to me; with London now silently ahead, and the Bullers there, or to be there. Of Kinnaird life they had now had enough, and of my miserable health far more than enough some time before! But that is not my subject here. I had ridden to Edinburgh, there to consult a doctor, having at last reduced my complexities to a single question. Is this disease curable by medicine, or is it chronic, incurable except by regimen, if even so? This

question I earnestly put; got response, 'It is all tobacco, sir; give up tobacco.' Gave it instantly and strictly up. Found, after long months, that I might as well have ridden sixty miles in the opposite direction, and poured my sorrows into the long hairy ear of the first jackass I came upon, as into this select medical man's, whose name I will not mention.

After these still months at Mainhill, my printing at Edinburgh was all finished, and I went thither with my preface in my pocket; finished that and the rest of the 'Meister' business (180*l.* of payment the choicest part of it!) rapidly off; made a visit to Haddington; what a retrospect to me, now encircled by the silences and the eternities; most beautiful, most sad! I remember the 'gimp bonnet' she wore, and her anxious silent thoughts, and my own; mutually legible, both of them, in part; my own little darling now at rest, and far away!—which was the last thing in Scotland. Of the Leith smack, every figure and event in which is curiously present, though so unimportant, I will say nothing; only that we entered London River on a beautiful June morning; scene very impressive to me, and still very vivid in me; and that, soon after midday, I landed safe in Irving's, as appointed.

Irving lived in Myddelton Terrace, *hodie* Myd-

delton Square, Islington, No. 4. It was a new place; houses bright and smart, but inwardly bad, as usual. Only one side of the now square was built—the western side—which has its back towards Battle Bridge region. Irving's house was fourth from the northern end of that, which, of course, had its *left hand* on the New Road. The place was airy, not uncheerful. Our chief prospect from the front was a good space of green ground, and in it, on the hither edge of it, the big open *reservoir* of Myddelton's 'New River,' now above two centuries old for that matter, but recently made new again, and all cased in tight masonry; on the spacious expanse of smooth flags surrounding which it was pleasant on fine mornings to take an early promenade, with the free sky overhead and the New Road with its lively traffic and vehiculation seven or eight good yards below our level. I remember several pretty strolls here, ourselves two, while breakfast was getting ready close by; and the esplanade, a high little island, lifted free out of the noises and jostlings, was all our own.

Irving had received me with the old true friendliness; wife and household eager to imitate him therein. I seem to have stayed a good two or three weeks with them at that time. Buller arrange-

ments not yet ready; nay, sometimes threatening to become uncertain altogether! and off and on during the next ten months I saw a great deal of my old friend and his new affairs and posture. That first afternoon, with its curious phenomena, is still very lively in me. Basil Montague's eldest son,[1] Mr. Montague junior, accidental guest at our neat little early dinner, my first specimen of the London dandy—broken dandy; very mild of manner, who went all to shivers, and died miserable soon after. This was novelty first. Then, during or before his stay with us, dash of a brave carriage driving up, and entry of a strangely-complexioned young lady, with soft brown eyes and floods of bronze red hair, really a pretty-looking, smiling, and amiable, though most foreign bit of magnificence and kindly splendour, whom they welcomed by the name of 'dear Kitty.' Kitty Kirkpatrick, Charles Buller's cousin or half-cousin, Mrs. Strachey's full cousin, with whom she lived; her birth, as I afterwards found, an Indian *romance*, mother a sublime *Begum*, father a ditto English official, mutually adoring, wedding, living withdrawn in

[1] Noble lady's step-son. She was Basil's third wife, and had four kinds of children at home—a most sad miscellany, as I afterwards found.

their own private paradise, romance famous in the East. A very singular 'dear Kitty,' who seemed bashful withal, and soon went away, twitching off in the lobby, as I could notice not without wonder, the loose label which was sticking to my trunk or bag, still there as she tripped past, and carrying it off in her pretty hand. With what imaginable object then, in heaven's name? To show it to Mrs. Strachey I afterwards guessed, to whom privately poor I had been prophesied of in the most grandiloquent terms. This might be called novelty second, if not first, and far greatest. Then after dinner in the drawing-room, which was prettily furnished, the *romance* of said furnishing, which had all been done as if by beneficent fairies in some temporary absence of the owners. 'We had decided on not furnishing it,' Irving told me, 'not till we had more money ready; and on our return this was how we found it. The people here are of a nobleness you have never before seen.' 'And don't you yet guess at all who can have done it?' 'H'm, perhaps we guess vaguely, but it is their secret, and we should not break it against their will.' It turned out to have been Mrs. Strachey and dear Kitty, both of whom were rich and openhanded, that had done this fine stroke of art magic, one of the many munifi-

cences achieved by them in this new province. Perhaps the 'noble lady' had at first been suspected, but how innocently she! Not flush in that way at all, though notably so in others! The talk about these and other noble souls and new phenomena, strange to me and half incredible in such interpretation, left me wondering and confusedly guessing over the much that I had heard and seen this day.

Irving's London element and mode of existence had its questionable aspects from the first; and one could easily perceive, here as elsewhere, that the ideal of fancy and the actual of fact were two very different things. It was as the former that my friend, according to old habit, strove to represent it to himself, and to *make it be*; and it was as the latter that it obstinately continued being! There were beautiful items in his present scene of life; but a great majority which, under specious figure, were intrinsically poor, vulgar, and importunate, and introduced largely into one's existence the character of *huggermugger*, not of greatness or success in any real sense.

He was inwardly, I could observe, nothing like so happy as in old days; inwardly confused, anxious, dissatisfied; though as it were denying it to him-

self, and striving, if not to talk big, which he hardly ever did, to *think* big upon all this. We had many strolls together, no doubt much dialogue, but it has nearly all gone from me; probably not so worthy of remembrance as our old communings were. Crowds of visitors came about him, and ten times or a hundred times as many would have come if allowed; well-dressed, decorous people, but for most part tiresome, ignorant, weak, or even silly and absurd. He persuaded himself that at least he 'loved their love;' and of this latter, in the kind they had to offer him, there did seem to be no lack. He and I were walking, one bright summer evening, somewhere in the outskirts of Islington, in what was or had once been *fields*, and was again coarsely green in general, but with symptoms of past devastation by bricklayers, who have now doubtless covered it all with their dirty human 'dog-hutches of the period;' when, in some smoothish hollower spot, there suddenly disclosed itself a considerable company of altogether fine-looking young girls, who had set themselves to dance; all in airy bonnets, silks, and flounces, merrily alert, nimble as young fawns, tripping it to their own rhythm on the light fantastic toe, with the bright beams of the setting sun gilding them, and the hum and smoke

of huge London shoved aside as foil or background. Nothing could be prettier. At sight of us they suddenly stopped, all looking round; and one of the prettiest, a dainty little thing, stept radiantly out to Irving. 'Oh! oh! Mr. Irving!' and blushing and smiling offered her pretty lips to be kissed, which Irving gallantly stooped down to accept as well worth while. Whereupon, after some benediction or pastoral words, we went on our way. Probably I rallied him on such opulence of luck provided for a man, to which he could answer properly as a spiritual shepherd, not a secular.

There were several Scotch merchant people among those that came about him, substantial city men of shrewd insight and good honest sense, several of whom seemed truly attached and reverent. One, William Hamilton, a very shrewd and pious Nithsdale man, who wedded a sister of Mrs. Irving's by and by, and whom I knew till his death, was probably the chief of these, as an old good Mr. Dinwiddie, very zealous, very simple, and far from shrewd, might perhaps be reckoned at or near the other end of the series. Sir Peter Laurie, afterwards of aldermanic and even mayoral celebrity, came also pretty often, but seemed privately to look quite from the aldermanic point of view on Irving

and the new 'Caledonian Chapel' they were struggling to get built—old Mr. Dinwiddie especially struggling; and indeed once to me at Paris, a while after this, he likened Irving and Dinwiddie to Harlequin and Blast, whom he had seen in some farce then current; Harlequin conjuring up the most glorious possibilities, like this of their 'Caledonian Chapel,' and Blast loyally following him with swift destruction on attempting to help. Sir Peter rather took to me, but not I much to him. A long-sighted satirical ex-saddler I found him to be, and nothing better; nay, something of an ex-Scotchman too, which I could still less forgive. I went with the Irvings once to his house (Crescent, head of Portland Place) to a Christmas dinner this same year. Very sumptuous, very cockneyish, strange and unadmirable to me; and don't remember to have met him again. On our coming to live in London he had rather grown in civic fame and importance, and possibly, for I am not quite sure, on the feeble chance of being of some help, I sent him some indication or other;[1] but if so he took no notice; gave no sign. Some years afterwards I met

[1] A project belike—and my card with it—one of several air-castles I was anxiously building at that time before taking to *French Revolution*.

him in my rides in the Park, evidently recognisant, and willing or wistful to speak, but it never came to effect, there being now no charm in it. Then again, years afterwards, when 'Latter-day Pamphlets' were coming out, he wrote me on that of *Model Prisons* a knowing, approving, kindly and civil letter, to which I willingly responded by a kindly and civil. Not very long after that I think he died, riding diligently almost to the end. Poor Sir Peter! he was nothing of a bad man, very far other indeed; but had lived in a loud roaring, big, pretentious, and intrinsically barren sphere, unconscious wholly that he might have risen to the top in a considerably nobler and fruitfuller one. What a tragic, treacherous stepdame is vulgar Fortune to her children! Sir Peter's wealth has gone now in good part to somebody concerned in discovering, not for the first time, the source of the Nile (blessings on it!)—a Captain Grant, I think, companion to Speke, having married Sir Peter's Scotch niece and lady heiress, a good clever girl, once of 'Haddington,' and extremely poor, who made her way to my loved one on the ground of common country in late years, and used to be rather liked here in the few visits she made.

Grant and she, who are now gone to India,

called after marriage but found nobody; nor now ever will.

By far the most distinguished two, and to me the alone important, of Irving's London circle, were Mrs. Strachey (Mrs. Buller's younger sister), and the 'noble lady' Mrs. Basil Montague, with both of whom and their households I became acquainted by his means. One of my first visits was along with him to Goodenough House, Shooter's Hill, where the Stracheys oftenest were in summer. I remember once entering the little winding avenue, and seeing, in a kind of open conservatory or veraudah on our approaching the house, the effulgent vision of 'dear Kitty' buried among the roses and almost buried under them; who on sight of us glided hastily in. The before and after and all other incidents of that first visit are quite lost to me, but I made a good many visits there and in town, and grew familiar with my ground.

Of Mrs. Strachey I have spoken already. To this day, long years after her death, I regard her as a singular pearl of a woman, pure as dew, yet full of love, incapable of unveracity to herself or others. Examiner Strachey had long been an official (judge etc.) in Bengal, where brothers of his were, and sons still are. Eldest son is now master, by inherit-

ance, of the family estate in Somersetshire. One of the brothers had translated a curious old Hindoo treatise on algebra, which had made his name familiar to me. Edward (that I think was the examiner's name) might be a few years turned of fifty at this time; his wife twenty years younger, with a number of pretty children, the eldest hardly fourteen, and only one of them a girl. They lived in Fitzroy Square, a fine-enough house, and had a very pleasant country establishment at Shooter's Hill; where, in summer time, they were all commonly to be found. I have seldom seen a pleasanter place; a panorama of green, flowery, clear, and decorated country all round; an umbrageous little park, with roses, gardens; a modestly-excellent house; from the drawing-room window a continual view of ships, multiform and multitudinous, sailing up or down the river (about a mile off); smoky London as background; the clear sky overhead; and within doors honesty, good sense, and smiling seriousness the rule, and not the exception. Edward Strachey was a genially-abrupt man, a Utilitarian and Democrat by creed; yet beyond all things he loved Chaucer, and kept reading him; a man rather tacit than discursive, but willing to speak, and doing it well, in a fine, tinkling, mellow-toned voice,

in an ingenious aphoristic way; had, withal, a pretty vein of quiz, which he seldom indulged in; a man sharply impatient of pretence, of sham and untruth in all forms; especially contemptuous of quality pretensions and affectations, which he scattered grinningly to the winds. Dressed in the simplest form, he walked daily to the India House and back, though there were fine carriages in store for the woman part; scorned cheerfully 'the general humbug of the world,' and honestly strove to do his own bit of duty, spiced by Chaucer and what else of inward harmony or condiment he had. Of religion in articulate shape he had none, but much respected his wife's, whom and whose truthfulness in that as in all things, he tenderly esteemed and loved; a man of many qualities comfortable to be near. At his house, both in town and here, I have seen pleasant graceful people, whose style of manners, if nothing else, struck me as new and superior.

Mrs. Strachey took to me from the first, nor ever swerved. It strikes me now more than it then did, she silently could have liked to see 'dear Kitty' and myself come together, and so continue near her, both of us, through life. The good kind soul! And Kitty, too, was charming in her beautiful Begum sort; had wealth abundant, and might,

perhaps have been charmed? None knows. She had one of the prettiest smiles, a visible sense of humour, the slight merry curl of her upper lip (right side of it only), the carriage of her head and eyes on such occasions, the quiet little things she said in that kind, and her low-toned hearty laugh were noticeable. This was perhaps her most spiritual quality. Of developed intellect she had not much, though not wanting in discernment; amiable, affectionate, graceful; might be called attractive; not slim enough for the title 'pretty,' not tall enough for 'beautiful;' had something low-voiced, languidly harmonious, placid, sensuous; loved perfumes etc.; a half-*Begum*; in short, an interesting specimen of the semi-oriental Englishwoman. Still lives!—near Exeter; the wife of some ex-captain of Sepoys, with many children, whom she watches over with a passionate instinct; and has not quite forgotten me, as I had evidence once in late years, thanks to her kind little heart.

The Montague establishment (25 Bedford Square) was still more notable, and as unlike this as possible; might be defined, not quite satirically, as a most singular social and spiritual ménagerie; which, indeed, was well known and much noted and criticised in certain literary and other circles.

Basil Montague, a Chancery barrister in excellent practice, hugely a *sage*, too, busy all his days upon 'Bacon's Works,' and continually preaching a superfinish morality about benevolence, munificence, health, peace, unfailing happiness. Much a bore to you by degrees, and considerably a humbug if you probed too strictly. Age at this time might be about sixty; good middle stature, face rather fine under its grizzled hair, brow very prominent; wore oftenest a kind of smile, not false or consciously so, but insignificant, and as if feebly defensive against the intrusions of a rude world. On going to Hinchinbrook long after, I found he was strikingly like the dissolute, questionable Earl of Sandwich (Foote's 'Jeremy Diddler'); who, indeed, had been father of him in a highly tragic way. His mother, pretty Miss Reay, carefully educated for that function; Rev. ex-dragoon Hackman taking this so dreadfully to heart that, being if not an ex-lover, a lover (bless the mark!) he shot her as she came out of Drury Lane Theatre one night, and got well hanged for it. The story is musty rather, and there is a loose foolish old book upon it called 'Love and Madness,' which is not worth reading. Poor Basil! no wonder he had his peculiarities, coming by such a genesis, and a life of his own which had been

brimful of difficulties and confusions! It cannot be said he managed it ill, but far the contrary, all things considered. Nobody can deny that he wished all the world rather well, could wishing have done it. Express malice against anybody or anything he seldom or never showed. I myself experienced much kind flattery (if that were a benefit), much soothing treatment in his house, and learned several things there which were of use afterwards, and not alloyed by the least harm done me. But it was his wife, the 'noble lady,' who in all senses presided there, to whom I stand debtor, and should be thankful for all this.

Basil had been thrice married. Children of all his marriages, and one child of the now Mrs. Montagu's own by a previous marriage, were present in the house; a most difficult miscellany. The one son of B.'s first marriage we have already dined with, and indicated that he soon ended by a bad road. Still worse the three sons of the second marriage, dandy young fellows by this time, who went all and sundry to the bad, the youngest and luckiest soon to a *madhouse*, where he probably still is. Nor were the two boys of Mrs. Montagu Tertia a good kind; thoroughly vain or even proud, and with a spice of angry falsity discernible amid their showy

talents. They grew up only to go astray and be unlucky. Both long since are dead, or gone out of sight. Only the eldest child, Emily, the single daughter Basil had, succeeded in the world; made a good match (in Turin country somewhere), and is still doing well. Emily was Basil's only daughter, but she was not his wife's only one. Mrs. Montagu had by her former marriage, which had been brief, one daughter, six or eight years older than Emily Montagu. Anne Skepper the name of this one, and York or Yorkshire her birthplace; a brisk, witty, prettyish, sufficiently clear-eyed and sharp-tongued young lady; bride, or affianced, at this time, of the poet 'Barry Cornwall,' i.e. Brian W. Procter, whose wife, both of them still prosperously living (1860), she now is. Anne rather liked me, I her; an evidently true, sensible, and practical young lady in a house considerably in want of such an article. She was the fourth genealogic species among those children, visibly the eldest, all but Basil's first son now gone; and did, and might well pass for, the flower of the collection.

Ruling such a miscellany of a household, with Basil Montagu at the head, and an almost still stranger miscellaneous society that fluctuated through it, Mrs. Montagu had a problem like few

others. But she, if anyone, was equal to it. A more constant and consummate artist in that kind you could nowhere meet with; truly a remarkable and partly a high and tragical woman; now about fifty, with the remains of a certain queenly beauty which she still took strict care of. A tall, rather thin figure; a face pale, intelligent, and penetrating; nose fine, rather large, and decisively Roman; pair of bright, not soft, but sharp and small black eyes, with a cold smile as of enquiry in them; fine brow; fine chin (both rather prominent); thin lips—lips always gently shut, as if till the enquiry were completed, and the time came for something of royal speech upon it. She had a slight Yorkshire accent, but spoke—Dr. Hugh Blair could not have picked a hole in it—and you might have printed every word, so queenlike, gentle, soothing, measured, prettily royal towards subjects whom she wished to love her. The voice was modulated, low, not inharmonious; yet there was something of metallic in it, akin to that smile in the eyes. One durst not quite love this high personage as she wished to be loved! Her very dress was notable; always the same, and in a fashion of its own; kind of widow's cap fastened below the chin, darkish puce-coloured silk all the rest, and (I used to hear from one who knew!) was

admirable, and must have required daily the fastening of sixty or eighty pins.

There were many criticisms of Mrs. Montagu—often angry ones; but the truth is she did love and aspire to human excellence, and her road to it was no better than a steep hill of jingling boulders and sliding sand. There remained therefore nothing, if you still aspired, but to succeed ill and put the best face on it. Which she amply did. I have heard her speak of the Spartan boy who let the fox hidden under his robe eat him, rather than rob him of his honour from the theft.

In early life she had made some visit to Nithsdale (to the 'Craiks of Arligsland'), and had seen Burns, of whom her worship continued fervent, her few recollections always a jewel she was ready to produce. She must have been strikingly beautiful at that time, and Burns's recognition and adoration would not be wanting; the most royally courteous of mankind she always defined him, as the first mark of his genius. I think I have heard that, at a ball at Dumfries, she had frugally constructed some dress by sewing real flowers upon it; and shone by that bit of art, and by her fine bearing, as the cynosure of all eyes. Her father, I gradually understood, not from herself, had been a man of incon-

siderable wealth or position, a wine merchant in York, his name Benson. Her first husband, Mr. Skepper, some young lawyer there, of German extraction; and that the *romance* of her wedding Montagu, which she sometimes touched on, had been prosaically nothing but this. Seeing herself, on Skepper's death, left destitute with a young girl, she consented to take charge of Montagu's motherless confused family under the name of 'governess,' bringing her own little Anne as appendage. Had succeeded well, and better and better, for some time, perhaps some years, in that ticklish capacity; whereupon at length offer of marriage, which she accepted. Her sovereignty in the house had to be soft, judicious, politic, but it was constant and valid, felt to be beneficial withal. 'She is like one in command of a mutinous ship which is ready to take fire,' Irving once said to me. By this time he had begun to discover that this 'noble lady' was in essentiality an artist, and hadn't perhaps so much loved him as tried to buy love from him by soft ministrations, by the skilfullest flattery liberally laid on. He continued always to look kindly towards her, but had now, or did by-and-by, let drop the old epithet. Whether she had done him good or ill would be hard to say; ill perhaps!

In this liberal London, pitch your sphere one step lower than yourself, and you can get what amount of flattery you will consent to. Everybody has it, like paper money, for the printing, and will buy a small amount of ware by any quantity of it. The generous Irving did not find out this so soon as some surlier fellows of us!

On one of the first fine mornings, Mrs. Montague, along with Irving, took me out to see Coleridge at Highgate. My impressions of the man and of the place are conveyed faithfully enough in the 'Life of Sterling;' that first interview in particular, of which I had expected very little, was idle and unsatisfactory, and yielded me nothing. Coleridge, a puffy, anxious, obstructed-looking, fattish old man, hobbled about with us, talking with a kind of solemn emphasis on matters which were of no interest (and even *reading* pieces in proof of his opinions thereon). I had him to myself once or twice, in various parts of the garden walks, and tried hard to get something about *Kant* and Co. from him, about 'reason' versus 'understanding' and the like, but in vain. Nothing came from him that was of use to me that day, or in fact any day. The sight and sound of a sage who was so venerated by those about me, and whom I too would willingly have venerated, but

could not—this was all. Several times afterwards, Montagu, on Coleridge's 'Thursday evenings,' carried Irving and me out, and returned blessing Heaven (I not) for what he had received. Irving and I walked out more than once on mornings too, and found the Dodona oracle humanly ready to act, but never to me, or Irving either I suspect, explanatory of the question put. Good Irving strove always to think that he was getting priceless wisdom out of this great man, but must have had his misgivings. Except by the Montagu-Irving channel, I at no time communicated with Coleridge. I had never on my own strength had much esteem for him, and found slowly in spite of myself that I was getting to have less and less. Early in 1825 was my last sight of him; a print of Porson brought some trifling utterance: 'Sensuality such a *dissolution* of the features of a man's face;' and I remember nothing more. On my second visit to London (autumn 1830) Irving and I had appointed a day for a pilgrimage to Highgate, but the day was one rain deluge and we couldn't even try. Soon after our settling here (late in 1834) Coleridge was reported to be dying, and died; I had seen the last of him almost a decade ago.

A great 'worship of genius' habitually went on at Montagu's, from self and wife especially; Cole-

ridge the head of the Lares there, though he never appeared in person, but only wrote a word or two of note on occasions. A confused dim miscellany of 'geniuses' (mostly nondescript and harmlessly useless) hovered fitfully about the establishment; I think those of any reality had tired and gone away. There was much talk and laud of Charles Lamb and his Pepe etc., but he never appeared. At his own house I saw him once; once I gradually felt to have been enough for me. Poor Lamb! such a 'divine genius' you could find in the London world only! Hazlitt, whom I had a kind of curiosity about, was not now of the 'admitted' (such the hint); at any rate kept strictly away. There was a 'Crabbe Robinson,' who had been in Weimar etc., who was first of the 'Own Correspondents' now so numerous. This is now his real distinction. There was a Mr. Fearn, 'profound in metaphysics' ('dull utterly and dry'). There was a *Dr.* Sir Anthony Carlile, of name in medicine, native of Durham and a hard-headed fellow, but Utilitarian to the bone, who had defined poetry to Irving once as 'the *prodooction* of a rude *aage*.' We were clansmen, he and I, but had nothing of mutual attraction, nor of repulsion either, for the man didn't want for shrewd sense in his way. I heard continual talk and admiration of 'the grand old English writers'

(Fuller, Sir Thomas Browne, and various others—Milton more rarely); this was the orthodox strain. But there was little considerable of actual knowledge, and of critical appreciation almost nothing at the back of it anywhere; and in the end it did one next to no good, yet perhaps not quite none, deducting in accurate balance all the ill that might be in it.

Nobody pleased me so much in this miscellany as Procter (Barry Cornwall), who for the fair Anne Skepper's sake was very constantly there. Anne and he were to have been, and were still to be married, but some disaster or entanglement in Procter's attorney business had occurred (some partner defalcating or the like), and Procter, in evident distress and dispiritment, was waiting the slow conclusion of this; which and the wedding thereupon happily took place in the winter following. A decidedly rather pretty little fellow Procter, bodily and spiritually; manners prepossessing, slightly London-elegant, not unpleasant; clear judgment in him, though of narrow field; a sound honourable morality, and airy friendly ways; of slight neat figure, vigorous for his size; fine genially rugged little face, fine head; something curiously dreamy in the eyes of him, lids drooping at the *outer* ends into a cordially meditative and drooping expres-

sion; would break out suddenly now and then into opera attitude and a *Là ci darem la mano* for a moment; had something of real fun, though in London style. Me he had invited to 'his garret,' as he called it, and was always good and kind and so continues, though I hardly see him once in a quarter of a century.

The next to Procter in my esteem, and the considerably more important to me just then, was a young Mr. Badams, in great and romantic estimation there, and present every now and then, though his place and business lay in Birmingham; a most cheery, gifted, really amiable man, with whom not long afterwards I more or less *romantically* went to Birmingham, and though not cured of 'dyspepsia' there (alas, not the least) had two or three singular and interesting months, as will be seen.

Irving's preaching at Hatton Garden, which I regularly attended while in his house, and occasionally afterwards, did not strike me as superior to his Scotch performances of past time, or, in private fact, inspire me with any complete or pleasant feeling. Assent to them I could not, except under very wide reservations, nor, granting all his postulates, did either matter or manner carry me captive, or at any time perfect my admiration. The force and weight of

what he urged was undeniable ; the potent faculty at work, like that of a Samson heavily striding along with the gates of Gaza on his shoulders ; but there was a want of spontaneity and simplicity, a something of strained and aggravated, of elaborately intentional, which kept gaining on the mind. One felt the bad element to be and to have been unwholesome to the honourable soul. The doors were crowded long before opening, and you got in by ticket; but the first sublime rush of what once seemed more than popularity, and had been nothing more—Lady Jersey 'sitting on the pulpit steps,' Canning, Brougham, Mackintosh, etc. rushing day after day—was now quite over, and there remained only a popularity of 'the people;' not of the *plebs* at all, but never higher than of the well-dressed *populus* henceforth, which was a sad change to the sanguine man. One noticed that he was not happy, but anxious, struggling, questioning the future; happiness, alas, he was no more to have, even in the old measure, in this world! At sight of Canning, Brougham, Lady Jersey and Co., crowding round him and listening week after week as if to the message of salvation, the noblest and joyfullest thought (I know this on perfect authority) had taken possession of his noble, too sanguine, and too trustful mind;

'that the Christian religion was to be a truth again, not a paltry form, and to rule the world, he unworthy, even he, the chosen instrument.' Mrs. Strachey, who had seen him in her own house in these moods, spoke to me once of this, and only once, reporting some of his expressions with an affectionate sorrow. Cruelly blasted all these hopes were, but Irving never to the end of his life could consent to give them up. That was the key to all his subsequent procedures, extravagances, aberrations, so far as I could understand them. Whatever of blame (and there was on the surface a fond credulity, or perhaps, farther down, and as root to such credulity, some excess of *self-love*, which I define always as love that others should love him, *not* as any worse kind), with that degree of blame Irving must stand charged, with that and with no more, so far as I could testify or understand.

Good Mrs. Oliphant, and probably her public, have much mistaken me on this point. That Irving to the very last had abundant 'popularity,' and confluence of auditors sufficient for the largest pulpit 'vanity,' I knew and know, but also that his own immeasurable and quasi-celestial hope remained cruelly blasted, refusing the least *bud* farther, and that without this all else availed him nothing.

Fallacious semblances of bud it did shoot out again and again, under his continual fostering and forcing, but real bud never more, and the case in itself is easy to understand.

He had much quiet seriousness, beautiful piety and charity, in this bud time of agitation and disquietude, and I was often honestly sorry for him. Here was still the old true man, and his new element seemed so false and abominable. Honestly, though not so purely, sorry as now, now when element and man are alike gone, and all that was or partook of paltry in one's own view of them is also mournfully gone! He had endless patience with the mean people crowding about him and jostling his life to pieces; hoped always they were not so mean; never complained of the uncomfortable huggermugger his life was now grown to be; took everything, wife, servants, guests, by the most favourable handle. He had infinite delight in a little baby boy there now was; went dandling it about in his giant arms, tick-ticking to it, laughing and playing to it; would turn seriously round to me with a face sorrowful rather than otherwise, and say, 'Ah, Carlyle, this little creature has been sent to me to soften my hard heart, which did need it.'

Towards all distressed people not absolutely

criminals, his kindness, frank helpfulness, long-suffering, and assiduity, were in truth wonderful to me; especially in one case, that of a Reverend Mr. Macbeth, which I thought ill of from the first, and which did turn out hopeless. Macbeth was a Scotch preacher, or licentiate, who had failed of a kirk, as he had deserved to do, though his talents were good, and was now hanging very miscellaneously on London, with no outlooks that were not bog meteors, and a steadily increasing tendency to strong drink. He knew town well, and its babble and bits of temporary cynosures, and frequented haunts good and perhaps bad; took me one evening to the poet Campbell's, whom I had already seen, but not successfully.

Macbeth had a sharp sarcastic, clever kind of tongue; not much real knowledge, but was amusing to talk with on a chance walk through the streets; older than myself by a dozen years or more. Like him I did not; there was nothing of wisdom, generosity, or worth in him, but in secret, evidently discernible, a great deal of bankrupt vanity which had taken quite the malignant shape. Undeniable envy, spite, and bitterness looked through every part of him. A tallish, slouching, lean figure, face sorrowful malignant, black, not unlike the picture of a devil.

To me he had privately much the reverse of liking. I have seen him in Irving's and elsewhere (perhaps with a little drink on his stomach, poor soul!) break out into oblique little spurts of positive spite, which I understood to mean merely, 'Young Jackanapes, getting yourself noticed and honoured while a mature man of genius is etc. etc.!' and took no notice of, to the silent comfort of self and neighbours.

This broken Macbeth had been hanging a good while about Irving, who had taken much earnest pains to rescue and arrest him on the edge of the precipices, but latterly had begun to see that it was hopeless, and had rather left him to his own bad courses. One evening, it was in dirty winter weather and I was present, there came to Irving or to Mrs. Irving, dated from some dark tavern in the Holborn precincts, a piteous little note from Macbeth. 'Ruined again (tempted, O how cunningly, to my old sin); been drinking these three weeks, and now have a chalk-score and no money, and can't get out. Oh, help a perishing sinner!' The majority was of opinion, 'Pshaw! it is totally useless!' but Irving after some minutes of serious consideration decided, 'No, not totally;' and directly got into a hackney coach, wife and he, proper moneys in pocket, paid the poor devil's tavern score (some 2*l.* 10*s.* or so, if I

remember) and brought him groaning home out of his purgatory again: for he was in much bodily suffering too. I remember to have been taken up to see him one evening in his bedroom (comfortable airy place) a week or two after. He was in clean dressing-gown and night-cap, walking about the floor; affected to turn away his face and be quite 'ashamed' when Irving introduced me, which as I could discern it to be painful hypocrisy merely, forbade my visit to be other than quite brief. Comment I made none here or downstairs; was actually a little sorry, but without hope, and rather think this was my last sight of Macbeth. Another time, which could not now be distant, when he lay again under chalk-score and bodily sickness in his drinking shop, there would be no deliverance but to the hospital; and there I suppose the poor creature tragically ended. He was not without talent, had written a 'Book on the Sabbath,' better or worse, and I almost think was understood, with all his impenitences and malignities, to have real love for his poor old Scotch mother. After that night in his clean airy bedroom I have no recollection or tradition of him—a vanished quantity, hardly once in my thoughts for above forty years past. There were other disastrous or unpleasant figures whom I met

at Irving's; a Danish fanatic of Calvinistic species (repeatedly, and had to beat him off), a good many fanatics of different kinds—one insolent 'Bishop of Toronto,' triumphant Canadian but Aberdeen by dialect (once only, from whom Irving defended me), etc. etc.; but of these I say nothing. Irving, though they made his house-element and life-element continually muddy for him, was endlessly patient with them all.

This my first visit to London lasted with interruptions from early June 1824 till March 1825, during which I repeatedly lodged for a little while at Irving's, his house ever open to me like a brother's, but cannot now recollect the times or their circumstances. The above recollections extend vaguely over the whole period, during the last four or five months of which I had my own rooms in Southampton Street near by, and was still in almost constant familiarity. My own situation was very wretched; primarily from a state of health which nobody could be expected to understand or sympathise with, and about which I had as much as possible to be silent. The accursed hag 'Dyspepsia' had got me bitted and bridled, and was ever striving to make my waking living day a thing of ghastly nightmares. I resisted what I could; never did yield or

surrender to her; but she kept my heart right heavy, my battle very sore and hopeless. One could not call it hope but only desperate obstinacy refusing to flinch that animated me. 'Obstinacy as *of ten mules*' I have sometimes called it since; but in candid truth there was something worthily *human* in it too; and I have had through life, among my manifold unspeakable blessings, no other real bower anchor to ride by in the rough seas. Human 'obstinacy' grounded on real faith and insight is good and the *best*.

All was change, too, at this time with me, all uncertainty. Mrs. Buller, the bright, the ardent, the airy, was a changeful lady! The original programme had been, we were all to shift to Cornwall, live in some beautiful Buller cottage there was about East Looe or West (on her eldest brother-in-law's property). With this as a fixed thing I had arrived in London, asking myself 'what kind of a thing will it be?' It proved to have become already a thing of all the winds; gone like a dream of the night (by some accident or other!) For four or five weeks coming there was new scheme, followed always by newer and newest, all of which proved successively inexecutable, greatly to my annoyance and regret, as may be imagined. The only thing that did ever

take effect was the shifting of Charles and me out to solitary lodgings at Kew Green, an isolating of us two (*pro tempore*) over our lessons there, one of the dreariest and uncomfortablest things to both of us. It lasted for about a fortnight, till Charles, I suppose privately pleading, put an end to it as intolerable and useless both (for one could not 'study' but only pretend to do it in such an element!) Other wild projects rose rapidly, rapidly vanished futile. The end was, in a week or two after, I deliberately counselled that Charles should go direct for Cambridge next term, in the meantime making ready under some fit college 'grinder;' I myself not without regret taking leave of the enterprise. Which proposal, after some affectionate resistance on the part of Charles, was at length(rather suddenly, I recollect) acceded to by the elder people, and one bright summer morning (still vivid to me) I stept out of a house in Foley Place, with polite farewell sounding through me, and the thought as I walked along Regent Street, that here I was without employment henceforth. Money was no longer quite wanting, enough of money for some time to come, but the question what to do next was not a little embarrassing, and indeed was intrinsically abstruse enough.

I must have been lodging again with Irving when this finale came. I recollect Charles Buller and I, a day or some days after quitting Kew, had rendezvoused by appointment in Regent Square (St. Pancras), where Irving and a great company were laying the foundation of 'Caledonian Chapel' (which still stands there), and Irving of course had to deliver an address. Of the address, which was going on when we arrived, I could hear nothing, such the confusing crowd and the unfavourable locality (a muddy chaos of rubbish and excavations, Irving and the actors shut off from us by a circle of rude bricklayers' planks); but I well remember Irving's glowing face, streaming hair, and deeply moved tones as he spoke; and withal that Charles Buller brought me some new futility of a proposal, and how sad he looked, good youth, when I had directly to reply with 'No, alas, I cannot, Charles.' This was but a few days before the Buller finale.

Twenty years after, riding discursively towards Tottenham one summer evening, with the breath of the wind from northward, and London hanging to my right hand like a grim and vast sierra, I saw among the peaks, as easily ascertainable, the high minarets of that chapel, and thought with myself, 'Ah, you fatal *tombstone* of my lost friend! and did a soul so

strong and high avail only to build *you*?' and felt sad enough and rather angry in looking at the thing.

It was not many days after this of the Regent Square address, which was quickly followed by termination with the Bullers, that I found myself one bright Sunday morning on the top of a swift coach for Birmingham, with intent towards the Mr. Badams above mentioned, and a considerable visit there, for health's sake mainly. Badams and the Montagues had eagerly proposed and counselled this step. Badams himself was so eager about it, and seemed so frank, cheery, ingenious, and friendly a man that I had listened to his pleadings with far more regard than usual in such a case, and without assenting had been seriously considering the proposal for some weeks before (during the Kew Green seclusion and perhaps earlier). He was in London twice or thrice while things hung in deliberation, and was each time more eager and persuasive on me. In fine I had assented, and was rolling along through sunny England—the first considerable space I had yet seen of it—with really pleasant recognition of its fertile beauties and air of long-continued cleanliness, contentment, and well-being. Stony Stratford, Fenny Stratford, and the good people coming out of church,

Coventry, etc. etc., all this is still a picture. Our coach was of the swiftest in the world; appointments perfect to a hair; one and a half minutes the time allowed for changing horses; our coachman, in dress etc. resembled a 'sporting gentleman,' and scornfully called any groundling whom he disliked, 'You Radical!' for one symptom. I don't remember a finer ride, as if on the arrow of Abaris, with lips shut and nothing to do but look. My reception at Ashsted (west end of Birmingham, not far from the great Watt's house of that name), and instalment in the Badams' domesticities, must have well corresponded to my expectations, as I have now no memory of it. My visit in whole, which lasted for above three months, may be pronounced interesting, idle, pleasant, and successful, though singular.

Apart from the nimbus of Montague romance in the first accounts I had got of Badams, he was a gifted, amiable, and remarkable man, who proved altogether friendly and beneficent, so far as he went, with me, and whose final history, had I time for it, would be tragical in its kind. He was eldest boy of a well-doing but not opulent master-workman (plumber, I think) in Warwick town; got marked for the ready talents he showed, especially for some picture he had on his own resources and unaided inventions

copied in the Warwick Castle gallery with 'wonderful success'; and in fine was taken hold of by the famous Dr. Parr and others of that vicinity, and lived some time as one of Parr's scholars in Parr's house; learning I know not what, not taking very kindly to the *Œolic digamma* department I should apprehend! He retained a kindly and respectful remembrance about this Trismegistus of the then pedants, but always in brief quizzical form. Having declared for medicine he was sent to Edinburgh College, studied there for one session or more; but 'being desirous to marry some beautiful lady-love' (said the Montagues), or otherwise determined on a shorter road to fortune, he now cut loose from his patrons, and modestly planted himself in Birmingham, with purpose of turning to account some chemical ideas he had gathered in the classes here; rivalling of French green vitriol by purely English methods ('no *husks of grapes* for you and your vitriol, ye English; your vitriol only half the selling price of ours!') that I believe was it, and Badams had fairly succeeded in it and in other branches of the colour business, and had a manufactory of twenty or fewer hands, full of thrifty and curious ingenuity; at the outer corner of which, fronting on two streets, was his modest but comfortable

dwelling-house, where I now lived with him as guest. Simplicity and a pure and direct aim at the essential (aim good and generally successful), that was our rule in this establishment, which was and continued always innocently comfortable and home-like to me. The lowest floor, opening rearward of the manufactory, was exclusively given up to an excellent Mrs. Barnet (with husband and family of two), who in perfection and in silence kept house to us; her husband, whom Badams only tolerated for her sake, working out of doors among the twenty. We lived in the two upper floors, entering from one street door, and wearing a modestly civilised air. Everything has still a living look to me in that place; not even the bad Barnet, who never showed his badness, but has claims on me; still more the venerable lean and brown old grandfather Barnet, who used to 'go for our letters,' and hardly ever spoke except by his fine and mournful old eyes. These Barnets, with the workmen generally, and their quiet steady ways, were pleasant to observe, but especially our excellent, sad, pure, and silent Mrs. Barnet, correct as an eight-day clock, and making hardly as much noise! Always dressed in modest black, tall, clean, well-looking, light of foot and

hand. She was very much loved by Badams as a friend of his mother's and a woman of real worth, bearing well a heavy enough load of sorrows (chronic disease of the heart to crown them he would add). I remember the sight of her, one afternoon, in some lighted closet there was, cutting out the bit of bread for the children's luncheon, two dear pretty little girls who stood looking up with hope, her silence and theirs, and the fine human relation between them, as one of my pleasant glimpses into English humble life. The younger of these pretty children died within few years; the elder, 'Bessy Barnet,' a creature of distinguished faculties who has had intricate vicissitudes and fortunate escapes, stayed with us here as our first servant (servant and friend both in one) for about a year, then went home, and after long and complete disappearance from our thoughts and affairs, re-emerged, most modestly triumphant, not very long ago, as wife of the accomplished Dr. Blakiston of Leamington; in which capacity she showed a generous exaggerated 'gratitude' to her old mistress and me, and set herself and her husband unweariedly to help in that our sad Leamington season of woe and toil, which has now ended in eternal peace to one of us. Nor

can Dr. B.'s and his 'Bessy's' kindness in it ever be forgotten while the other of us still lingers here! Ah me! ah me!

My Birmingham visit, except as it continually kept me riding about in the open air, did nothing for me in the anti-dyspeptic way, but in the social and spiritually consolatory way it was really of benefit. Badams was a horse fancier, skilful on horseback, kept a choice two or three of horses here, and in theory professed the obligation to 'ride for health,' but very seldom by himself did it– it was always along with me, and not one tenth part so often as I during this sojourn. With me red 'Taffy,' the briskest of Welsh ponies, went galloping daily far and wide, unless I were still better mounted (for exercise of the other high-going sort), and many were the pleasant rides I had in the Warwickshire lanes and heaths, and real good they did me, if Badams's medicinal and dietetic formalities (to which I strictly conformed) did me little or none. His unaffected kindness, and cheerful human sociality and friendliness, manifest at all times, could not but be of use to me too. Seldom have I seen a franker, trustier, cheerier form of human kindliness than Badams's. How I remember the laughing eyes and sunny figure of him breaking into my room on

mornings, himself half-dressed (waistband in hand was a common aspect, and hair all flying). 'What! not up yet, monster?' The smile of his eyes, the sound of his voice, were so bright and practically true on these occasions. A tight, middle-sized, handsome kind of man, eyes blue, sparkling soft, nose and other features inclining to the pointed, complexion, which was the weak part, tending rather to bluish, face always shaven bare and no whiskers left; a man full of hope, full of natural intellect, ingenuity, invention, essentially a gentleman; and really looked well and jauntily aristocratic when dressed for riding or the like, which was always a careful preliminary. Slight rusticity of accent rather did him good; so prompt, mildly emphatic and expressive were the words that came from him. His faults were a too sanguine temper, and a defective inner *sternness* of *veracity*: true he was, but not sternly enough, and would listen to imagination and delusive hopes when Fact said No—for which two faults, partly recognisable to me even then, I little expected he would by and by pay so dear.

We had a pleasant time together, many pleasant summer rides, and outdoor talks and in; to Guy's Cliff, Warwick Castle, Sutton Coldfield, or Kenilworth, etc., on holidays; or miscellaneously over the

furzy heaths and leafy ruralities on common evenings. I remember well a ride we made to Kenilworth one Saturday afternoon by the 'wood of Arden' and its monstrous old oaks, on to the famous ruin itself (*fresh* in the Scott novels then), and a big jolly farmer of Badams's, who lodged us—nice polite wife and he in a finely human way—till Monday morning, with much talk about old Parr, in whose parish (Hatton) we then were. Old Parr would have been desirabler to me than the great old ruin (now mainly a skeleton, part of it a coarse farm-house, which was the most interesting part). But Badams did not propose a call on his old pedant friend, and I could not be said to regret the omission; a saving of so much trouble withal. There was a sort of pride felt in their Dr. Parr all over this region; yet everybody seemed to consider him a ridiculous old fellow, whose strength of intellect was mainly gone to self-will and fantasticality. They all mimicked his *lisp*, and talked of wig and tobacco-pipe. (No pipe, no Parr! his avowed principle when asked to dinner among fine people.) The old man came to Edinburgh on a visit to Dr. Gregory, perhaps the very next year; and there, too, for a year following there lingered traditions of good-natured grins and gossip, which one heard of;

but the man himself I never saw, nor, though rather liking him, sensibly cared to see.

Another very memorable gallop (we always went at galloping or cantering pace, and Badams was proud of his cattle and their really great prowess), was one morning out to Hagley; to the top of the Clent Hill for a view, after breakfast at Hagley Tap, and then return. Distance from Birmingham about seventeen miles. 'The Leasowes' (Poet Shenstone's place), is about midway (visible enough to left in the level sun-rays as you gallop out); after which comes a singular *Terra di Lavóro*—or wholly metallic country—Hales Owen the heart of it. Thick along the wayside, little forges built of single brick, hardly bigger than sentry-boxes; and in each of them, with bellows, stake, and hammer a woman busy making nails; fine tall young women several of them, old others, but all in clean aprons, clean white calico jackets (must have been Monday morning), their look industrious and patient. Seems as if all the nails in the world were getting made here on very unexpected terms! Hales Owen itself had much sunk under the improved highway, but was cheerfully jingling as we cantered through. Hagley Tap and its quiet green was all our own; not to be matched out of England. Lord Lyttelton's

mansion I have ever since in my eye as a noble-looking place, when his lordship comes athwart me; a rational, ruggedly-considerate kind of man whom I could have liked to see there (as he was good enough to wish), had there been a *Fortunatus* travelling carpet at my disposal. Smoke pillars many, in a definite straight or spiral shape; the Dudley 'Black Country,' under favourable omens, visible from the Clent Hill; after which, and the aristocratic roof works, attics, and grand chimney tops of Hagley mansion, the curtain quite drops.

Of persons also I met some notable or quasi-notable. 'Joe' Parkes, then a small Birmingham attorney, afterwards the famous Reform Club ditto, was a visitor at Badams's on rare evenings; a rather pleasant-talking, shrewd enough little fellow, with bad teeth, and a knowing flighty satirical way; whom Badams thought little of, but tolerated for his (Joe's) mother's sake, as he did Parkes senior, who was her second husband. The famous Joe I never saw again, though hearing often of his preferments, performances, and him, till he died, not long since, writing a new 'Discovery of Junius,' it was rumoured; fit-enough task for such a man. Bessy Parkes (of the Rights of Women) is a daughter of his. There were Phipsons, too, 'Unitarian people,'

very good to me. A young fellow of them, still young though become a pin manufacturer, had been at *Erlangen* University, and could float along in a light, airy anecdotic fashion by a time. He re-emerged on me four or five years ago, living at Putney: head grown white from red, but heart still light; introducing a chemical son of his, whom I thought not unlikely to push himself in the world by that course. Kennedy of Cambridge, afterwards great as 'master of Shrewsbury school,' was polite to me, but unproductive. Others—but why should I speak of them at all? Accidentally, one Sunday evening, I heard the famous Dr. Hall (of Leicester) preach; a flabby, puffy, but massy, earnest, forcible-looking man, *homme alors célèbre*! Sermon extempore; text, 'God who cannot lie.' He proved beyond shadow of doubt, in a really forcible but most superfluous way, that God never lied (had no need to do it, etc.). 'As good prove that God never fought a duel,' sniffed Badams, on my reporting at home.

Jemmy Belcher was a smirking little dumpy Unitarian bookseller in the Bull-ring, regarded as a kind of curiosity and favourite among these people, and had seen me. One showery day I took shelter in his shop; picked up a new magazine, found in it a cleverish and completely hostile criticism of my

'Wilhelm Meister,' of my Goethe, and self, etc., read it faithfully to the end, and have never set eye on it since. On stepping out my bad spirits did not feel much elevated by the dose just swallowed, but I thought with myself, 'This man is perhaps right on some points; if so, let him be admonitory!' And he was so (on a Scotticism, or perhaps two); and I did reasonably soon (in not above a couple of hours), dismiss him to the devil, or to Jericho, as an ill-given, unserviceable kind of entity in my course through this world. It was De Quincey, as I often enough heard afterwards from foolish-talking persons. 'What matter who, ye foolish-talking persons?' would have been my *silent* answer, as it generally pretty much was. I recollect, too, how in Edinburgh a year or two after, poor De Quincey, whom I wished to know, was reported to tremble at the thought of such a thing; and did fly pale as ashes, poor little soul, the first time we actually met. He was a pretty little creature, full of wire-drawn ingenuities, bankrupt enthusiasms, bankrupt pride, with the finest silver-toned low voice, and most elaborate gently-winding courtesies and ingenuities in conversation. 'What wouldn't one give to have him in a box, and take him out to talk!' That was Her criticism of him, and it was right good.

A bright, ready, and melodious talker, but in the end an inconclusive and long-winded. One of the smallest man figures I ever saw; shaped like a pair of tongs, and hardly above five feet in all. When he sate, you would have taken him, by candlelight, for the beautifullest little child; blue-eyed, sparkling face, had there not been a something, too, which said '*Eccovi*—this child has been in hell.' After leaving Edinburgh I never saw him, hardly ever heard of him. His fate, owing to opium etc., was hard and sore, poor fine-strung weak creature, launched *so* into the literary career of ambition and mother of dead dogs. That peculiar kind of 'meeting' with him was among the phenomena of my then Birmingham ('Bromwich-ham,' 'Brumagem,' as you were forced to call it).

Irving himself, once, or perhaps twice, came to us, in respect of a Scotch Chapel newly set on foot there, and rather in tottering condition. Preacher in it one Crosbie, whom I had seen once at Glasgow in Dr. Chalmers's, a silent guest along with me, whose chief characteristic was helpless dispiritment under *dyspepsia*, which had come upon him, hapless innocent lazy soul. The people were very kind to him, but he was helpless, and I think soon after went away. What became of the Chapel since

I didn't hear. The Rev. Mr. Martin of Kirkcaldy, with his reverend father, and perhaps a sister, passed through Birmingham, bound for London to christen some new child of Irving's; and being received in a kind of gala by those Scotch Chapel people, caused me a noisy not pleasant day. Another day, positively painful though otherwise instructive, I had in the Dudley 'Black Country' (which I had once seen from the distance), roving about among the coal and metal mines there, in company or neighbourhood of Mr. Airy, now 'Astronomer Royal,' whom I have never seen since. Our party was but of four. Some opulent retired Dissenting Minister had decided on a holiday ovation to Airy, who had just issued from Cambridge as chief of Wranglers and mathematical wonder, and had come to Birmingham on visit to some footlicker whose people lived there. 'I will show Airy our mine country,' said the reverend old friend of enlightenment, 'and Mr. G., Airy's footlicker, shall accompany!' That was his happy thought; and Badams hearing it from him, had suggested me (not quite unknown to him) as a fourth figure. I was ill in health, but thought it right to go. We inspected black furnaces, descended into coal mines; poked about industriously into nature's and art's

sooty arcana all day (with a short recess for luncheon), and returned at night in the Reverend's postchaise, thoroughly wearied and disgusted, one of us at least. Nature's sooty arcana was welcome and even pleasant to me; art's also, more or less. Thus in the belly of the deepest mine, climbing over a huge jingle of new-loosened coal, there met me on the very summit a pair of small cheerful human *eyes* (face there was none discernible at first, so totally black was *it*, and so dim were our candles), then a ditto ditto of lips, internally red; which I perceived, with a comic interest, were begging beer from me! Nor was Airy himself in the least an offence, or indeed sensibly a concern. A hardy little figure, of edacious energetic physiognomy eyes hard, strong, not fine; seemed three or four years younger than I, and to be in secret serenely, not insolently, enjoying his glory, which I made him right welcome to do on those terms. In fact he and I hardly spoke together twice or thrice, and had as good as no relation to each other. The old Reverend had taken possession of Airy, and was all day at his elbow. And to me, fatal allotment, had fallen the 'footlicker,' one of the foolishest, most conceited, ever-babbling blockheads I can remember to have met.

What a day of *boring* (not of the mine strata only!) I felt as if driven half crazy, and mark it to this hour with *coal*!

But enough, and far more than enough, of my Birmingham reminiscences! Irving himself had been with us. Badams was every few weeks up in London for a day or two. Mrs. Strachey, too, sometimes wrote to me. London was still, in a sense, my headquarters. Early in September (it must have been), I took kind leave of Badams and his daily kind influences; hoping, both of us, it might be only temporary leave; and revisited London, at least passed through it, to Dover and the sea-coast, where Mrs. Strachey had contrived a fine sea party, to consist of herself, with appendages of the Irvings and of me, for a few bright weeks! I remember a tiny bit of my journey, solitary on the coach-roof, between Canterbury and Bridge. Nothing else whatever of person or of place from Birmingham to that, nor anything immediately onwards from that! The Irvings had a dim but snuggish house, rented in some street near the shore, and I was to lodge with them. Mrs. Strachey was in a brighter place near by; detached new *row*, called *Liverpool Terrace* at that time (now buried among streets, and hardly discernible by me

last autumn when I pilgrimed thither again after forty-two years).

Mrs. Strachey had Kitty with her, and was soon expecting her husband. Both households were in full action, or daily getting into it, when I arrived.

We walked, all of us together sometimes, at other times in threes or twos. We dined often at Mrs. Strachey's; read commonly in the evenings at Irving's, Irving *reader*, in Phineas Fletcher's 'Purple Island' for one thing; over which Irving strove to be solemn, and Kitty and I rather *not*, throwing in now and then a little spice of laughter and quiz. I never saw the book again, nor in spite of some real worth it had, and of much half-real laudation, cared greatly to see it. Mrs. Strachey, I suspect, didn't find the sea party so idyllic as her forecast of it. In a fortnight or so Strachey came, and then there was a new and far livelier element of anti-humbug, anti-*ennui*, which could not improve matters. She determined on sending Strachey, Kitty, and me off on a visit to Paris for ten days, and having the Irvings all to herself. We went accordingly; saw Paris, saw a bit of France—nothing like so common a feat as now; and the memory of that is still almost complete, if it were a legitimate part of my subject.

The journey out, weather fine and novelty awaiting young curiosity at every step, was very pleasant. Montreuil, Noailles, Abbéville, Beauvais, interesting names, start into facts. Sterne's 'Sentimental Journey' (especially) is alive in one from the first stage onwards. At Nampont, on the dirty little street, you almost expect to see the dead ass lying! Our second night was at Beauvais; glimpses of the old cathedral next morning went for nothing, was in fact nothing to me; but the glimpse I had had the night before, as we drove in this way, of the *Coffee-house* near by, and in it no company but one tall, sashed, epauletted, well-dressed officer striding dismally to and fro, was, and still is, impressive on me, as an almost unrivalled image of human *ennui*. I sate usually outside, fair Kitty sometimes, and Strachey oftener, sitting by me on the hindward seat. Carriage I think was Kitty's own, and except her maid we had no servants. Postilion could not tell me where 'Crécy' was, when we were in the neighbourhood. Country in itself, till near Paris, ugly, but all gilded with the light of young lively wonder. Little scrubby boys playing at ball on their scrubby patch of parish green; how strange! '*Charité, madame, pour une pauvre misérable, qui, elle, en a bien besoin!*' sang the poor lame beggar

girls at the carriage door. None of us spoke French well. Strachey grew even worse as we proceeded, and at length was quite an amusement to hear. At Paris he gave it up altogether, and would speak nothing but English; which, aided by his vivid looks and gestures, he found in shops and the like to answer much better. '*Quelque chose à boire, monsieur*,' said an exceptional respectful postilion at the coach window before quitting. '*Nong, vous avez drivé devilish slow*,' answered Strachey readily, and in a positive half-quizzing tone. This was on the way home, followed by a storm of laughter on our part and an angry blush on the postilion's.

From about Montmorency (with the shadow of Rousseau), especially from St. Denis to Paris, the drive was quite beautiful, and full of interesting expectation. Magnificent broad highway, great old trees and then potherb gardens on each hand, all silent too in the brilliant October afternoon; hardly one vehicle or person met, till, on mounting the shoulder of Montmartre, an iron gate, and douanier with his brief question before opening, and Paris, wholly and at once, lay at our feet. A huge bowl or deepish *saucer* of seven miles in diameter; not a breath of smoke or dimness anywhere; every roof, and dome, and spire, and chimney-top clearly

visible, and the skylights sparkling like diamonds. I have never, since or before, seen so fine a view of a town. I think the fair Miss Kitty was sitting by me; but the curious *speckled straw hats* and costumes and physiognomies of the Faubourg St. (fashionable, I forget it at this moment), are the memorablest circumstances to me. We alighted in the Rue de la Paix (clean and good hotel, not now a hotel); admired our rooms, all covered with mirrors; our grates, or grate backs, each with a *cupidon* cast on it; and roved about the Boulevards in a happy humour till sunset or later. Decidedly later, in the still dusk, I remember sitting down in the Place Vendôme, on the steps of the Column, there to smoke a cigar. Hardly had I arranged myself when a bustle of military was heard round me; clean, trim, handsome soldiers, blue and white, ranked themselves in some quality, drummers and drums especially faultless, and after a *shoulder arms* or so, marched off in parties, drums fiercely and finely clangouring their ran-tan-plan. Setting the watch or watches of this human city, as I understood it. 'Ha! my tight little fellows in blue, you also have got drums then, none better; and all the world is of kin whether it all agree or not!' was my childlike reflection as I silently looked on.

Paris proved vastly entertaining to me. 'Walking about the streets would of itself (as Gray the poet says) have amused me for weeks.' I met two young Irishmen, who had seen me once at Irving's, who were excellent *ciceroni*. They were on their way to the liberation of Greece, a totally wildgoose errand as then seemed to me, and as perhaps they themselves secretly guessed, but which entitled them to call on everybody for an 'autograph to our album,' their main employment just now. They were clever enough young fellows, and soon came home again out of Greece. Considerably the taller and cleverer, black-haired and with a strong Irish accent, was called Tennent, whom I never saw again. The milky, smaller blondine figure, cousin to him, was Emerson, whom I met twenty-five years afterwards at Allan Cunningham's as *Sir* Emerson *Tennent*, late Governor of Ceylon, and complimented, simpleton that I was! on the now finely *brown* colour of his *hair*! We have not met since. There was also of their acquaintances a pleasant Mr. Malcolm, ex-lieutenant of the 42nd, native of the Orkney Islands, only son of a clergyman there, who as a young ardent lad had joined Wellington's army at the *Siege of St. Sebastian*, and got badly wounded (lame for life), at the battle of Thoulouse that same

season. Peace coming, he was invalided on half-pay and now lived with his widowed mother in some clean upper floor in Edinburgh on frugal kind and pretty terms, hanging loosely by literature, for which he had some talent. We used to see him in Edinburgh with pleasure and favour, on setting up our own poor household there. He was an amiable, intelligent little fellow, of lively talk and speculation, always cheerful and with a traceable vein of humour and of pathos withal (there being much of sadness and affection hidden in him), all kept, as his natural voice was, in a fine low melodious tone. He wrote in annuals and the like vehicles really pretty verses, and was by degrees establishing something like a real reputation, which might have risen higher and higher in that kind, but his wound still hung about him and he soon died, a year or two after our quitting Edinburgh; which was the last we saw of him.

Poor little Malcolm! He quietly loved his mother very much, his vanished father too, and had pieties and purities very alien to the wild reckless ways of practice and of theory which the army had led him into. Most of his army habitudes (with one private exception, I think, nearly *all*) he had successfully washed off from him. To the reprobate 'theories' he had never been but heartily abhorrent.

'No God, I tell you, and I will prove it to you on the spot,' said some elder blackguard Lieutenant among a group of them in their tent one evening (a Hanoverian, if I recollect), 'on the spot—none.' 'How then?' exclaimed Ensign Malcolm, much shocked. The Hanoverian lifted his canteen, turned the bottom of it up. 'Empty; you see we have no more rum.' Then holding it aloft into the air, said in a tone of request, 'Fill us that;' paused an instant, turned it bottom up empty still, and with a victorious glance at his companions, set it down again as a thing that spoke for itself. This was one of Malcolm's war experiences, of which he could pleasantly report a great many. These and the physical agonies and horrors witnessed and felt had given him a complete disgust for war. He could not walk far, always had a marked halt in walking, but was otherwise my pleasantest companion in Paris.

Poor *Louis Dix-huit* had been 'lying in state' as we passed through St. Denis; Paris was all plastered with placards, '*Le Roi est mort; vive le Roi!*' announcing from Châteaubriand a pamphlet of that title. I made no effort to see Châteaubriand, did not see his pamphlet either; in the streets, galleries, *cafés*, I had enough and to spare. Washington Irving

was said to be in Paris, a kind of lion at that time, whose books I somewhat esteemed. One day the Emerson Tennent people bragged that they had engaged him to breakfast with us at a certain *café* next morning. We all attended duly, Strachey among the rest, but no Washington came. 'Couldn't rightly come,' said Malcolm to me in a judicious *aside*, as we cheerfully breakfasted with him. I never saw Washington at all, but still have a mild esteem of the good man. To the Louvre Gallery, alone or accompanied, I went often; got rather faintish good of the pictures there, but at least no *harm*, being mute and deaf on the subject. Sir Peter Laurie came to me one day; took me to dinner, and plenty of hard-headed London talk.

Another day, nobody with me and very few in the gallery at all, there suddenly came storming past, with dishevelled hair and large besoms in their hands, which they shoved out on any bit of paper or the like, a row of wild Savoyards, distractedly proclaiming 'Le Roi!' 'le Roi!' and almost oversetting people in their fierce speed to clear the way. Le Roi, *Charles Dix* in person, soon appeared accordingly, with three or four attendants, very ugly people, especially one of them (who had blear eyes and small bottle nose, never identifiable to my enquiries since). Charles

himself was a swart, slightish, insipid-looking man, but with much the air of a gentleman, insipidly endeavouring to smile and be popular as he walked past; sparse public indifferent to him, and silent nearly all. I had a real sympathy with the poor gentleman, but could not bring up the least Vive le Roi in the circumstances. We understood he was going to look at a certain picture or painting now on the easel, in a room at the very end (entrance end) of the gallery which one had often enough seen, generally with profane mockery if with any feeling. Picture of, or belonging to, the birth or baptism of what they called the child of miracle (the assassinated Duc de Berri's posthumous child, *hodie* Henri V. *in partibus*). Picture as yet distressingly ugly, mostly in a smear of dead colours, brown and even green, and with a kind of horror in the subject of it as well. How tragical are men once more; how merciless withal to one another! I had not the least real pity for *Charles Dix's* pious pilgriming to such an object; the poor mother of it and her immense hopes and pains, I did not even think of then. This was all I ever saw of the legitimate Bourbon line, with which and its tragedies I was to have more concern within the next ten years.

My reminiscences of Paris and its old aspects and localities were of visible use to me in writing of the *Revolution* by and by; the rest could only be reckoned under the head of amusement, but had its vague profits withal, and still has. Old Legendre, the mathematician (whose Geometry I had translated in Edinburgh) was the only man of real note with whom I exchanged a few words; a tall, bony, grey old man, who received me with dignity and kindness; introduced me to his niece, a brisk little brown gentlewoman who kept house for him; asked about my stay here, and finding I was just about to go, answered '*Diantre!*' with an obliging air of regret. His rugged sagacious, sad and stoical old face is still dimly present with me. At a meeting of the *Institut* I saw and well remember the figure of Trismegistus Laplace; the skirt of his long blue-silk dressing gown (such his costume, unique in the place, his age and his fame being also unique) even touched me as he passed on the session's rising. He was tall, thin, clean, serene, his face, perfectly smooth, as a healthy man of fifty's, bespoke intelligence keen and ardent, rather than deep or great. In the eyes was a dreamy smile, with something of pathos in it and perhaps something of contempt. The session itself was profoundly stupid; some lout of a pro-

vincial reading about *Vers à soie*, and big Vauquelin the chemist (noticed by me) fallen sound asleep. Strachey and I went one evening to call upon a M. de Chézy, Professor of *Persic*, with whom he, or his brother and he, had communicated while in India. We found him high aloft, but in a clean snug apartment, burly, hearty, glad enough to see us, only that Strachey would speak no French, and introduced himself with some shrill sounding sentence, the first word of which was clearly *salaam*. Chézy tried lamely for a pass or two what Persian he could muster, but hastened to get out of it, and to talk even to me, who owned to a little French, since Strachey would own to none. We had rather an amusing twenty minutes; Chézy a glowing and very emphatic man; '*ce hideux reptile de Langlès*' was a phrase he had once used to Strachey's brother, of his chief French rival in the Persic field! I heard Cuvier lecture one day; a strong German kind of face, ditto intelligence as manifested in the lecture, which reminded me of one of old Dr. Gregory's in Edinburgh. I was at a sermon in Ste. Geneviève's; main audience 500 or so of serving-maids; preacher a dizened fool in *hourglass hat*, who ran to and fro in his balcony or pulpit, and seemed much contented with himself; heard another foolish preacher, Protes-

tant, at the Oratoire (*console-toi, O France!* on the death of *Louis Dix-huit*). Looked silently into the *Morgue* one morning (infinitely better *sermon* that stern old greyhaired corpse lying there!); looked into the Hôtel Dieu and its poor sick-beds once; was much in the Pont-Neuf region (*on tond les chiens et coupe les chats, et va en ville*, etc. etc.); much in the Palais Royal and adjacencies; and the night before leaving found I ought to visit one theatre, and by happy accident came upon Talma playing there. A heavy, shortish numb-footed man, face like a warming-pan for size, and with a strange most ponderous yet delicate expression in the big dull-glowing black eyes and it. Incomparably the best actor I ever saw. Play was 'Œdipe' (Voltaire's very first); place the Théâtre Français. Talma died within about a year after.

Of the journey home I can remember nothing but the French part, if any part of it were worth remembering. At Dover I must still have found the Irvings, and poor outskirts and insignificant fractions of solitary dialogues on the Kent shore (far inferior to our old Fife ones) have not yet entirely vanished; *e.g.* strolling together on the beach one evening, we had repeatedly passed at some distance certain building operations, upon which by and by the

bricklayers seemed to be getting into much vivacity, crowding round the last gable top; in fact just about finishing their house then. Irving grasped my arm, said in a low tone of serious emotion, 'See, they are going to bring out their topstone with shouting!' I enquired of a poor man what it was; 'You see, sir, they gets allowance,' answered he; that was all—a silent deglutition of some beer. Irving sank from his Scriptural altitudes; I no doubt profanely laughing rather. There are other lingering films of this sort, but I can give them no date of before or after, and find nothing quite distinct till that of our posting up to London. I should say of the Stracheys posting, who took me as guest, the Irvings being now clearly gone. Canterbury and the (site of the) shrine of St. Thomas I did see, but it must have been before. We had a pleasant drive throughout, weather still sunny though cool, and about nine or ten P.M. of the second day I was set down at a little tavern on Shooter's Hill, where some London mail or diligence soon picked me up, and speedily landed me within reach of hospitable Pentonville, which gave me a welcome like itself. There I must have stayed a few days, and not above a few.

I was now again in London (probably about the middle of November); hither after much sad musing

and moping I had decided on returning for another while. My 'Schiller' (of which I felt then the intrinsic wretchedness or utter leanness and commonplace) was to be stitched together from the 'London Magazine,' and put forth with some trimmings and additions as a book; 100*l.* for it on publication in that shape' (Zero till then), that was the bargain made, and I had come to fulfil that, almost more uncertain than ever about all beyond. I soon got lodgings in Southampton Street, Islington, in Irving's vicinity, and did henceforth with my best diligence endeavour to fulfil that, at a far slower rate than I had expected. I frequently called on Irving (he never or not often on me, which I did not take amiss), and frequently saw him otherwise, but have already written down miscellaneously most of the remembrances that belong to this specific date of months. On the whole, I think now he felt a good deal unhappy, probably getting deeper and deeper sunk in manifold cares of his own, and that our communications had not the old copiousness and flowing freedom; nay, that even since I left for Birmingham there was perhaps a diminution. London 'pulpit popularity,' the smoke of that foul witches' cauldron: there was never anything else to blame. I stuck rigorously to my work, to my

Badams regimen, though it did but little for me, but I was sick of body and of mind, in endless dubiety, very desolate and miserable, and the case itself, since nobody could help, admonished me to silence. One day on the road down to Battle Bridge I remember recognising Irving's broad hat, atop amid the tide of passengers, and his little child sitting on his arm, wife probably near by. 'Why should I hurry up? They are parted from me, the old days are no more,' was my sad reflection in my sad humour.

Another morning, what was wholesomer and better, happening to notice, as I stood looking out on the bit of green under my bedroom window, a trim and rather pretty hen actively paddling about and picking up what food might be discoverable. 'See,' I said to myself; 'look, thou fool! Here is a two-legged creature with scarcely half a thimbleful of poor brains; thou call'st thyself a man with nobody knows how much brain, and reason dwelling in it; and behold how the one *life* is regulated and how the other! In God's name concentrate, collect whatever of reason thou hast, and direct it on the one thing needful. Irving, when we did get into intimate dialogue, was affectionate to me as ever, and had always to the end a great deal of sense and insight

into things about him, but he could not much help me; how could anybody but myself? By degrees I was doing so, taking counsel of that *symbolic* HEN! and settling a good few things. First, and most of all, that I would, renouncing ambitions, 'fine openings,' and the advice of all bystanders and friends, *who didn't know*; go *home* to Annandale, were this work done; provide myself a place where I could ride, follow regimen, and be free of *noises* (which were unendurable) till if possible I could recover a little health. Much followed out of that, all manner of adjustments gathering round it. As head of these latter I had offered to let my dearest be free of me, and of any virtual engagement she might think there was; but she would not hear of it, not of that, the noble soul! but stood resolved to share my dark lot along with me, be it what it might. Alas, her love was never completely known to me, and how celestial it was, till I had lost her. 'O for five minutes more of her!' I have often said, since April last, to tell her with what perfect love and admiration, as of the beautifullest of known human souls, I did intrinsically always regard her!' But all minutes of the time are inexorably past; be wise, all ye living, and remember that time *passes* and does not return.

Apart from regular work upon 'Schiller,' I had a good deal of talking with people and social moving about which was not disagreeable. With Allan Cunningham I had made ready acquaintance; a cheerful social man; 'solid Dumfries mason with a surface polish given him,' was one good judge's definition years afterwards! He got at once *into Nithsdale* when you talked with him, which though he was clever and satirical, I didn't very much enjoy. Allan had sense and shrewdness on all points, especially the practical; but *out* of Nithsdale, except for his perennial good-humour and quiet cautions (which might have been exemplary to me) was not instructive. I was at the christening of one of Allan's children over in Irving's, where there was a cheery evening, and the Cunninghams to sleep there; one other of the guests, a pleasant enough Yorkshire youth, going with me to a spare room I could command. My commonest walk was fieldwards, or down into the city (by many different old lanes and routes), more rarely by Portland Place (Fitzroy Square and Mrs. Strachey's probably first), to Piccadilly and the West End. One muddy evening there came to me, what enlightened all the mirk and mud, by the Herren Grafen von Bentincks' servant, a short letter from Goethe in Weimar! It

was in answer to the copy of 'Wilhelm Meister' which (doubtless with some reverent bit of note), I had despatched to him six months ago, without answer till now. He was kind though distant brief, apologised, by his great age (*hohen Jahren*) for the delay, till at length the Herren Grafen von Bentincks' passage homewards had operated on him as a hint to do the needful, and likewise to procure for both parties, Herren Grafen and self, an agreeable acquaintance, of which latter naturally neither I nor the Herren Grafen ever heard more. Some twenty years afterwards a certain Lord George Bentinck, whom newspapers called the 'stable minded' from his previous *turf* propensities, suddenly quitting all these and taking to statistics and Tory politics, became famous or noisy for a good few months, chiefly by intricate *statistics* and dull vehemence, so far as I could see, a stupid enough phenomenon for me, till he suddenly died, poor gentleman! I then remembered that this was probably one of the Herren Grafen von Bentinck whose acquaintance I had missed as above.

One day Irving took me with him on a curious little errand he had. It was a bright summer morning; must therefore have preceded the Birmingham and Dover period His errand was this A certain

loquacious extensive Glasgow publisher[1] was in London for several weeks on business, and often came to Irving, wasting (as I used to think) a good deal of his time in zealous discourse about many vague things; in particular about the villany of common publishers, how for example, on their '*half profits* system,' they would show the poor authors a printer's account pretending to be paid in full, printer's signature visibly appended, printer having really touched a sum *less* by 25 per cent., and *sic de cæteris*. All an arranged juggle to cheat the poor author, and sadly convince him that his moiety was nearly or altogether Zero divided by two! Irving could not believe it; denied stoutly on behalf of his own printer, one Bensley, a noted man in his craft, and getting nothing but negatory smiles and kindly but inexorable contradiction, said he would go next morning and see. We walked along somewhere Holbornwards, found Bensley and wife in a bright, quiet, comfortable room, just finishing breakfast; a fattish, solid, rational, and really amiable-looking pair of people, especially the wife, who had a plump, cheerfully experienced matronly air. By both of whom we, i.e. Irving (for I had nothing to do but

[1] Dr. Chalmers's especially; had been a schoolmaster; Collins perhaps his name.

be silent) were warmly and honourably welcomed, and constrained at least to sit, since we would do nothing better. Irving with grave courtesy laid the case before Bensley, perhaps showed him his old signature and account, and asked if that was or was not really the sum he had received. Bensley, with body and face writhed uneasily; evidently loth to lie, but evidently obliged by the laws of trade to do it. 'Yes, on the whole, that was the sum!' upon which we directly went our ways; both of us convinced, I believe, though only one of us said so. Irving had a high opinion of men, and was always mortified when he found it in any instance no longer tenable.

Irving was sorrowfully occupied at this period, as I now perceive, in scanning and surveying the *wrong* side of that immense popularity, the outer or right side of which had been so splendid and had given rise to such sacred and glorious hopes. The crowd of people flocking round him continued in abated but still superabundant quantity and vivacity; but it was not of the old high quality any more. The thought that the Christian religion was again to dominate all minds, and the world to become an Eden by his thrice-blessed means, was fatally declaring itself to have been a dream; and he could not consent to believe it

such: never he! That was the secret of his inward quasi-desperate resolutions; out into the wild struggles and clutchings towards the unattainable, the unregainable, which were more and more conspicuous in the sequel. He was now, I gradually found, listening to certain interpreters of prophecy, thinking to cast his own great faculty into that hopeless quagmire along with them. These and the like resolutions, and the dark humour which was the mother of them, had been on the growing hand during all this first London visit of mine, and were fast coming to outward development by the time I left for Scotland again.

About the beginning of March 1825 I had at length, after fierce struggling and various disappointments from the delay of others, got my poor business winded up; 'Schiller' published, paid for, left to the natural neglect of mankind (which was perfect so far as I ever heard or much cared), and in humbie, but condensed resolute and quiet humour was making my bits of packages, bidding my poor adieus, just in act to go. Everybody thought me headstrong and foolish; Irving less so than others, though he too could have no understanding of my dyspeptic miseries, my intolerable sufferings from noises etc. etc. He was always kind, and spoke hope if personal topics turned

up. Perhaps it was the very day before my departure, at least it is the last I recollect of him, we were walking in the streets multifariously discoursing: a dim grey day, but dry and airy. At the corner of Cockspur Street we paused for a moment, meeting Sir John Sinclair ('Statistical Account of Scotland' etc.), whom I had never seen before and never saw again. A lean old man, tall but stooping, in tartan cloak, face very wrinkly, nose blue, physiognomy vague and with distinction as one might have expected it to be. He spoke to Irving with benignant respect, whether to me at all I don't recollect. A little farther on in Parliament Street, somewhere near the Admiralty (that now is, and perhaps then was), we ascended certain stairs, narrow newish wooden staircase the last of them, and came into a bare, clean, comfortless, official little room (fire gone out), where an elderly official little gentleman was seated within rails, busy in the red-tape line. This was the Honourable Something or other, great in Scripture prophecy; in which he had started some sublime new idea, well worth prosecuting as Irving had assured me. Their mutual greetings were cordial and respectful; and a lively dialogue ensued on prophetic matters, especially on the sublime new idea; I, strictly unparticipant, sitting silently apart till it

was done. The Honourable Something had a look of perfect politeness, perfect silliness; his face, heavily wrinkled, went smiling and shuttling about at a wonderful rate; and in the smile there seemed to me to be lodged a frozen sorrow, as if bordering on craze. On coming out I asked Irving, perhaps too markedly, 'Do you really think that gentleman can throw any light to you on anything whatever?' To which he answered good-naturedly, but in a grave tone, 'Yes, I do.' Of which the fruits were seen before long. This is the last thing I can recollect of Irving in my London visit; except perhaps some grey shadow of him giving me 'Farewell' with express 'blessing.'

I paused some days at Birmingham; got rich gifts sent after me by Mrs. Strachey; beautiful desk, gold pencil, etc., which were soon *Another's*, ah me! and are still here. I saw Manchester too, for the first time (strange *bagman* ways in the Palace Inn there); walked to Oldham; savage-looking scene of Sunday morning; old schoolfellow of mine, very stupid but very kind, being Curate there. Shot off too over the Yorkshire moors to Marsden, where another boy and college friend of mine was (George Johnston, since surgeon in Gloucester); and spent three dingy but impressive days in poking into those mute wildernesses and their rough habitudes and

populations. At four o'clock, in my Palace Inn (Boots having forgotten me), awoke by good luck of myself, and saved my place on the coach roof. Remember the Blackburns, Boltons, and their smoke clouds, to right and left grimly black, and the grey March winds; Lancashire was not all smoky then, but only smoky in parts. Remember the Bush Inn at Carlisle, and quiet luxurious shelter it yielded for the night; much different from now. ('Betty, a pan o' cooals!' shouted the waiter, an Eskdale man by dialect, and in five minutes the trim Betty had done her feat, and your clean sleek bed was comfortably warm). At Ecclefechan, next day, within two miles or so of my father's, while the coach was changing horses, I noticed through the window my little sister Jean earnestly looking up for me; she, with Jenny, the youngest of us all, was at school in the village, and had come out daily of late to inspect the coach in hope of me, always in vain till this day; her bonny little blush and radiancy of look when I let down the window and suddenly disclosed myself are still present to me. In four days' time I now (December 2, 1866) hope to see this brave Jean again (now 'Mrs. Aitken,' from Dumfries, and a hardy, hearty wife and mother). Jenny, poor little thing, has had her crosses and difficulties, but has managed them well; and now lives, contented enough and industrious as

ever, with husband and three or two daughters, in Hamilton, Canada West, not far from which are my brother Alick too, and others dear to me. 'Double, double, toil and trouble'—such, with result or without it, are our wanderings in this world.

My poor little establishment at Hoddam Hill[1] (close by the 'Tower of Repentance,' as if symbolically!) I do not mean to speak of here; a neat compact little farm, rent 100*l.*, which my father had leased for me, on which was a prettyish-looking cottage for dwelling-house (had been the factor's place, who was retiring), and from the windows such a 'view' (fifty miles in radius, from beyond Tyndale to beyond St. Bees, Solway Frith, and all the fells to Ingleborough inclusive), as Britain or the world could hardly have matched! Here the ploughing etc. etc. was already in progress (which I often rode across to see), and here at term day (May 26, 1825) I established myself, set up my books and bits of implements and Lares, and took to doing 'German Romance' as my daily work, 'ten pages daily' my stint, which, barring some rare accidents, I faithfully accomplished. Brother Alick was my practical *farmer*; ever-kind and beloved mother, with one of the little girls, was generally there;

[1] A house with small farm attached, three miles from Mainhill, and visible from the fields at the back of it.

brother John, too, oftenest, who had just taken his degree. These, with a little man and ditto maid, were our establishment. It lasted only one year, owing, I believe, to indistinctness of bargain first of all, and then to arbitrary high-handed temper of our landlord (used to a rather prostrate style of obedience, and not finding it here, but a polite appeal to fair-play instead). One whole summer and autumn were defaced by a great deal of paltry bother on that head, superadded to the others; and at last, lease of Mainhill, too, being nearly out, it was decided to quit said landlord's territories altogether, and so end his controversies with us.

Next 26th of May we went all of us to Scotsbrig (a much better farm, which was now bidden for and got), and where, as turned out, I continued only a few months, wedded, and to Edinburgh in October following. Ah me! what a *retrospect* now!

With all its manifold petty troubles, this year at Hoddam Hill has a rustic beauty and dignity to me, and lies now like a not ignoble russet-coated idyll in my memory; one of the quietest, on the whole, and perhaps the most triumphantly important of my life. I lived very silent, diligent, had long solitary rides (on my wild Irish horse 'Larry,' good for the dietetic part), my meditatings, musings, and reflec-

tions were continual; my thoughts went wandering (or travelling) through eternity, through time, and through space, so far as poor I had scanned or known, and were now to my endless solacement coming back with tidings to me! This year I found that I had conquered all my scepticisms, agonising doubtings, fearful wrestlings with the foul and vile and soul-murdering Mud-gods of my epoch; had escaped as from a worse than Tartarus, with all its Phlegethons and Stygian quagmires, and was emerging free in spirit into the eternal blue of ether, where, blessed be heaven! I have for the spiritual part ever since lived, looking down upon the welterings of my poor fellow-creatures, in such multitudes and millions still stuck in that fatal element, and have had no concern whatever in their Puseyisms, ritualisms, metaphysical controversies and cobwebberies, and no feeling of my own except honest silent pity for the serious or religious part of them, and occasional indignation, for the poor world's sake, at the frivolous secular and impious part, with their universal suffrages, their Nigger emancipations, sluggard and scoundrel Protection societies, and 'unexampled prosperities' for the time being! What my pious joy and gratitude then was, let the pious soul figure. In a fine and veritable sense, I,

poor, obscure, without outlook, almost without worldly hope, had become independent of the world. What was death itself, from the world, to what I had come through? I understood well what the old Christian people meant by '*conversion*,' by God's infinite mercy to them. I had, in effect, gained an immense victory, and for a number of years had, in spite of nerves and chagrins, a constant inward happiness that was quite royal and supreme, in which all temporal evil was transient and insignificant, and which essentially remains with me still, though far oftener *eclipsed* and lying deeper *down* than then. Once more, thank Heaven for its highest gift. I then felt, and still feel, endlessly indebted to Goethe in the business. He, in his fashion, I perceived, had travelled the steep rocky road before me, the first of the moderns. Bodily health itself seemed improving. Bodily health was all I had really lost in this grand spiritual battle now gained; and that, too, I may have hoped would gradually return altogether, which it never did, and was far enough from doing! Meanwhile my thoughts were very peaceable, full of pity and humanity as they had never been before. Nowhere can I recollect of myself such pious musings, communings silent and spontaneous with Fact and

Nature, as in these poor Annandale localities. The sound of the kirk-bell once or twice on Sunday mornings, from Hoddam kirk, about a mile off on the plain below me, was strangely touching, like the departing voice of eighteen hundred years. Frank Dickson at rare intervals called in passing. Nay, once for about ten days my dearest and beautifullest herself came across out of Nithsdale to 'pay my mother a visit,' when she gained all hearts, and we mounted our swift little horses and careered about! No wonder I call that year idyllic, in spite of its russet coat. My darling and I were at the Grange (Mrs. Johnston's), at Annan (Mrs. Dickson's), and we rode together to Dumfries, where her aunts and grandmother were, whom she was to pause with on this her road home to Templand.[1] How beautiful, how sad and strange all that now looks! Her beautiful little heart was evidently much cast down, right sorry to part, though we hoped it was but for some short while. I remember the heights of Mousewold, with Dumfries and the granite mountains lying in panorama seven or eight miles off to our left, and what she artlessly yet finely said to me there. Oh, my darling, not Andromache dressed in all the art of a Racine looks more high and queenly to me, or

[1] House in Nithsdale where Miss Urleh's grandfather lived.

is more of a *tragic poem* than thou and thy noble pilgrimage beside me in this poor thorny muddy world!

I had next to no direct correspondence with Irving; a little note or so on business, nothing more. Nor was Mrs. Montague much more instructive on that head, who wrote me high-sounding amiable things which I could not but respond to more or less, though dimly aware of their quality. Nor did the sincere and ardent Mrs. Strachey, who wrote seldomer, almost ever touch upon Irving; but by some occasional unmelodious *clang* in all the newspapers (twice over I think in this year), we could sufficiently and with little satisfaction construe his way of life. Twice over he had leaped the barrier, and given rise to criticism of the customary idle sort, loudish universally, and nowhere accurately just. Case first was of preaching to the London Missionary Society ('Missionary' I will call it, though it might be 'Bible' or another). On their grand anniversary these people had appointed to him the honour of addressing them, and were numerously assembled expecting some flourishes of eloquence and flatteries to their illustrious divinely-blessed Society, ingeniously done and especially with fit *brevity*, dinner itself waiting, I suppose, close in the rear. Irving emerged into his speaking place

at the due moment, but instead of treating men and office-bearers to a short comfortable dose of honey and butter, opened into strict sharp enquiries, Rhadamanthine expositions of duty and ideal, issuing perhaps in actual criticism and admonition, gall and vinegar instead of honey; at any rate keeping the poor people locked up there for 'above two hours' instead of one hour or less, with dinner *hot* at the end of it. This was much criticised; 'plainly wrong, and produced by love of singularity and too much pride in oneself,' voted everybody. For, in fact, a man suddenly holding up the naked inexorable Ideal in face of the clothed, and in England generally plump, comfortable, and pot-bellied Reality, is doing an unexpected and a questionable thing!

The next escapade was still worse. At some public meeting, of probably the same 'Missionary Society,' Irving again held up his ideal, I think not without murmurs from former sufferers by it, and ended by solemnly putting down, not his name to the subscription list, but an actual gold watch, which he said had just arrived to him from his beloved brother lately dead in India.[1] That of the

[1] This brother was John, the eldest of the three, an Indian army surgeon, whom I remember once meeting on a 'common stair' in Edinburgh, on return I suppose from some call on a

gold watch tabled had in reality a touch of rash ostentation, and was bitterly crowed over by the able editors for a time. On the whole one could gather too clearly that Irving's course was beset with pitfalls, barking dogs, and dangers and difficulties unwarned of, and that for one who took so little counsel with prudence he perhaps carried his head too high. I had a certain harsh kind of sorrow about poor Irving, and my loss of him (and his loss of *me* on such poor terms as these seemed to be!) but I carelessly trusted in his strength against whatever mistakes and impediments, and felt that for the present it was better to be absolved from corresponding with him.

That same year, late in autumn, he was at Annan, only for a night and a day, returning from some farther journey, perhaps to Glasgow or Edinburgh, and had to go on again for London next day. I rode down from Hoddam Hill before nightfall; found him sitting in the snug little parlour beside his father and mother, beautifully domestic. I think it was the last time I ever saw those good old people. We sate only a few minutes, my thoughts

comrade higher up; a taller man than even Edward, and with a blooming, placid, not very intelligent face, and no squint, whom I easily recognised by family likeness, but never saw again or before.

sadly contrasting the beautiful affectionate safety here, and the wild tempestuous hostilities and perils yonder. He left his blessing to each, by name, in a low soft voice. There was something almost tragical to me as he turned round (hitting his hat on the little door lintel), and next moment was on the dark street, followed only by me. We stept over to Robert Dickson's, his brother-in-law's, and sat there, still talking, for perhaps an hour. Probably his plan of journey was to catch the Glasgow-London mail at Gretna, and to walk thither, the night being dry and time at discretion.

Walk I remember he did, and talk in the interim (three or at most four of us now), not in the least downhearted. Told us, probably in answer to some question of mine, that the projected 'London University' (now of Gower Street) seemed to be progressing towards fulfilment, and how at some meeting Poet Campbell, arguing loudly for a purely *secular* system, had, on sight of Irving entering, at once stopt short, and in the politest way he could, sate down, without another word on the subject 'It will be unreligious, secretly anti-religious all the same,' said Irving to us. Whether he reported of the projected Athenæum Club (dear to Basil Montague, among others), I don't recollect; probably not,

as he or I had little interest in that. When the time had come for setting out, and we were all on foot, he called for his three little nieces, having their mother by him; had them each successively set standing on a chair, laid his hand on the head first of one, with a 'Mary Dickson, the Lord bless you!' then of the next by name, and of the next, 'The Lord bless you!' in a sad and solemn tone (with something of elaborate noticeable in it, too), which was painful and dreary to me. A dreary visit altogether, though an unabatedly affectionate on both sides. In what a contrast, thought I, to the old sunshiny visits, when Glasgow was headquarters, and everybody was obscure, frank to his feelings, and safe! Mrs. Dickson, I think, had tears in her eyes. Her, too, he doubtless blessed, but without hand on head. Dickson and the rest of us escorted him a little way; would then take leave in the common form; but even that latter circumstance I do not perfectly recall, only the fact of our escorting, and before the visit and after it all is now fallen dark.

Irving did not re-emerge for many months, and found me then in very greatly changed circumstances. His next visit was to *us* at Comley Bank,[1]

[1] Where Carlyle and his wife lived for the first eighteen months after their marriage.

Edinburgh, not to *me* any longer! It was probably in spring, 1827, a visit of only half an hour, more resembling a 'call' from neighbour on neighbour. I think it was connected with Scripture prophecy work, in which he was now deep. At any rate, he was now preaching and communing on something or other to numbers of people in Edinburgh, and we had heard of him for perhaps a week before as shiningly busy in that way, when in some interval he made this little run over to Comley Bank and us. He was very friendly, but had a look of trouble, of haste, and confused controversy and anxiety, sadly unlike his old good self. In dialect, too, and manner, things had not bettered themselves, but the contrary. He talked with an undeniable self-consciousness, and something which you could not but admit to be religious mannerism. Never quite recovered out of that, in spite of our, especially of her, efforts while he stayed. At parting he proposed 'to pray' with us, and did, in standing posture, ignoring or conscientiously defying our pretty evident reluctance. 'Farewell!' he said soon after; 'I must go then and suffer persecution as my fathers have done.' Much painful contradiction he evidently had from the world about him, but also much zealous favour; and was going that same evening to a

public dinner given in honour of him, as we and everybody knew.

This was, I think, the *nadir* of my poor Irving, veiled and hooded in these miserable manifold crapes and formulas, so that his brave old self never once looked fairly through, which had not been nor was again quite the case in any other visit or interview. It made one drearily sad. 'Dreary,' that was the word; and we had to consider ourselves as not a little divorced from him, and bidden 'shift for yourselves.'

We saw him once again in Scotland, at Craigenputtoch,[1] and had him for a night, or I almost think for two, on greatly improved terms. He was again on some kind of church business, but it seemed to be of cheerfuller and wider scope than that of Scriptural prophecy last time. Glasgow was now his goal, with frequent preaching as he went along, the regular clergy actively countenancing. I remember dining with him at our parish minister's, good Mr. Bryden's, with certain Reverends of the neighbourhood (the Dow of 'Irongray' one of them, who afterwards went crazy on the 'Gift of Tongues' affair). I think it must have been from Bryden's that I brought him up to Craigenputtoch, where he

[1] A lonely house on the moor, at the head of Nithsdale, ten miles from Dumfries.

was quite alone with us, and franker and happier than I had seen him for a long time. It was beautiful summer weather, pleasant to saunter in with old friends in the safe green solitudes, no sound audible but that of our own voices, and of the birds and woods. He talked to me of Henry Drummond as of a fine, a great, evangelical, yet courtly and indeed universal gentleman, whom prophetic studies had brought to him, whom I was to *know* on my next coming to London, more joy to me! We had been discoursing of religion with mildly worded but entire frankness on my part as usual, and something I said had struck Irving as unexpectedly orthodox, who thereupon ejaculated, 'Well, I am right glad to hear that, and will not forget it when it may do you good with one whom I know of;' with Henry Drummond namely, which had led him into that topic, perhaps not quite for the first time. There had been big 'prophetic conferences' etc. held at Drummond's house (Albury, Surrey), who continued ever after an ardent Irvingite, and rose by degrees in the 'Tongues' business to be hierophant, and chief over Irving himself. He was far the richest of the sect, and alone belonged to the aristocratic circles, abundant in speculation as well as in money; a sharp, elastic, haughty kind of man; had considerable

ardour, disorderly force of intellect and character, and especially an insatiable love of shining and figuring. In a different element I had afterwards plentiful knowledge of Henry Drummond, and if I got no good of him got also no mischief, which might have been extremely possible.

We strolled pleasantly, in loose group, Irving the centre of it, over the fields. I remember an excellent little portraiture of *Methodism* from him on a green knoll where we had loosely sat down. 'Not a good religion, sir,' said he, confidentially shaking his head in answer to my question; 'far too little of spiritual conscience, far too much of temporal appetite; goes hunting and watching after its own emotions, that is, mainly its own *nervous system*; an essentially sensuous religion, depending on the body, not on the soul!' 'Fit only for a gross and vulgar-minded people,' I perhaps added; 'a religion so called, and the essence of it principally *cowardice* and *hunger*, terror of pain and appetite for pleasure both carried to the infinite;' to which he would sorrowfully assent in a considerable degree. My brother John, lately come home from Germany, said to me next day, 'That was a pretty little *Schilderung* (portraiture) he threw off for us, that of the Methodists, wasn't it?'

At Dunscore, in the evening, there was sermon and abundant rustic concourse, not in the kirk but round it in the kirkyard for convenience of room. I attended with most of our people (*one* of us not —busy she at home 'field marshalling,' the noble little soul!) I remember nothing of sermon or subject, except that it went flowingly along like true discourse, direct from the inner reservoirs, and that everybody seemed to listen with respectful satisfaction. We rode pleasantly home in the dusk, and soon afterwards would retire, Irving having to 'catch the Glasgow coach' early next day. Next day, correct to time, he and I were on horseback soon after breakfast, and rode leisurely along towards Auldgirth Bridge, some ten miles from us, where the coach was to pass. Irving's talk, or what of it I remember, turned chiefly, and in a cheerful tone, upon touring to the Continent, a beautiful six weeks of rest which he was to have in that form (and I to be taken with him as *dragoman*, were it nothing more!), which I did not at the time believe in, and which was far enough from ever coming. On nearing the goal he became a little anxious about his coach, but we were there in perfect time, 'still fifteen minutes to spare,' and stept into the inn to wait over a real, or (on my part), theoretic glass of

ale. Irving was still but midway in his glass when the coach, sooner than expected, was announced. 'Does not *change* here, changes at Thornhill!' so that there was not a moment to be lost. Irving sprang hastily to the coach roof (no other seat left), and was at once bowled away, waving me his kind farewell, and vanishing among the woods. This was probably the last time I ever had Irving as my guest; nay, as guest for nights or even a night it was probably the first time. In Scotland I never saw him again. Our next meeting was in London, autumn of the year 1831.

By that time there had been changes both with him and me. With him a sad-enough change, namely, *deposition* from the Scottish Established Kirk, which he felt to be a sore blow, though to me it seemed but the whiff of a *telum imbelle* for such a man. What the particulars of his heresy were I never knew, or have totally forgotten. Some doctrine he held about the human nature of the Divine Man; that Christ's human nature was liable to sin like our own, and continually tempted thereto, which by His divine nobleness He kept continually perfect and pure from sin. This doctrine, which as an impartial bystander, I, from Irving's point of view and from my own, entirely assented to, Irving

had by voice and pen been publishing, and I remember hearing vaguely of its being much canvassed up and down, always with impatience and a boundless contempt, when I did hear of it. 'The gig of respectability again!' I would say or think to myself. 'They consider it more honourable to their Supreme of the world to have had his work done for him than to have done it himself. Flunkeys irredeemable, carrying their *plush* into highest heaven!' This I do remember, but whether this was the damning heresy, this or some other, I do not now know. Indeed, my own grief on the matter, and it had become a chronic dull and perennial grief, was that such a soul had anything to do with 'heresies' and mean puddles of that helpless sort, and was not rather working in his proper sphere, infinite spaces above all that! Deposed he certainly was, the fact is still recorded in my memory, and by a kind of accident I have the approximate *date* of it too, Allan Cunningham having had a public dinner given him in Dumfries, at which I with great effort attended, and Allan's first talk to me on meeting having been about Irving's late troubles, and about my own soon coming to London with a MS. book in my pocket, with 'Sartor Resartus' namely! The whole of which circumstances have naturally im-

printed themselves on me, while so much else has faded out.

The first genesis of 'Sartor' I remember well enough, and the very spot (at Templand) where the notion of astonishment at *clothes* first struck me. The book had taken me in all some nine months, which are not present now, except confusedly and in mass, but that of being wearied with the fluctuations of *review* work, and of having decided on London again, with 'Sartor' as a book to be offered there, is still vivid to me; vivid above all that dinner to Allan, whither I had gone not against my deliberate will, yet with a very great repugnance, knowing and hating the multiplex bother of it, and that I should have some kind of speech to make. 'Speech' done, however (*taliter qualiter*, some short rough words upon Burns, which did well enough), the thing became not unpleasant, and I still well remember it all. Especially how at length, probably near midnight, I rose to go, decisively resisting all invitations to 'sleep at Dumfries;' must and would drive home (knowing well who was waiting for me there!) and drove accordingly, with only one circumstance now worth mention.

Dumfries streets, all silent, empty, were lying clear as day in the purest moonlight, a very beauti-

ful and shiny midnight, when I stept down with some one or two for escort of honour, got into my poor old gig—brother Alick's gift or procurement to me—and with brief farewell rattled briskly away. I had sixteen good miles ahead, fourteen of them parish road, narrower than highway, but otherwise not to be complained of, and the night and the sleeping world seemed all my own for the little enterprise. A small black mare, nimble, loyal, wise,[1] this was all my team. Soon after leaving the highway, or perhaps it was almost before, for I was well wrapt up, warm enough, contented to be out of my affair, wearied too with so much noise and sipping of wine, I too, like the world, had fallen sound asleep, must have sat in deep perfect sleep (probably with the reins hung over the whip and its case), for about ten miles! There were ascents, descents, steep enough, dangerous fenceless parts, narrow bridges with little parapet (especially one called 'rowting,' i.e. bellowing or roaring, 'Brig,' spanning a grand loud cataract in quite an intricate way, for there was abrupt turn just at the end of it with rapid descent, and wrong road to be avoided); ;

[1] Whom I well remember. 'As useful a beast,' said my dear mother once, in fine expressive Scotch, as we drove together, 'as ever one little skin covered.'

'Rowting Brig,' 'Milltown Brig' (also with intricacy of wrong roads), not very long after which latter, in the bottom of Glenesland, roads a little rumbly there owing to recent inundation, I awoke, safe as if Jehu had been driving me, and within four miles of home; considerably astonished, but nothing like so grateful as I now am, on looking back on the affair, and my little mare's performance in it. Ah me! in this creation rough and honest, though not made for our sake only, how many things, lifeless and living, living *persons* some of them, and *their* life beautiful as azure and heaven, beneficently help us forward while we journey together, and have not yet bidden sorrowful farewell! My little darling sate waiting for me in the depths of the desert, and, better or worse, the Dumfries dinner was over. This must have been in July 1831.

Thirteen months before there had fallen on me, and on us all, a very great, most tender, painful, and solemn grief, the death of my eldest sister Margaret, who after some struggles had quitted us in the flower of her youth, age about twenty-five. She was the charm of her old father's life, deeply respected as well as loved by her mother and all of us, by none more than me; and was, in fact, in the

simple, modest, comely, and rustic form as intelligent, quietly valiant, quietly wise and heroic a young woman as I have almost ever seen. Very dear and estimable to my Jeannie, too, who had zealously striven to help her, and now mourned for her along with me. 'The shortest night of 1830,' that was her last in this world. The year before for many months she had suffered nameless miseries with a stoicism all her own. Doctors, unable to help, saw her with astonishment rally and apparently recover, 'by her own force of character,' said one of them. Never shall I forget that bright summer evening (late summer 1829), when contemplatively lounging with my pipe outside the window, I heard unexpectedly the sound of horses' feet, and up our little 'avenue,' pacing under the trees overhung by the yellow sunlight, appeared my brother John and she unexpectedly from Scotsbrig, bright to look upon, cheery of face, and the welcomest interruption to our solitude. 'Dear Mag, dear Mag, once more!' Nay, John had brought me from Dumfries post-office a long letter from Goethe, one of the finest I ever had from him; son's death perhaps mentioned in it; all so white, so pure, externally and internally, so high and heroic. This, too, seemed bright to me as the summer sunset in which I stood

reading it. Seldom was a cheerfuller evening at Craigenputtoch. Margaret stayed perhaps a fortnight, quietly cheerful all the time, but was judged (by a very quick eye in such things), to be still far from well. She sickened again in March or April next, on some cold or accident, grew worse than ever, herself now falling nearly hopeless. 'Cannot stand a second bout like last year,' she once whispered to one of her sisters. We had brought her to Dumfries in the hope of better medical treatment, which was utterly vain. Mother and sister Mary waited on her with trembling anxiety; I often there. Few days before the end my Jeannie (in the dusk of such a day of gloomy hurlyburly to us all!) carried her on her knees in a *sedan* to some suburban new garden lodging we had got (but did not then tell me what the dying one had said to her). In fine, towards midnight June 21-22, I alone still up, an express from Dumfries rapped on my window. 'Grown worse; you and your brother wanted yonder!' Alick and I were soon on horseback, rode diligently through the slumbering woods—ever memorable to me that night, and its phenomena of moon and sky!—found all finished hours ago, only a weeping mother and sister left, with whom neither of us could help weeping. Poor Alick's face, when I

met him at the door with such news (he had stayed behind me getting rid of the horses), the mute struggle, mute and vain, as of the rugged rock not to dissolve itself, is still visible to me. Why do I evoke these bitter sorrows and miseries which have mercifully long lain as if asleep? I will not farther. That day, June 22, 1830, full of sacred sorrow and of paltry botheration of business—for we had, after some hours and a little consultation, sent Mary and my mother home—is to be counted among the painfullest of my life; and in the evening, having at last reached the silence of the woods, I remember fairly lifting up my voice and weeping aloud a long time.

All this has little to do with Irving, little even with the journey I was now making towards him, except that in the tumultuous agitations of the latter it came all in poignant clearness and completeness into my mind again, and continued with me in the background or the foreground during most of the time I was in London.

From Whitehaven onwards to Liverpool, amid the noise and jostle of a crowd of high-dressed vulgar-looking people who joined us there, and with their 'hot brandies,' dice-boxes, etc., down below, and the blaring of brass bands, and idle babblers and

worshippers of the nocturnal picturesque, made deck and cabin almost equally a delirium,—this, all this of fourteen months ago, in my poor head and heart, was the one thing awake, and the saturnalia round it a kind of mad nightmare *dream*. At London too, perhaps a week or so after my arrival, somebody had given me a ticket to see Macready, and stepping out of the evening sun I found myself in Drury Lane Theatre, which was all darkened, carefully lamp-lit, play just beginning or going to begin. Out of my gratis box—front box on the lower tier—I sat gazing into that painted scene and its mimings, but heard nothing, saw nothing;—her green grave and Ecclefechan silent little kirkyard far away, and how the evening sun at this same moment would be shining *there*, generally that was the main thing I saw or thought of, and tragical enough that was, without any Macready! Of Macready that time I remember nothing, and suppose I must have come soon away.

Irving was now living in Judd Street, New Road, a bigger, much better old house than the former new one, and much handier for the new 'Caledonian Chapel,' which stood spacious and grand in Regent Square, and was quite dissevered from Hatton Garden and its concerns. I stept over to him on the evening of my arrival; found him

sitting quiet and alone, brotherly as ever in his reception of me. Our talk was good and edifying.

(Mr. Carlyle's MS. is here interrupted. Early in December 1866 he went to Mentone, where he remained for several months. *December* 27 he resumes in the new environment.)[1]

He was by this time deep in prophecy and other aberrations, surrounded by weak people, mostly echoes of himself and his inaudible notions; but he was willing to hear me too on secularities, candid like a second self in judging of what one said in the way of opinion, and wise and even shrewd in regard to anything of business if you consulted him on that side. He objected clearly to my Reform Bill notions, found *Democracy* a thing forbidden, leading down to outer darkness; I, a thing inevitable, and

[1] Ceased in London perhaps three weeks ago, mere hubbub and uncertainty intervening; begins again at Mentone on the *Riviera Occidentale*, whither I have been pushed and pulled in the most unheard of way, Professor Tyndall, Lady Ashburton, friends, foes, all conspiring, a journey like 'chaos come again,' and an arrival and a continuance hitherto still *liker* ditto. Wakeful nights each, especially the one just gone; in which strange circumstances—bright sun shining, blue sea faintly murmuring, orange groves glowing out of window, Mentone hidden, and Ventimiglia Cape in view, all earth a kind of Paradise, inhabitants a kind of quasi-Satan—I endeavour to proceed the best I can.

obliged to lead whithersoever it could. We had several colloquies on that subject, on which, though my own poor convictions are widened, not altered, I should now have more sympathy with his than was then the case. We also talked on religion and Christianity 'evidences,' our notions of course more divergent than ever. 'It is sacred, my friend, we can call it sacred; such a *Civitas Dei* as was never built before, wholly the grandest series of work ever hitherto done by the human soul; the highest God, doubt it not, assenting and inspiring all along.' This I remember once saying plainly, which was not an encouragement to prosecute the topic. We were in fact hopelessly divided, to what tragical extent both of us might well feel! But something still remained, and this we (he, at least, for I think in friendship he was the nobler of the two) were only the more anxious to retain and make good. I recollect breakfasting with him, a strange set of ignorant conceited fanatics forming the body of the party, and greatly spoiling it for me. Irving's own kindness was evidently in essence unabated; how sorrowful, at once provoking and pathetic, that I or he could henceforth get so little good of it!

We were to have gone and seen Coleridge together, had fixed a day for that object; but the day

proved a long deluge, no stirring out possible, and we did not appoint another. I never saw Coleridge more. He died the year after our final removal to London, a man much pitied and recognised by me; never excessively esteemed in any respect, and latterly, on the intellectual or spiritual side, less and less. The father of Puseyism and of much vain phantasmal moonshine which still vexes this poor earth, as I have already described him. Irving and I did not, on the whole, see much of one another during this 'Sartor Resartus' visit, our circumstances, our courses and employments were so altogether diverse. Early in the visit he walked me to Belgrave Square to dine with Henry Drummond; beautiful promenade through the crowd and stir of Piccadilly, which was then somewhat of a novelty to me. Irving, I heard afterwards, was judged, from the broad hat, brown skin, and flowing black hair to be in all probability the one-string fiddler Paganini—a tall, lean, taciturn abstruse-looking figure—who was then, after his sort, astonishing the idle of mankind. Henry Drummond—house all in summer *deshabille*, carpets up, etc.—received us with abundance of respect, and of aristocratic pococurantism withal (the latter perhaps rather in a conscious condition); gave us plenty of talk, and received well

what was given; chiefly on the rotten social state of England, on the 'Swing' outrages (half the year raising wheat and the other half burning it), which were then alarming everybody—all rather in epigrammatic exaggerative style, and with 'wisdom' sometimes sacrificed to 'wit.' Gave us, in short, a pleasant enough dinner and evening, but left me, as Mazzini used to describe it, 'cold.' A man of elastic, pungent decisive nature, full of fine qualities and capabilities, but well nigh cracked by an enormous conceit of himself, which, both as pride and vanity (in strange partnership mutually agreeable), seemed to pervade every fibre of him, and render his life a restless inconsistency. That was the feeling he left in me; nor did it alter afterwards when I saw a great deal more of him, without sensible increase or diminution of the little love he at first inspired in me. Poor Henry! he shot fiery arrows about too, but they told nowhere. I was never tempted to become more intimate with him, though he now and then seemed willing enough: *ex nihilo nihil fit.* He, without unkindness of intention, did my poor Irving a great deal of ill; me never any, such my better luck. His last act was, about eight or nine years ago, to ask us both [1] out to

[1] Carlyle and his wife.

Albury on a mistaken day, when he himself was not there! Happily my darling had at the eleventh hour decided not to go, so that the ugly confusion fell all on me, and in a few months more Henry was himself dead, and no mistake possible again. Albury, the ancient Earl of Arundel's, the recent scene of prophet conferences etc., I had seen for the first and most likely for the last time. My *double-goer*, T. Carlyle, 'Advocate,' who had for years been 'Angel' there, was lately dead; and the numerous mistakes, wilful and involuntary, which he, from my fifteenth year onwards, had occasioned me, selling his pamphlets as mine, getting my letters as his, and *vice versâ*; nay, once or more with some ambassador at Berlin *dining* in my stead; foolish vain fellow, who called me Antichrist withal in his serious moments! were likewise at an end. All does end.

My business lay with the bookseller or publishing world; my chief intercourse was with the lighter literary figures: in part, too, with the political, many of whom I transiently saw at Jeffrey's (who was then Lord Advocate), and all of whom I might hear of through him. Not in either kind was my appetite very keen, nor did it increase by what it fed on. Rather a 'feast of shells,' as perhaps I

then defined it; people of biggish names, but of substance mainly spilt and wanting. All men were full of the *Reform Bill*; nothing else talked of, written of, the air loaded with *it* alone, which occasioned great obstruction in the publishing of my 'Sartor,' I was told. On that latter point I could say much, but will forbear. Few men ever more surprised me than did the great Albemarle Street Murray, who had published for Byron and all the great ones for many years, and to whom Jeffrey sent me recommended. Stupider man than the great Murray, in look, in speech, in conduct, in regard to this poor 'Sartor' question, I imagined I had seldom or never seen! Afterwards it became apparent to me that partly he was sinking into the heaviness of old age, and partly, still more important, that in regard to this particular 'Sartor' question his position was an impossible one; position of a poor old man endeavouring to answer yes *and* no! I had striven and pushed for some weeks with him and others on those impossible principles, till at length discovering how the matter stood, I with brevity demanded back my poor MS. from Murray, received it with some apologetic palaver (enclosing an opinion from his taster, which was subsequently printed in our edition), and much hope,

etc. etc.; locked it away into fixity of silence for the present (my Murray into ditto for ever), and decided to send for the dear one I had left behind me, and let her too see London, which I knew she would like, before we went farther. Ah me! this sunny Riviera which we sometimes vaguely thought of, she does not see along with me, and my thoughts of her here are too sad for words. I will write no more to-day. Oh, my darling, my lost darling, may the great God be good to thee! Silence, though! and 'hope' if I can!

My Jeannie came about the end of September. Brother John, by industry of hers and mine (hers chiefly), acting on an opportunity of Lord Advocate Jeffrey's, had got an appointment for Italy (travelling physician, by which he has since made abundance of money, and of work may be said to have translated Dante's 'Inferno,' were there nothing more!) We shifted from our uncomfortable lodging[1] into a clean, quiet and modestly comfortable one in Ampton Street (same St. Pancras region), and there, ourselves two—brother John being *off* to Italy—set up for the winter under tolerable omens. My darling was, as ever, the guardian spirit of the

[1] At Irving's youngest brother George's; an incipient surgeon, amiable and clear superficially, who soon after died.

establishment, and made all things bright and smooth. The daughter of the house, a fine young Cockney specimen, fell quite in love with her, served like a fairy. Was next year, long after we were gone, for coming to us at Craigenputtoch to be 'maid of all work'—an impossible suggestion; and did, in effect, keep up an adoring kind of intercourse till the fatal day of April last, never changing at all in her poor tribute of love. A fine outpouring of her grief and admiring gratitude, written after that event,[1] was *not* thrown into the fire half-read, or unread, but is still lying in a drawer at Chelsea, or perhaps adjoined to some of the things I was writing there, as a genuine human utterance, not without some sad value to me. My poor little woman had often indifferent health, which seemed rather to worsen than improve while we continued; but her spirit was indefatigable, ever cheery, full of grace, ingenuity, dexterity; and she much enjoyed London, and the considerable miscellany of people that came about us—Charles Buller, John Mill, several professed 'admirers' of mine (among whom

[1] Letter to me, signed 'Eliza Snowden'; *Miles* was her maiden name. 'Snowden,' once a clerk with her uncle, is now himself, for long years back, a prosperous upholsterer; and the sylph-like Eliza, grown fat enough of shape, is the mother of six or seven prosperous children to him.

was, and for aught I know still is, the mocking Hayward!); Jeffrey almost daily, as an admirer of hers; not to mention Mrs. Montague and Co., certain Holcrofts (Badams married to one of them, a certain Captain Kenny married to the mother of them, at whose house I once saw Godwin, if that was anything), Allan Cunningham from time to time, and fluctuating foreigners, etc., etc. We had company rather in superabundance than otherwise, and a pair of the clearest eyes in the whole world were there to take note of them all, a judgment to compare and contrast them (as I afterwards found she had been doing, the dear soul!) with what was already all her own. Ah me! Ah me!

Soon after New Year's Day a great sorrow came, unexpected news of my father's death. He had been in bed, as ill, only a few hours, when the last hour proved to be there, unexpectedly to all, except perhaps to himself; for ever since my sister Margaret's death he had been fast failing, though none of us took notice enough, such had been his perfection of health almost all through the seventy-three years he lived. I sat plunged in the depths of natural grief, the pale kingdoms of eternity laid bare to me, and all that was sad and grand and dark as death filling my thoughts exclusively day after day. How beautiful

She was to me, how kind and tender! Till after the funeral my father's noble old face—one of the finest and strongest I have ever seen—was continually before my eyes. In these and the following days and nights I hastily wrote down some memorials of him,[1] which I have never since seen, but which still exist somewhere; though, indeed, they were not worth preserving, still less are after I have done with them. 'Posterity!' that is what I never thought of appealing to. What possible use can there be in appealing *there*, or in *appealing* anywhere, except by absolute silence to the High Court of Eternity, which can do no error, poor sickly transiencies that we are, coveting we know not what! In the February ensuing I wrote 'Johnson' (the 'Bozzy' part was published in 'Fraser' for March). A week or two before, we had made acquaintance, by Hunt's own goodness, with Leigh Hunt, and were much struck with him. Early in April we got back to Annandale and Craigenputtoch. Sadly present to my soul, most sadly, yet most beautifully, all that, even now!

In the course of the winter sad things had occurred in Irving's history. His enthusiastic studies

[1] The first 'Reminiscence' in this volume.

and preachings were passing into the practically 'miraculous,' and to me the most doleful of all phenomena. The 'Gift of Tongues' had fairly broken out among the crazed and weakliest of his wholly rather dim and weakly flock. I was never at all in his church during this visit, being grieved at once and angered at the course he had got into; but once or twice poor Eliza Miles came running home from some evening sermon there was, all in a tremor of tears over these same 'Tongues,' and a riot from the *dissenting* majority opposing them. 'All a tumult yonder, oh me!' This did not happen above twice or so; Irving (never himself a 'Tongue' performer) having taken some order with the thing, and I think discouraged and nearly suppressed it as *unfit* during church service. It was greatly talked of by some persons, with an enquiry, 'Do you believe in it?' 'Believe it? As much as I do in the high priest of Otaheite!' answered Lockhart once to Fraser, the enquiring bookseller, in my hearing. Sorrow and disgust were naturally my own feeling. 'How are the mighty fallen! my own high Irving come to this, by paltry popularities and Cockney admirations puddling such a head!' We ourselves saw less and less of Irving, but one night in one of our walks we did make a call, and

actually heard what they called the Tongues. It was in a neighbouring room, larger part of the drawing room belike. Mrs. Irving had retired thither with the devotees. Irving for our sake had stayed, and was pacing about the floor, dandling his youngest child, and talking to us of this and that, probably about the Tongues withal, when there burst forth a shrieky hysterical 'Lah lall lall!' (little or nothing else but *l*'s and *a*'s continued for several minutes), to which Irving, with singular calmness, said only, 'There, hear you, there are the Tongues!' And we two, except by our looks, which probably were eloquent, answered him nothing, but soon came away, full of distress, provocation, and a kind of shame. 'Why was there not a bucket of cold water to fling on that *lahlalling* hysterical madwoman?' thought we, or said to one another. 'Oh, heaven, that it should come to this!' I do not remember any call that we made there afterwards. Of course there was a farewell call; but that too I recollect only obliquely by my Jeannie's distress and disgust at Mrs. Irving's hypocritical final *kiss*; a 'kiss' of the untruest, which really ought to have been spared. Seldom was seen a more tragical scene to us than this of Irving's London life was now becoming!

One other time we did see Irving, at our lodging, where he had called to take leave of us a day or two before our quitting London. I know not whether the interview had been preconcerted between my darling and me for the sake of our common friend, but it was abundantly serious and affecting to us all, and none of the three, I believe, ever forgot it again. Preconcerting or not, I had privately determined that I must tell Irving plainly what I thought of his present course and posture. And I now did so, breaking in by the first opportunity, and leading the dialogue wholly into that channel, till with all the delicacy, but also with all the fidelity possible to me, I put him fully in possession of what my real opinion was. *She*, my noble Jeannie, said hardly anything, but her looks, and here and there a word, testified how deep her interest was, how complete her assent. I stated plainly to him that he must permit me a few words for relief of my conscience before leaving him for we knew not what length of time, on a course which I could not but regard as full of danger to him That the 13*th of the Corinthians* to which he always appealed, was surely too narrow a basis for so high a tower as he was building upon it, a high lean tower, or quasi-*mast*, piece added to piece, till it

soared far above all human science and experience, and flatly contradicted all that, founded solely on a little text of *writing* in an ancient book! No sound judgment on such warranty could venture on such an enterprise. Authentic 'writings' of the Most High, were they found in old books only? They were in the stars and on the rocks, and in the brain and heart of every mortal; not dubious these to any person, as this 13*th of Corinthians* very greatly was. That it did not beseem him, Edward Irving, to be hanging on the rearward of mankind, struggling still to chain them to old notions not now well tenable, but to be foremost in the van, leading on by the light of the eternal stars across this hideous delirious wilderness where we all were, towards promised lands that lay ahead. Bethink you, my friend, I said, is not that your plainly commanded duty, more plain than any 13th of Corinthians can be. I bid you pause and consider; that verily is my solemn advice to you! I added that, as he knew well, it was in the name of old friendship I was saying all this. That I did not expect he would at once, or soon, renounce his fixed views, connections, and methods for any words of mine; but perhaps at some future time of crisis and questioning dubiety in his own mind he might remember

the words of a well-affected soul, and they might then be a help to him.

During all this, which perhaps lasted about twenty minutes, Irving sat opposite to me, within a few feet; my wife to his right hand and to my left, silent and sad-looking, in the middle of the floor, Irving, with head downcast, face indicating great pain, but without the slightest word or sound from him till I had altogether ended. He then began with the mildest low tone, and face full of kindness and composed distress—'dear friend,' and endeavoured to make his apology and defence, which did not last long or do anything to convince me, but was in a style of modesty and friendly magnanimity which no mortal could surpass, and which remains to me at this moment dear and memorable and worthy of all honour. Which done, he went silently his way, no doubt with kindest farewell to us, and I remember nothing more. Possibly we had already made farewell call in Judd Street the day before, and found *him* not there.

This was, in a manner, the last visit I ever made to Irving, the last time either of *us* ever freely saw him, or spoke with him at any length. We had to go our way, he his; and his soon proved to be precipitous, full of chasms and plunges, which

rapidly led him to the close. Our journey homewards—I have spoken of it elsewhere, and of the dear reminiscences it leaves, ever sad, but also ever blessed to me now. We were far away from Irving in our solitary moors, stayed there still above two years (one of our winters in Edinburgh), and heard of Irving and his catastrophes only from a distance. He had come to Annan and been expelled from the Scottish Kirk. That scene I remember reading in some newspaper with lively conception and emotion. A poor aggregate of Reverend Sticks in black gown, sitting in Presbytery, to pass formal condemnation on a man and a cause which might have been tried in Patmos under presidency of St. John without the right truth of it being got at! I knew the 'Moderator' (one Roddick, since gone mad), for one of the stupidest and barrenest of living mortals; also the little phantasm of a creature—Sloane his name—who went niddy-noddying with his head, and was infinitely conceited and phantasmal, by whom Irving was rebuked with the 'Remember where you are, sir!' and got answer, 'I have not forgotten where I am; it is the church where I was baptised, where I was consecrated to preach Christ, where the bones of my dear ones lie buried.' Condemnation under any circumstances had to follow;

'*le droit de me damner te reste toujours!*' as poor Danton said in a far other case.

The feeling of the population was, too, strong and general for Irving. Reverends Sloane and Roddick were not without their apprehensions of some tumult perhaps, had not the people been so reverent of the place they were in. Irving sent us no word of himself, made no appeal to any, friend or foe, unless his preaching to the people up and down for some days, partly perhaps in the way of defence, though mostly on general Gospel subjects, could be taken as such. He was followed by great crowds who eagerly heard him. My brother Jamie, who had been at several of those open-air preachings in different parts of the Annan neighbourhood, and who much admired and pitied the great Irving, gave me the last notice I ever had of that tragic matter, 'Irving's vocal *appellatio ad populum*,' when Presbytery had condemned him. This time the gathering was at Ecclefechan, probably the final one of all, and the last time he ever preached to Annandale men. The assemblage was large and earnest, gathered in the Middlebie road, a little way off the main street and highway. The preacher stood on some table or chair, which was fixed against the trunk of a huge, high, strong and many-branched

elm tree, well known to me and to everyone that passes that way. The weather was of proper February quality, grimly fierce, with windy snow showers flying. Irving had a woollen comforter about his neck, skirts of comforter, hair, and cloak tossing in the storms; eloquent voice well audible under the groaning of the boughs and piping of the wind. Jamie was on business in the village and had paused awhile, much moved by what he saw and heard. It was our last of Irving in his native Annandale. Mrs. Oliphant, I think, relates that on getting back to London he was put under a kind of arrest by certain Angels or authorities of his New 'Irvingite' Church (just established in Newman Street, Oxford Street), for disobeying regulations—perhaps in regard to those volunteer preachings in Annandale—and sat with great patience in some penitential place among them, dumb for about a week, till he had expiated that sin. Irving was now become wholly tragical to us, and the least painful we could expect in regard to him was what mainly happened, that we heard no news from that side at all. His health we vaguely understood was becoming uncertain, news naturally worse than none, had we much believed it; which, knowing his old herculean strength, I suppose we did not.

In 1834 came our own removal to London, concerning which are heavy fields of memory, laborious, beautiful, sad and sacred (oh, my darling lost one!) were this the place for them, which it is not. Our winter in Edinburgh, our haggles and distresses (badness of servants mainly), our bits of diligences, strenuous and sometimes happy, brought in fine the clear resolution that we ought to go. I had been in correspondence with London—with John Mill, Leigh Hunt, Mrs. Austin, etc.—ever since our presence there. 'Let us burn our ships,' said my noble one, 'and get on march!' I went as precursor early in May, ignorantly thinking this was, as in Scotland, the general and sole term for getting houses in London, and that after May 26 there would be none but leavings! We were not very practically advised, I should think, though there were counsellors many. However, I roved hastily about seeking houses for the next three weeks, while my darling was still busier at home, getting all things packed and put under way.

What endless toils for her, undertaken with what courage, skill, and cheery heroism! By the time of her arrival I had been far and wide round London, seeking houses. Had found out that the western suburb was in important respects the fittest,

and had seen nothing I thought so eligible there as a certain *one* of three cheap houses; which *one* she on survey agreed to be the best, and which is in fact No. 5 Great Cheyne Row, where the rest of our life was to be passed together. Why do I write all this! It is too sad to me to think of it, broken down and solitary as I am, and the lamp of my life, which 'covered everything with gold' as it were, gone out, gone out!

It was on one of those expeditions, a week or more after my arrival, expedition to take survey of the proposed No. 5, in company with Mrs. Austin, whom I had taken up in Bayswater where she lived, and with whom, attended also by Mrs. Jamieson, not known to me before, but found by accident on a call there, we were proceeding towards Chelsea in the middle of a bright May day, when I noticed well down in Kensington Gardens a dark male figure sitting between two white female ones under a tree; male figure, which abruptly rose and stalked towards me, whom, seeing it was Irving, I disengaged myself and stept out to meet. It was indeed Irving, but how changed in the two years and two months since I had last seen him! In look he was almost friendlier than ever; but he had suddenly become an old man. His head, which I had

left raven-black, was grown grey, on the temples almost snow-white. The face was hollow, wrinkly, collapsed; the figure, still perfectly erect, seemed to have lost all its elasticity and strength. We walked some space slowly together, my heart smitten with various emotions; my speech, however, striving to be cheery and hopeful. He was very kind and loving. It seemed to be a kind of tender grief and regret that my Jeannie and I were taking so important a step, and he not called at all to assist, rendered unable to assist. Certainly in all England there was no heart, and in all Scotland only two or three, that wished us half as well. He admitted his weak health, but treated it as temporary; it seemed of small account to him. Friends and doctors had advised him to shift to Bayswater for better air, had got him a lodging there, a stout horse to ride. Summer they expected would soon set him up again. His tone was not despondent, but it was low, pensive, full of silent sorrow. Once, perhaps twice, I got a small bit of Annandale laughter from him, strangely genuine, though so lamed and overclouded. This was to me the most affecting thing of all, and still is when I recall it. He gave me his address in Bayswater, his house as near as might be, and I engaged to try and find him

there; I, him, which seemed the likelier method in our widely diverse elements, both of them so full of bustle, interruption, and uncertainty. And so adieu, my friend, adieu! Neither of us had spoken with the women of the other, and each of us was gone his several road again, mine not specially remembered farther.

It seems to me I never found Irving in his Bayswater lodging. I distinctly recollect seeing him one dusty evening about eight at the door there, mount his horse, a stout fine bay animal, of the kind called cob, and set out towards Newman Street, whither he rode perhaps twice or thrice a day for church services there were; but this and his friendly regret at being obliged to go is all I can recall of interview farther. Neither at the Bayswater lodging nor at his own house in Newman Street when he returned thither, could I for many weeks to come ever find him 'at home.' In Chelsea, we poor pair of immigrants had, of course, much of our own to do, and right courageously we marched together, my own brave darling (what a store of humble, but high and sacred memories to me!) victoriously carrying the flag. But at length it struck me there was something questionable in these perpetual 'not-at-home's' of Irving, and that perhaps his poor,

jealous, anxious, and much-bewildered wife had her hand in the phenomenon. As proved to be the fact accordingly. I applied to William Hamilton (excellent City Scotsman, married, not over well I doubt, to a sister of Mrs. Irving), with a brief statement of the case, and had immediate remedy; an appointment to dinner at Newman Street on a given day, which I failed not to observe. None but Irving and his wife, besides myself, were there. The dinner (from a good joint of roast beef, in a dim but quite comfortable kind of room), was among the pleasantest of dinners to me, Madam herself wearing nothing but smiles, and soon leaving us together to a fair hour or two of free talk. I think the main topic must have been my own outlooks and affairs, my project of writing on the *French Revolution*, which Irving warmly approved of (either then or some other time). Of his church matters we never spoke. I went away gratified, and for my own share glad, had not the outlooks on his side been so dubious and ominous. He was evidently growing weaker, not stronger, wearing himself down, as to me seemed too clear, by spiritual agitations, which would kill him unless checked and ended. Could he but be got to Switzerland, to Italy, I thought, to some pleasant country of which the language was

unknown to him, where he would be *forced to silence*, the one salutary medicine for him in body and in soul! I often thought of this, but he had now no brother, no father, on whom I could practically urge it, as I would with my whole strength have done, feeling that his life now lay on it. I had to hear of his growing weaker and weaker, while there was nothing whatever that I could do.

With himself I do not recollect that there was anything more of interview since that dinner in Newman Street, or that I saw him again in the world, except once only, to be soon noticed. Latish in the autumn some of the Kirkcaldy Martins had come. I remember speaking to his father-in-law at Hamilton's in Cheapside one evening, and very earnestly on the topic that interested us both. But in Martin, too, there was nothing of help. 'Grows weaker and weaker,' said he, 'and no doctor can find the least disease in him; so weak now he cannot lift his little baby to his neck!' In my desperate anxiety at this time I remember writing a letter on my Switzerland or Italy scheme to Henry Drummond, whom I yet knew nothing more of, but considered to be probably a man of sense and practical insight; letter stating briefly my sad and clear belief, that unless carried into some element of

perfect silence, poor Irving would soon die; letter which lay some days on the mantelpiece at Chelsea, under some misgivings about sending it, and was then thrown into the fire. We heard before long that it was decided he should journey slowly into Wales, paying visits—perhaps into Scotland, which seemed the next best to what I would have proposed, and was of some hope to us. And late one afternoon, soon after, we had a short farewell visit from him; his first visit to Cheyne Row and his last; the last we two ever saw of him in this world. It was towards sunset, had there been any sun, that damp dim October day. He came ambling gently on his bay horse, sate some fifteen or twenty minutes, and went away while it was still daylight. It was in the ground-floor room, where I still write (thanks to her last service to me, shifting me thither again, the darling ever-helpful one!) Whether she was sitting with me on his entrance I don't recollect, but I well do his fine chivalrous demeanour to *her*, and how he complimented her, as he well might, on the pretty little room she had made for her husband and self, and running his eye over her dainty bits of arrangements, ornamentations, all so frugal, simple, full of grace, propriety, and ingenuity as they ever were, said, smiling, 'You are like an Eve,

and make a little Paradise wherever you are!' His manner was sincere, affectionate, yet with a great suppressed sadness in it, and as if with a feeling that he must not linger. It was perhaps on this occasion that he expressed to me his satisfaction at my having taken to 'writing history' ('French Revolution' now begun, I suppose); study of history, he seemed to intimate, was the study of things real practical and actual, and would bring me closer upon all reality whatever. With a fine simplicity of lovingness he bade us farewell. I followed him to the door, held his bridle (doubtless) while he mounted, no groom being ever with him on such occasions, stood on the steps as he quietly walked or ambled up Cheyne Row, quietly turned the corner (at Wright's door, or the Rector's back *garden* door), into Cook's grounds, and had vanished from my eyes for evermore. In this world neither of us ever saw him again. He was off northward in a day or two, died at Glasgow in December following, age only forty-three, and except weakness no disease traceable.

Mrs. Oliphant's narrative is nowhere so true and touching to me as in that last portion, where it is drawn almost wholly from his own letters to his wife. All there is true to the life, and recognisable

to me as perfect *portraiture*; what I cannot quite say of any other portion of the book. All Mrs. Oliphant's delineation shows excellent diligence, loyalty, desire to be faithful, and indeed is full of beautiful sympathy and ingenuity; but nowhere else are the features of Irving or of his environment and life recognisably hit, and the pretty picture, to one who knew his looks throughout, is more or less romantic *pictorial*, and 'not like' till we arrive here, at the grand close of all, which to me was of almost Apocalyptic impressiveness when I first read it some years ago. What a falling of the curtain! upon what a drama! Rustic Annandale begins it, with its homely honesties, rough vernacularities, safe, innocently kind, ruggedly mother-like, cheery, wholesome, like its airy hills and clear-rushing streams; prurient corrupted London is the middle part, with its volcanic stupidities and bottomless confusions; and in the end is terrible, mysterious, godlike and awful; what Patmos could be more so? It is as if the vials of Heaven's wrath were pouring down upon a man, yet not wrath alone, for his heart was filled with trust in Heaven's goodness withal. It must be said Irving nobly expiates whatever errors he has fallen into. Like an antique evangelist he walks his stony course, the fixed

thought of his heart at all times, 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in Him;' and these final deluges of sorrow are but washing the faithful soul of him clear.

He sent from Glasgow a curious letter to his 'Gift of Tongues' congregation; full of questionings, dubieties upon the *Tongues*, and such points, full of wanderings in deep waters, with one light fixed on high: 'Humble ourselves before God, and he will show us;' letter indicating a sincerity as of very death, which these New Church people (Henry Drummond and Co.) first printed for useful private circulation, and then afterwards zealously suppressed and destroyed, till almost everybody but myself had forgotten the existence of it. Luckily, about two years ago I still raked out a copy of it from 'Rev. Gavin Carlile,'[1] by whom I am glad to know it has been printed and made prominent, as a document honourable and due to such a memory. Less mendacious soul of a man than my noble Irving's there could not well be.

It was but a little while before this that he had said to Drummond, what was mentioned above, 'I ought to have seen more of T. Carlyle, and heard him more clearly than I have done.' And

[1] Nephew of Irving. Now editing Irving's Select Works, or some such title.

there is one other thing which dates several years before, which I always esteem highly honourable to Irving's memory, and which I will note here as my last item, since it was forgotten at its right date. Right date is that of 'German Romance,' early 1826. The report is from my brother John, to whom Irving spoke on the subject, which with me he had always rather avoided. Irving did not much know Goethe; had generally a dislike to him as to a kind of heathen ungodly person and idle singer, who had considerably seduced *me* from the right path, as one sin. He read 'Wilhelm Meister's Travels' nevertheless, and he said to John one day, 'Very curious! in this German poet there are some pages about Christ and the Christian religion, which as I study and re-study them have more sense about that matter than I have found in all the theologians I have ever read!' Was not this a noble thing for such a man to feel and say? I have a hundred times recommended that passage in 'Wilhelm Meister' to enquiring and devout souls, but I think never elsewhere met with one who so thoroughly recognised it. One of my last letters, flung into the fire just before leaving London, was from an Oxford self-styled 'religious enquirer,' who asks me if in those pages of 'Meister' there is not a wonder-

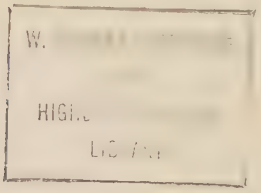
fully distinct foreshadow of Comte and *Positivism*! Phœbus Apollo, god of the sun, foreshadowing the miserablest phantasmal *algebraic ghost* I have yet met with among the ranks of the living!

I have now ended, and am sorry to end, what I had to say of Irving. It is like bidding him farewell for a second and the last time. He waits in the eternities. Another, his brightest scholar, has left me and gone thither. God be about us all. Amen. Amen.

Finished at Mentone, January 2, 1867, looking towards the eastward hills, bathed in sunshine, under a brisk west wind; two P.M.

T. C.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



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